

The Crack Attack

Fat Joe

Yeah, uh, I bet you thought I left you hangin'
Yeah yeah, yeah, I bet you thought I left you hangin'
Terror Squad again, long overdue baby
I I I bet you thought I left you hangin'
Don Cartagena, bring you the best in hardcore hip-hop
J-J-Joe Crack returns bangin'
Yea, uh, yo it's the Don of rap, sippin' cognac, hit you on the back
With the Mac slip you into cardiac
It's the art of rap at the illest form
From a killer's point of view, who thrives off the area jealous ones
You could tell it's on from my introduction
Hibernate the junction with killin' somethin' when you was barely dumpin'
You ain't even nuttin' to worry about
I flurried your mouth, with about thirty right in front of your house
Then I'm hurryin' out in the expedition, professional hit men
The vestibule shit from the credible disses
Feds is listenin' to my conversations, tapin' all the songs I'm makin'
Shakin' down every ounce of my congregation
John Blazin', raisin' the stakes, changin' your fate
Tied up in my basement with a gauge in your face
Make no mistake, that's how I do my thing
Blow out a lot of brains, I'm sayin', it's not a game
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Uh, uh, yeah, Joe Crack takin' a L and make
Tone roll over in his grave, never that
T.S. got his dreams and discourage the brave, remember that
I been bustin' guns since the infamous days of leather hats
Varsity sweaters with big letters black
Pushin' the illest whips down fifty-fifth
Where killers riff, without havin' to split Phillies and sniff
And Willies who shift jobs from Chili willin' to leave you stiff
Fulfillin' my biggest wish, in this illegal shit

Quarter Maris stay slugger with karats, never offered marriage
When my corpse is carried my moms'll get all my cabbage
Terror Squad is savage, draped in the finest of fabrics
Floss like it's a habit, eight shot up in my Louis baggage
You knew we knew we had you, lay half your crew in gravel
Caught you slippin' with your Boo and started shootin' at you
Out of captivity, left Relativity
Now we on the Bigger Beat, Terror Squad trilogy, what?
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you
Take these words home and think it through
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>