

# The Crack Attack

## Fat Joe

Yea uhh  
"I bet you thought I left you hangin"  
Yea yea yeah  
"I bet you thought I left you hangin"  
Terror Squad again.. long overdue baby  
"I I I bet you thought I left you hangin"  
Don Cartagena bring you the best in hardcore hip hop  
"J J Joe Crack returns bangin"  
Yea uhh  
Yo it's the Don of rap sippin Cognac hit you on the back  
with the Mac (CLAK CLAK) slip you into cardiac  
It's the art of rap at the illest form  
from a killer's point of view, who thrives off the area jealous ones  
You could tell it's on from my introduction  
Hibernate the junction with killin somethin when you was barely dumpin  
You ain't even nuttin to worry about  
I flurried your mouth, with about thirty right in front of your house  
Then I'm hurryin out in the expedition, professional hit men  
The vestibule shit from the credible disses  
Federals is listenin to my conversations, tapin all the songs I'm  
makin  
Shakin down every ounce of my congregation  
John Blazin, raisin the stakes, changin your fate  
Tied up in my basement with a gauge in your face  
Make no mistake, that's how I do my thing  
Blow out a lot of brains, I'm sayin, it's not a game  
"Take these words home and think it through  
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you" -- Mobb Deep  
(repeat 4X)  
Uhh, uhh, yea  
Joe Crack takin a L and make Tone roll over in his grave, never that  
T.S. got his dreams and discourage the brave, remember that  
I been bustin guns since the infamous days of leather hats  
Varsity sweaters with big letters black  
Pushin the illest whips down fifty-fifth  
where killers riff, without havin to split Phillies and sniff  
And Willies who shift jobs from Chili willin to leave you stiff  
Fulfillin my biggest wish, in this illegal shit  
Quarter Maris stay slugger with karats, never offered marriage

When my corpse is carried my moms'll get all my cabbage  
Terror Squad is savage, draped in the finest of fabrics  
Floss like it's a habit, eight shot up in my Louis baggage  
You knew we knew we had you, lay half your crew in gravel  
Caught you slippin with your Boo and started shootin at you  
Out of captivity, left Relativity  
Now we on the Big-ger Beat, Terror Squad trilogy, what?  
"Take these words home and think it through  
Or the next rhyme I write might be about you" -- Mobb Deep  
(repeat 8X)

Songwriters

LEWIS, LESHAN / CARTAGENA, JOSEPH ANTHONY Published by

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