

# Misery Needs Company

## Fat Joe

Yo, yo, one's for the cash, two's for my faculty  
Three's for all the M-3's racin' across the Tapenze  
Matchin' C's followed by the white Lincoln drivin' like I ain't thinkin'  
Wit my hats and lights blinkin', let the lah sink in  
On the way to home base  
First clown in my face is gettin' thrown out the place  
We rush shit, untouchable Don shit, that's nothin' new  
Sets with stone arms just to muscle you, enough of you  
That had a bad case of Joe, some even had to go  
Gangsta walk and nines, at times I be the last to know  
We laugh and joke, while we bag in the coke  
My A done make the worst things out the cast of Different Strokes  
I'm addicted to street life, although it doesn't seem right  
Many criticize but yo we all go to eat right?  
And who's to say that I'm to blame, we only pawns in this game  
Decision, grow cocaine  
I don't want no cure for this  
You switch, I pour the Cris  
And just, stay rich, and reminisce  
While I count my chips  
Yo, you scared to death, misery need company  
Crab slackers, niggas actin' like they mad rappers  
Even wit a record deal, our guns still peal  
Break a piece of your brain, wipe the stain  
Throw the Range off, police-iano  
Watch for Hondo, they lookin' at our poster now, playin' us closer now  
The funds follow us, what, these bitches swallow us  
And you wonder why you can't find us  
I, ton and tender wit millionaires, gave a million stares  
Made a million scared, my beats don' knocked  
For what seemed like a million years, yeah  
This illegal life I can't avoid, I take the feds everywhere I go  
That's why I'm paranoid, but still I choose to ignore the fact  
I got the flawless Acs wit gats to get that enormous stack  
Joey Crack, the mack without the hat  
And all our hoes dine and ride in the back seat of my Cadillac  
I bet you hate it 'cuz we paid and floss, nigga we laid and lost  
T.S.'ll make the baddest crews take a loss  
Break your balls like Bahondo, call me Don Joe

Coke slash sweaty rock, niggas drop a dime dough  
Booked the nine o'clock, flight to Alando  
So-called killers turned snitches like Rivono  
That nigga Gauno up in M-C, is bein' friendly

Every time I see his wife and kids the shit tempts me

    My heart is empty  
    Never feelin' remorse  
    I got a sniper one killed in the cross  
    Ready to kill your boss

    Yo, you scared to death, misery need company

    Crab slackers, niggas actin' like they mad rappers

    Even wit a record deal, our guns still peal  
    Break a piece of your brain, wipe the stain

    Throw the Range off, police-iano

Watch for Hondo, they lookin' at our poster now, playin' us closer now

    The funds follow us, what, these bitches swallow us

    And you wonder why you can't find us

    Yo, yo Jose Luis, smoke lah like the reverend

    Look in the skies, clouds look like coke 'n heaven

    Like whoever sittin' on pies two, gettin' high too

    Mad fly too, a thug too

    Yo we praise those, however you make your pesos

    Keep the shit tight just like, Jose Canseco's

    Batting stance, a majorly we glance, and gotta yell, "What, what"

    'Cuz thug niggas don't dance yo

    I told niggas, that you did it for show

    But niggas thought you was ill yo

    Even your hoe, yo for real young blood I'm really afraid so

    Your colors got revealed and now you buy dough

    Impost-o's, locos, morenos, go-golos, boriquas, platin-o's

    My niggas rollin' those, fontos and hydros

    You know how that goes, DE's light it up though

    We stay smokin' it, tone-locin' it, me and Fat Joe still provoking it

    Yo, yo yo, you scared to death, misery need company

    Crab slackers, niggas actin' like they mad rappers

    Even wit a record deal, our guns still peal

    Break a piece of your brain, wipe the stain

    Throw the Range off, police-iano

Watch for Hondo, they lookin' at our poster now, playin' us closer now

    The funds follow us, what, these bitches swallow us

    And you wonder why you can't find us

        Ha ha, mad rappers

        Stain off, range off, watch out

        Polic-iano's, Pabolos amigos

Fat Joe, Fat Joe, Fat Joe, yeah yeah

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