

Ts Piece

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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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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