

# Breathe and Stop

Fat Joe

Yeah, it's the Profit, it's the Profit  
East Coast, West Coast, come down selector, see it  
Latino Market, you know we got that \*\*\* in Memphis  
You writin' them checks, go holla at my boy Damon All my \*\*\*, throw your dubs up  
If you ain't from the Westside, put your guns up  
Let a shot go, \*\*\* squeeze and pop  
Let them feel it when the bassline drop And all my \*\*\*, throw you're hands up  
You in the club with you're girls, call your man up  
'Cause you ain't comin' home, mami  
Breathe and stop, exhale when the bassline drop Aiiyo, there's murder on the streets  
Killa capital, Im blastin' you  
For the love of this dough, thats what I have to do  
I'm posted up, corner king, they named me Coka  
Got caught, didn't say a thing, you're not supposed to La Costa Nostra, Gotti gang, my shotty ring  
Call it a killer's exhibition, let the body hang  
A real work of art, show your heart, I blow you smart  
Yeah, it's the ghetto god, rep the Bronx 'til I'm gone Was sent to prison, you know me, homie, the chromeys'  
itchin'  
Leave you holy if you rollin' with some bad intentions  
Fit the \*\*\*, then again you know that  
And we don't never see him in the hood and he owe rats Joey don't give a \*\*\*, told my \*\*\* hold that  
Usually found in the kitchen, where the stove at?  
Got that \*\*\*, got that \*\*\*, get them \*\*\* sacks  
My little man pitchin', yeah, we call him Sandy Cossacks All my \*\*\*, throw your dubs up  
If you ain't from the Westside, put your guns up  
Let a shot go, \*\*\* squeeze and pop  
Let them feel it when the bassline drop And all my \*\*\*, throw you're hands up  
You in the club with you're girls, call your man up  
'Cause you ain't comin' home, mami  
Breathe and stop, exhale when the bassline drop Lord of war, you need a hammer, Ill sell you guns  
Sell \*\*\* to Pablo, sell grammar to Pun  
Stop searchin' \*\*\*, I am the one  
Pepper spray gangsters, show you how the iron is slung Now I could play like Kanye and let my chest hairs show  
Put on them Kool Moe Dee glasses but that just aint Joe  
Play shot and then I switch up the flow  
Like what the blood glock, bumbaklaat, you ain't \*\*\* with Joe Now mama loves me, her friends hate me  
Jealous 'cause they boyfriends aint me  
We gettin' that baby love, yeah, we pain free  
Ain't nobody pocket certain here, we paid G's Now listen up, you in love with a stripper

I \*\*\* her and diss her  
I give her that mayo, you come and you kiss her  
\*\*\* Crack been a G ever since  
Sit back and watch the money get bricks, muh'f\*\*\*All my \*\*\*, throw your dubs up  
If you ain't from the Westside, put your guns up  
Let a shot go, \*\*\* squeeze and pop  
Let them feel it when the bassline dropAnd all my \*\*\*, throw you're hands up  
You in the club with you're girls, call your man up  
'Cause you ain't comin' home, mami  
Breathe and stop, exhale when the bassline dropCoka, Game, the gangsta gangsta  
TA, what's up? I see you \*\*\*  
New York, Killa capital, Cali, Killa-Cali

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