

# Damn (Produced By LV / Grind Music)

## Fat Joe

My niggas, this Coka  
It's Crackology 101, nigga  
I breed you niggas, my sonsThe penalty is death and I'm inflictin' the torch  
And the best of the best couldn't mess with the boogie down Bronxster  
It's heavy promo catchin' beef with Joe  
But my man, don't get caught up in these streets aloneThey'll be heavy chopper firin', motherfuckers is dyin'  
Niggas is runnin', helicopters is flyin'  
All these suckers is lyin', tell the Feds that they see me  
And I was just island hopin' somewhere in TahitiI think it's called Fiji or somethin' like that  
Get your shit pushed, muh'fucker, fuckin' with Crack  
Catch a 100 in your cap, your brain be by your waistline  
LV on this track, hell of a bass lineRemind me of the times I was servin' them base lines  
Only Puerto Rican in Harlem, now that's stardom  
Ghetto celeb, I been since I was younger  
100 mill' strong, still dyin' of hungerUnder the chinchilla, believe me, the shit's realer  
This piece'll leave you in pieces and make you sleep better  
The street's terror, the weak better retreat  
Man, I keep Berettas for these peoples that creep  
Fuckin' crazy niggas, Crack, niggaDamn, those guys are gettin' dough  
That's why all these gangsters come to Coke  
We get money, money, you got nothin' from me  
And if you get caught, nigga, don't mention JoeDamn, those guys are gettin' dough  
That's why all these gangsters come to Coke  
We get money, money, you got nothin' from me  
And if you get caught, nigga, don't mention JoeI keep hearin' that Crack's the truth  
Real niggas is screamin', ?Joe, get back in the booth?  
Yeah, I do it for them niggas that be huggin' the blocks  
Those jack boys don't give a fuck dumpin' at copsThese niggas crazy, some more real  
They'll get you for everythin', even your Paul Wall grill  
Yes nigga, it's survival out here  
These niggas don't even respect the Bible out hereIt spirals out here, cars and kings too  
That's the only thing this summer gon' bring you  
I seen it all, man, they love it when I spit cane  
Walk through the middle and speed with the big chainI got 'em sick, man, look how the shit playin'  
Piss stains yellow Pebble bezel on the wrist, man  
You ain't Pac, you ain't even a great actor  
Matter of fact, you is a great actorI'm one O.G. you need to respect  
Specially if you don't want niggas to see through your chest  
I caught his momma at the face to face

Now she layin' in St. Raymond? s in section 8, nigga  
Follow me now, sitDamn, those guys are gettin' dough  
That's why all these gangsters come to Coke  
We get money, money, you got nothin' from me  
And if you get caught, nigga, don't mention JoeDamn, those guys are gettin' dough  
That's why all these gangsters come to Coke  
We get money, money, you got nothin' from me  
And if you get caught, nigga, don't mention JoeYeah, this goes out to all them niggas  
Ghetto to ghetto, jails to jails  
All my niggas playin' the yard right now, doin' pull ups  
Pumpin' this shit in your headsets, I love you niggas, CrackOtis Ville, you know it's real, Rikers  
All my niggas holdin' it down  
All my street niggas, gangster niggas  
Dope boys, cook

Songwriters

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