

Yellow Tape

Fat Joe

Attention please, attention please,
This feel like the whole entire world collapsedUh, this that yellow tape shit
They keep running out of it
We just sold like 8 bricks
We ain't running out of it
This our fucking hood bitch
Run yo' ass up out of it
This gun come with eight clips
Shoot 'til I run out of it
Work, work, work, I got it
Work, work, work, I got it
Work, work, work, I got it
I got it, I got itThis that yellow tape shit, me I'm 'bout to go ape shit
Got eight chicks on eight molly's and they about to take eight trips
Dice game, eight trips, got a Houston Rocket from J Prince
She get it poppin', I'm a send her shopping and that ain't even my main bitch
Home invasions, live action, smoker Joe, I'm high jacking
Wrote the dope had my dough, I'll be there, Five Jackson
Sin City, K.O.D., Hundred Thousand all in one's
Versace jacket, Versace shoes, Versace shades, I got a Thousand son's
Mama you the shit i'll pay your car note
Why you fucking with him? Even his car broke
We rocking Balmain's down to the cargo's
Your bitch so thirsty, MurcielagoUh, this that yellow tape shit
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Work, work, work, I got it
Work, work, work, I got it
I got it, I got itCall me Joey I'm a bad ass, Harlem world like Baghdad
Come through with a black flag and Supreme Vans, the Half Cabs
Bitches on that Pad-ad, Fuck her with her fat ass
I get-gets my dick licked, my friends hit (That's swag swag)
What the fuck you mean, I be sitting clean sipping lean

Alexander Wang, that's the fucking jeans, triple beam
 When I serve the fiends, hit you with the beam chopper scream
 Leave a nigga dead fucking with the team, magazine
 Choo-Choo that train go, drink slow, my chain gold
 Soo-Woop or you True Blue, don't get your block yellow taped though
 Eight bricks get it shaved off
 Yeen' Ho Yeen' know (You ain't know)
 Range Rove or the bank roll, I shoot-shoot then change clothesUh, this that yellow tape shit
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 Work, work, work, I got it
 Work, work, work, I got it
 I got it, I got itYou know we loaded with them choppers by the Hundred boy
 When you talk about that work, you niggas unemployed
 White work, I got it, Brown work, I got it
 Two chains, show your titty ho, damn right I got it
 Just copped about eight bricks, just copped about eight whips
 Copped work from Saint Nick, your whole stash like eight nicks
 Smoke that loud and keep it quiet, let that money talk
 Get that brown bag and I skate off like I'm Tony Hawk
 Benz drop my top back, your bitch look, I slide that
 To the South Bronx and I pop that
 She call you for that ride back (Haan)
 South Bronx we got it, Joe Crack we got it
 Black card no limit ho, damn right we 'bout it
 Coke boy (Joe Crack)Uh, this that yellow tape shit
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 Shoot 'til I run out of it
 Work, work, work, I got it
 Work, work, work, I got it
 Work, work, work, I got it
 I got it, I got it

Songwriters

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