

Don Cartagena

Fat Joe

Nobody said it would be easy, ha hah

(What y'all wanna do hah?)

(What y'all wanna do hah?)

Nobody wanna handle it

As we proceed

(What y'all wanna do hah?)

To give you what you need

(What y'all wanna do hah?)

Nine-eight

(What y'all wanna do hah?)

It's the great

(What y'all wanna do hah?)

Now why the sad face, jealous for fellas that's diamond laced

Tryin' to find a place to recline, shine my face

Under the sun where it's warm, runnin' with Pun 'til I'm gone

That's word is bond on my moms

That's the squad motto, got beef we call Rallo

Dame Un Trago, he go to war wit a bottle

Simple as dat, flip out the mack and cripple a cat

Right through your back tissue with any pistol I pack

Physical rap means we live the lyrics

Long as niggaz fear us you could never entirely dissappear us

We the realest you ever gon' see

In all honesty, ain't another brother that's hotter than me

Modesty'll get nowhere, that's why I go there

Like lettin' you know where to buy the new Fat Joe gear

Five sixty, only the Squad ride with me

Unless you a Bad Boy, and roll with Puff Daddy

It's my city, and everything in it

Ain't a thing rented, it's my Benz, if you see me in it

We invented floodin' the watch, and runnin' the spots

That's why, I'm not a player, I just crush a lot

What you thought, we ain't run the streets?

Now you can't sleep ten deep, convoyin' in the Benz jeep

Rollin' deep with the Don-Tana

I put the chrome in your Cara, adios to manana

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Now you can't sleep ten deep, convoyin' in the Benz jeep

Rollin' deep with the Don-Tana

I put the chrome in your Cara, adios to manana
Yeah, uh, yo, you better slide or catch this homicide
Ain't no match for Joey Crack I'm blowin' backs out the other side
Brothers died and mother's cried at wakes, these are The Breaks
Kurtis Blow your head off like Jake
So take heed and read between the lines, ain't no cheatin mines
Player haters never wanna see my shine
Up in the Range or in the Lex Coupe
Rockin' a fresh suit with dress shoes, on my way to Les Boo's
Less choose the life we rather live, on the streets stabbin' kids
Or livin' mad sweet in lavish cribs
Fix marriages for my kids, six karats, I'm a whiz
Exotic tokin' parrots on my wrist
It ain't shit but for sex, money, and drugs
True thugs with slugs and wrap bodies in rugs
What the fuck, Joe Crack, twist your cap back
Leave your heart rate flat, once Terror Squad attacks
What you thought, we ain't run the streets?
Now you can't sleep ten deep, convoyin' in the Benz jeep
Rollin' deep with the Don-Tana
I put the chrome in your Cara, adios to manana
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Rollin' deep with the Don-Tana
I put the chrome in your Cara, adios to manana
Can't sleep, ten deep
Yeah, uh-huh
Adios to manana
Yeah, what you got
Terror Squad, what?
Bad Boy, khanmean?
Joey Crack, Big Pun
I see you, I see you
C'mon, yeah, yeah, say what, say what?
Say what, say what?
Uh-huh
C'mon

What's you are talking about?
Can't sleep, ten deep
[Incomprehensible]Adios to manana

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