Triplets

Fat Joe

Since day one, niggaz died at the Don
'Cause I was anon, now Terror Squad is a thousand beyond
Not only strong but we loyal and royally treated
Quadriplegic any squad that wanna squab when I'm heated
Not even God can believe it, the way we regulate
And levitate, heavyweight niggaz like they was featherweight
Every day I do the same thang, it's the paid game
To amputate more body parts than gangrene
Yo, this a man's game, it's a shame how niggaz truly mock me
But who can stop me, from breakin' niggaz off like Fujiyaki?
My crew's probably the only niggaz that really live the lyrics
Niggaz really fear us, they must of heard we really killers
We're Philly Fillers and 40 guzzlers with millimeters
And army cutters, Willie niggaz that laundry dollars
I'm Nostradamus predictin' the future, my position is crucial
With a known friction obsession addiction to shoot ya
Hey yo, I'm better off dead than givin' the feds the satisfaction
Subtractin' my freedom have me missin' in action
A fraction of y'all, raw like colt to the jaw
The rest of y'all, fear war, and couldn't follow out the protocol
Joe the God is like the angel of death, strangle your neck
That's why Don Cartagena's the name your respect
I bring the pain to your chest, that'll make
You question your threshold
Flex like you been forced, still bless you like a chest cold
We destined to explode, that's why I stay on flip mode
Your dick rode me long enough Dunn, now you can let go
Every man in this world has a destiny
Can't no other rapper in this game get the best of me
Unless you just deaf, dumb and blind you know the pedigree
Better get ready because I'm Veddy
And there ain't no gettin' rid of me
Every man in this world has a destiny
Can't no other rapper in this game get the best of me
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Better get ready because I'm Veddy
And there ain't no gettin' rid of me
Uh, uh, uh, yo
Somebody hold me back, Joey Crack's about to load the gat

And blow this track to the stars like the zodiac
Hold me back this max and better, out for the ass and cheddar
But fast cash don't last forever
I asked the felons, if I don't stay wrapped in leathers
And hats with feathers, I got all the ostriches actin' jealous
Track the trailers in chrome black Cateras
Two hundred inch Mickey Thompson's flown back from Paris
Dat, dats the illest, these body tracks make a rap killings
Others is trying to stack billions out in crack buildings
My destiny was to shine, [unverified] to climb
Especially in time, with the recipe in mind
From the jump start, they ain't have to pump hard in this
I was a part of this, and marvelous stats, it wasn't hard to miss
And yo, I had to burn cats like arsonists and still continue
Whose on my menu? A record deal they couldn't lend you
I had to burn my glock and earn my spot
The time flew by, had to turn my clock
And start with a new resume, not really that bitch named Des'ree
She ain't really my dream, there's a better way, what?
Prospect'll have to collect dough
Dialin' 905 to L A X with somethin' I was tryin' to drive
A life that's trife for what I wore in the fuckin' [unverified]
A thug in pain, I swear to my little cousin's grave
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Every man in this world has a destiny
Can't no other rapper in this game get the best of me
Unless you just deaf, dumb and blind you know the pedigree
Better get ready because I'm dead in a minute if you're [unverified]

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