

# Beat Novacane

## Fat Joe

Wonder if we all V-S'es'us  
Wanna know the streets that we fuss  
Now sit back and witness the director's cut  
And niggaz throw your T.S.'s up  
(Beat Novacane)Go figure it, Joe Crack runnin' New York  
Who woulda thunk it, God above and Pun did  
Yeah, they came while I was 'sleep  
Whispered in my ear this is your year  
(Crack preach)So I testify  
To burn down the throne, niggaz follow my lead  
Save your breath for crownin' me King of N.Y.  
I'm the one and only godfather, one through threePardon me, but I was raised in the projects  
Forgettin' I wasn't the only object  
We was more concerned with cuttin' up and choppin'  
Supplyin' fiends with that work, get it poppin'Now who wanna pop off 'til they head get popped off  
By the realest MC and that's me  
Joe Crack the Don, I came from the streets  
Knee deep in the game, other half in the streetsI got that permit to bury ya ice grill  
Shoulda named this album hurr, 'Licensed To Kill'  
Ahh, yes my life chilly chill  
Mansion in Miami, other in the Jersey HillsChill, that's that '88 flow  
Small face 20's, that's that '88 dough  
Joey Jefferson, I'm on the 88th flo'  
Cali hit with that talk nigga  
(Un-un-un-unbelievable)One Phantom, two castles and a Jeep fo'  
Five mics a classic, kinda like my six-fo'  
Several years I earned cake, let me tell you more  
Joey Crack, A.K.A. '88, Cook CokeOne Phantom, two castles and a Jeep fo'  
Five mics a classic, kinda like my six-fo'  
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Joey Crack, A.K.A. '88, Cook CokeWonder why I paint a picture of the street life so vivid I lived it  
Y'all dudes innocent, y'all just visitin'  
And that's the reason why they call me ghetto  
D.O. have you homeless [Incomprehensible] diggin' deep holesPolice know, but just couldn't figure me out  
I'm like [Incomprehensible], have 'em makin' pies in the house  
It's grill, spit fire like I never been out  
And I ain't gon' retire 'til there's never a doubtThe wheels in my head keep spinnin'  
I'm thinkin' anybody go against me losin' chil'ren  
I'm thinkin' there's no better time than now to start some killin'

It's Cook Coke Crack, 2005's ghetto version of Achilles nigger  
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One Phantom, two castles and a Jeep fo'  
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Joey Crack, A.K.A. '88, Cook Coke  
Yo, yo, loop this and you crash the remix  
And forget who you thought I was, I'm Crack, beyotch  
The same dude that made you lean back  
And had that nigger Mase spittin' that gangsta shit  
Can't wait 'til my nigger Shyne come home  
Six minutes, six minutes, Joey Crack you're on  
Is my microphone on? Yes  
New York, look I brought the championship home  
Now, throw up your peace signs to the sky  
For all our soldiers that died  
That means Biggie Smalls, Tupac, Big L and Left Eye  
And Big Pun the greatest of all time, sing it with me now  
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