

Success (DJ Premier Mix)

Fat Joe

Yeah

This joint right here is goin' out to everybody gettin' money

I mean the real cream

All up and down the East and West coast

Check it

Chorus: repeat 2X

Hustlin is the key to success

Money is the key to sex

The life is gettin cash drinkin Mo' gettin blessed

The games people play

The names people slay

It's just another ordinary day

One's for the cash two's for every blunt's ash

Three's for all the 40 brews goin to cruise the bowel

Four's for the drugs, sex, and power

I be the top dolla scala, rockin gold collars

While you tryin to sip the juice, I'm takin swallows

Step into my zone and get blown, ? internationally known

Yeah, in case you haven't heard the rep

Have an appetite for beef and get, hand fed led

Rapid-fire echoes through your, vicinity

Why you messin with this nigga from Trinity?

For every shell that fell, there's a story to tell

But it's a fine line between grapevines and pines

Knahmean? There's no room for snitches and loud bitches

But it's always room for riches and deep ditches

That's how it be in this everlasting game

Declaring war on cocks, and leavin chumps slain

So maintain, and put the frontin to a rest

Or today'll be the grand openin of your chest

Success, triple beam, knahmean?

Dolla dolla bill

Chorus

The streets are full of vengeance, and it's expensive

If you don't organize your words right in your sentence

Twelve gauge holes take souls and lives are lost

Who said an arm and a leg was a high cost to toss?

Things are done different, in my zip code

Hollow tips implode, dumb-dums explode

Now your crew is screamin like they see demons when I reload
You can't comprehend, act like you want it for clarity
I'm pushin wigs, handin out jigs like charity
You best to get your groove on, or get moved on
Or play the hot steppa, and die with your shoes on
I collect ass and cash
While my crew consumes liquor and hash, and keep the stash
Whether, hustlin or dustin we get busy with ours
T.S., T.A.T., respect for miles
The Bronx is the turf, South is the area
Bring ten, bring twenty, the more guns the merrier
Nobody's bad as me, no cops nabbin me
Front if you dare and I'll change your whole anatomy
For real... uh!
Chorus (repeat to fade)

Songwriters

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