

# TS Piece (feat. Remy & Tony Sunshine)

Fat Joe

Yeah, uh  
You know what this is  
The fat gangsta Maybe it's the TS chain  
(I got 'em right)  
Maybe it's that Escalade  
(Come get 'em right) Maybe it's the way I do  
(Keep mammies like)  
Joe, I wanna fuck wit you  
(Keep sayin' that) I don't know what it is  
All I know it that this chick  
Is gon' leave wit me, gon' creep wit me  
Gon' freak wit me, gon' leave wit me I know it seems every song, is about like the same old thing  
But when you rich, ain't nothin' to do but fuckin' hang  
Eat good, spend money, count chunks of change  
Keep mah ladies lookin' good, when they touch the Range Never fuck wit a bitch, if she can't be trained  
Never leave wit a chick, if she don't give brain  
We could leave on trip, I got a private plane  
I don't fly but we could park it up and blaze Joe's the God and I know you need somethin' to praise  
Just have a lil' faith, and you could be saved  
Uh, it's not mah fault if they love the kid  
It might be the chain or the whip, I don't know what it is Maybe it's the TS chain  
(I got 'em right)  
Maybe it's that Escalade  
(Come get 'em right) Maybe it's the way I do  
(Keep mammies like)  
Joe I wanna fuck wit you  
(Keep sayin' that) I don't know what it is  
All I know it that this chick  
Is gon' leave wit me, gon' creep wit me  
Gon' freak wit me, gon' leave wit me Um, I don't mean no harm  
But their ain't a chick sicka then Remy Ma  
And all the hot boys wanna fuck wit Rem  
And I don't turn 'em away, I'm like, I'm the bomb now Where's your girl, don't matter to me  
I'm way out of her league, she can't keep up to mah speed  
She's weak, she don't need to smoke weed  
And wherever she's at is where she should be Now, where's your wife, I don't care  
I'll be at the crib, when she ain't there  
Baby do mah nails and lace mah hair  
Take me out on trips and pay the fare, maybe Maybe it's the TS chain

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(Keep mammies like)  
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All I know it that this chick  
Is gon' leave wit me, gon' creep wit me  
Gon' freak wit me, gon' leave wit meDamn, look at all the rocks he got  
Ferrari drop 360, hard to top  
The party's hot, all white linen affair  
I'm doin' the suit thang, white Nike AirsI'm in the middle of the crowd, like the Don is here  
Shorty whistlin' in mah ear, told me what she wanna hear  
She said, "We thuggin', smokin' on somethin'  
Down to leave wit y'all, as long as y'all fuckin'"Woo, that's how you do that there  
See me wit mah boys, bring ya crew back here  
We ridin', she drivin'  
On our way to the crib, long fish arrivin'Maybe it's the TS chain  
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