The Profit

Fat Joe feat. Lil' Wayne

We gettin' money, man, I'll show you how to turn profit
In the hood, they call me 'Joey, The Profit'
First you cop it, then you cook it, then you chop it
What the fuck, boy? Bitch ass niggaz, they can't stop us
We turn a profit, p-p-profit, the profit
We makin' profit, p-p-profit, profit
Yeah, in the hood they call me 'Joey, The Profit'
If you listen close, my niggaz, you bound to see a profit
I'm New York's livin' legend, the streets know me well
Stand in the line of fire, it's gonna to be hell
You're dancin' wit the Devil, tonight's your last night
Picture me, Lil' Eazy E, pistol fahrenheit
L.A. County, got work in Slawson
We get it poppin' back to Roxbury in Boston
The streets love me, see they named me Coca
We the Puerto Rican version of La Costra Nostra
You can find me in the kitchen with my apron on
Somethin' like a chef, yeah, I get my Raekwon on
Joey, the mayor, I get ki's to the city
And I got 'em cheap, the whole hood could come with me, nigga
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I'm gettin' money, I'm the President Junior
And in the hood, they call me 'Weezy, The Future'
And everybody that's around me will shoot ya
And nigga, my band let 'em blow like twofers, yeah
Clap, I got 'em, I g-g-got 'em, I got 'em
Cook, I got 'em, I g-g-got 'em, I got 'em
And in the hood, they call me 'Weezy, The Future'
If listen close, my nigga, you might see the future
Young Wayne in the buildin', where your stove at?
Cook 'em up, strap 'em down, where the road at?
I'm strapped up, plenty bullets, nigga, hold that

Now you steppin' out in led shower, where your robe at?
I knock your earth off, damn, where ya globe at?
Fuck the coach, I keep shootin' like Kobe
The money knows me better then anybody
Bitch, I'm paid, forget about it
I'm sittin' in the Coupe wit the titties outted, the nipples chrome
Or that big black thing wit the slippers on that bullshit
Dippin' on them bitches, get off dick, you soft pricks

I'm from New Orleans, homeless but don't forget
The sun even shines on dog shit
And dog, I've been hustlin' since the day I was barkin'
I walk in this bitch like what it do
The money home, stop hatin', get your money on, nigga
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This year All Star Weekend was off the chain
Literally niggaz comin' off wit them chains
Put the devi to his chest, homey going die tonight
Then his jaw dropped like Napoleon Dynamite
Jack boy, I been since I'm a toddler
My dad was sleepin', I was runnin' through his pockets
Oh yeah, you ready for war, then what's stoppin' you?
I hope you know them Bentley doors' not chopperproof
And they go bratatat just like them bullets dancin'
Come up short wit my dough, I'm 'bout to pull a Manson
Take your kids for ransom, yeah, it's payback
Next time I front you some birds, you better pay crack
What? Shit, I don't know nothin'
He might be the police comin' up with assumptions
All I know is this nigga here is about to meet God
If you don't bring me some ki's or bring me 50 large
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Profit, p-p-profit, the profit
Profit, p-p-profit, the profit
Profit, p-p-profit, the profit
Yeah, it's Coca, baby, coke season
Young Money Weezy, Terror era
Gotta be Novocaine on this motherfucker's shit ones
Yeah, nigga, brrat

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