

# Ts Piece (Feat. Remy Ma & Tony Sunshine)

## Fat Joe

Yeah uh  
You know what this is  
The fat gangsta! [Chorus]  
Maybe its the TS chain (I got em right)  
Maybe its that Escalade (Come get em right)  
Maybe its the way I do (Keep mamies like)  
Joe I wanna fuck wit you (Keep sayin' that)  
I don't know what it is  
All I know it that this chick  
Is gon' leave wit me  
Gon' creep wit me  
Gon' freak wit me  
Gon' leave wit me I know it seems every song, is about like the same old thing  
But when you rich, ain't nuthin' to do but fuckin' hang  
Eat good, spend money, count chunks of change  
Keep mah ladies lookin' good, when they touch the Range.  
Never fuck wit a bitch, if she can't be trained  
Never leave wit a chick, if she don't give brain.  
We could leave on trip, I got a private plane  
I don't fly, but we could park it up and blaze.  
Joe's the God  
And I know you need somethin' to praise  
Just have a lil faith, and you could be saved.  
Uh, it's not mah fuult if they love the kid  
It might be the chain or the whip  
I don't know what it is. [Chorus] Um, I don't mean no harm  
But their ain't a chick sicka then Remy Ma  
And all the hot boys wanna fuck wit Rem  
And I don't turn em away  
I'm like, I'm the bomb now.  
Where's your gurl, don't matter to me  
I'm way out of her league  
She can't keep up to mah speed.  
She's weak, she don't need to smoke weed  
And wherever she's at  
Is where she should be.  
Now, where's your wife, I don't care  
I'll be at the crib, when she ain't there.  
Baby do mah nails, and lace mah hair

Take me out on trips and pay the fare.  
Maybe.[Chorus]Damn, look at all the rocks he got  
Ferrari drop 360,hard to top  
The party's hot,all white linen affair  
I'm doin the suit thang, white Nike Airs.  
I'm in the middle of the crowd, like the Don is here.  
Shorty whistlin in mah ear  
Told me what she wanna hear,she said  
"We thuggin'  
Smokin' on sumthin'  
Down to leave wit ya'll, As long as ya'll fuckin'."  
Woo, thas how you do that there  
See me wit mah boys, bring ya crew bak here  
We ridin',she drivin'  
On our way to the crib, long fish arrivin'.[Chorus]Maybe its the TS chain (I got em right)  
Maybe its that Escalade (Come get em right)  
Maybe its the way I do (Keep mamies like)  
Joe I wanna fuck wit you (Keep sayin' that)  
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Gon' creep wit me  
Gon' freak wit me  
Gon' leave wit me

Songwriters

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