

Think About It

Fat Joe

New York, yeah, we G'ed up
Act up, clap the back of your knees up
Packin' the Mack in the back of the Beamer
Taxin' your cash and you ask me to ease up I want to rock, now comply or get shot down
I know you gon' hire some cops now
Coca, sun down to sun up
Caly Cartel, used to be a runner D Boy, stamp bricks with smiley faces
Show you how to turn that powder to a hundred acres
Let's get it, thank God for makin' crack raw
Now how you want it, the window or the chainsaw? Crack, yeah, I'm nice with the knife game
Ice pick change your life with one strike, man
Too much rappin' and we don't rat
We do it for them trap stars servin' them packs And e'er nigga know from way back to Houston
Joe's a go when push comes to shootin'
The 44 will loose more then just a tooth, man
A hundred shots will rip your top like where the roof went I think he said somethin', bring 'em back to me
I let the chopper groove and let the Mack boogie
You better think about it, boy, you better think about it
You better think about it, boy, you better think about it I got no papers on all them guns
So when I pull 'em out your ass best run, crack
You better think about, boy, you better think about it
You better think about, boy, you better think about it This ain't for the niggaz hob-nobbin' in closets
This is for them niggaz that supplin' their projects
The man catch beef, say my nigga, I got this
Right in broad day, twist a nigga, then pop shit I ain't playin', I got big guns
My niggaz barely speak English, they'll lift, son
The strip is mine, naw, you ain't eatin' here
I run this shit, at least in some recent years And y'all know who rep the streets most
Terror Squad, we put the E in East Coast
So 'Be Easy' like T.I. said
Or them things'll pop up like a Chia pet Or Chi Ali or any given clapper
Exorcist style, get your heads spun backwards
Them pistols'll go, your brain go splatter
A minute ago you were sayin' you'd get at us Now why you had to go talk like that?
Get ya body outlined with the chalk like that?
I guess he must've thought I'd have fucked them cats
The oldest rule in the books, you should have brought them gats, now I think he said somethin', bring 'em back
to me
I let the chopper groove and let the Mack boogie

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