

Pablo Petey

"Fight Club"

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Fat Joe feat. M.O.P., Petey Pablo

Ch-ch-ch-ch... Yeah

(Terror Squad.. First Family..)

AHHHHHHHHHHH!!! (Yeah, hahahah!)

You see them diamonds gliserin off that three-quarterla (Hahaha)

Dat dem dere polyester (Uh, nigga!)

Hahaha, ya heard me? (What the fuck, what the fuck, huh?!)

(Terror Squad... First Family...)

OH!, OH! (OH!) OH! (OH!) OH! (OH!)

OH! (OH!) OH! (OH!)

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, yeah uh

Yo it's that motherfuckin Bronx nigga Don shit

Run up in yo' mom's crib

Ship-stacked biddomb shit - gun up in the palm shit

Nobody moves, nobody get whacked with the constrict

Yo' shot at they concert, it's locked on the concrete

I'm Stone Cold, I mean I slap... then stomp...

Then what's to stop my .40 glock from rumblin your calm streets?

I'm troubled when I on deep, loco enough for dolo

Blow holes in ya carseat and roll over ya Rover

Fuck this role model shit I'm finna blow out ya wig

Bitch! Throw bottles to kid and get 'em thrown at ya crib

It's the return of the worst shit that ever happened

Reborn like what's crackin, we formed with raw plastic

Blastin off ya doors with an awful passion

Forcin the walls to crash in

You see them kids, I'll make 'em all bastards

Joey Crack - keep it gully

Known to clap - keep a fully

Automatic mack whodie on my lap - doin thirty

Drivin through the Heights tryna find these cats that did me dirty

Shot me on the Ave., now I gotta blast until them pearlies

We the realest niggaz ever touch the mic (BLAH!)

And we love to fight (BLAH!)

You heard my niggaz (ANTE UP!) give up the fuckin knife!

[Hook] - 2x

We gonna,

BREAK! - (BREAK!)

MASH! - (MASH!)

BRAWL! - (BRAWL!)

CLASH! - (CLASH!)

Fight up in them clubs, got no love for yo' ass!!

GET YO' ASS UP NIGGA!

SHOW ME WHERE YOU AT!

GET YO' ASS UP NIGGA!

OPEN UP HIS BACK!

[Lil' Fame]

Yo who that husky-ass nigga with the flow so dumb

Comin up outta Brooklyn lookin like Mighty Joe Young

(FACE DOWN!) Know we real - got this motherfucker

crackin and buzzin with my Latin cousin Joey Grills

(WE INTERNATIONAL!) 151 proof

Letcha cold run loose, I give 'em a sunroof

For cotton-ass pretty boy talkin bout drama

With that nasty-ass Coogi suit, lookin like pajamas

(SOMEBODY GON' GET HURT TODAY!) So be it

We the First (First!) Fam (Family!) - You see it!

Put some trouble in ya voice homeboy, fore ya get whacked in

CALM (CALM!) DOWN (DOWN!) GET - BACK!

[Billy Danze]

For you niggaz that wanna trap me

I make families unhappy

I'm tied into the same shit as Boy George and Papi

(E'RYBODY KNOW!) Everybody wanna clap me

Tonight I'm with my Spanish homie Joey

so get at me with the ghetto issued .45, semi-automatic

I (SPIT) with intentions (TO RIP)

Put-put pieces out yo' cabbage bitch

Trained on the Hill, aim at niggaz faces

Push his hat back seven paces - leave him standin still

Cobra-ass nigga (Huh?!) You beg me to kill (Yeah!)

When I cock glocks and pop, you beg me to chill (Chill!)

(Y'ALL REMEMBER BILL!) Y'all remember the
motherfuckin deal

You will get yo' ass zipped up, how this feel nigga?!!

[Hook - 2x]

[Petey Pablo]

Oh motherfucker uh-uh, y'all ain't seen nuttin yet

Got a call from the Bronx Best, bitch and I was right
there

Duck tape, grip ply, havogee, turpentine

Two nickel nine, MacDonald, cup of richie wine

Wish a motherfucker would, look and he shall find

TEN MILLION WAYS TO DIE!

I'm the thickest of the fire

Ain't to many niggaz round with the rumble

With the rawest in the jungle, blicky BLOAW BLOAW!!

Bitch I break 'em down (DOWN) with Terror Squad now

Ya pretty bad, clumsy mouth, sit down - get up get out

Hottest thang they got in the south (Petey Pablo!)

If ya don't know now ya know - HOLLA AT 'EM JOE!

Fight club! - Fight club!

Fight club! - Fight club!

Fight club! - Fight club! HOLLA AT 'EM JOE!

[Hook - 2x]

Yeah, huh, yeah, huh?! (Hahaha)

First Family, Terror Squad

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