

Beat Novacane (Produced By DJ Khaled)

Fat Joe

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, T.S., yeah, uhh

Yo, yo...Wonder if we all V-S'es'us

Wanna know the streets that we fuss

Now sit back and witness the di-rector's cut

And niggaz throw your T.S.'s up {BEAT NOVACANE!}[Fat Joe]

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 three

Pardon 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 streets

I got that permit to bury ya ice grill

Shoulda named this album hurr "Licensed to Kill"

Ahhh - yes my life chilly chill

Mansion in Miami, other in the Jersey Hills

Chillll, that's that '88 flow

Small face 20's, that's that '88 dough

Joey Jefferson, I'm on the 88th flo'

Khaled him with that talk nigga {UN, UN, UN, UNBELIEVABLE!}[Chorus: repeat 2X]

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 Coke[Fat Joe]

Wonder 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 {?} diggin deep holes

Police know, but just couldn't figure me out

I'm like {?}, 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 doubt
The 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 NIGGA[Chorus][Fat Joe]
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 nigga Ma\$e spittin that gangsta shit
Can't wait 'til my nigga Shyne come home
Six minutes, six minutes, Joey Crack you're on
Uh-um, uh-um, is my microphone on? Yes
New York, look I brought the championship home
Now, through 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[Chorus][repeat 2X]
Wonder if we all V-S'es'us
Wanna know the streets that we fuss
Now sit back and witness the di-rector's cut
And niggaz throw your T.S.'s up {BEAT NOVACANE!}

Songwriters

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