

Beat Novacane

Fat Joe

Wonder if we all V-S'es'us
Wanna know the streets that we fuss
Now sit back and witness the director's cut
And niggaz throw your T.S.'s up
(Beat Novacane)Go figure it, Joe Crack runnin' New York
Who woulda thunk it, God above and Pun did
Yeah, they came while I was 'sleep
Whispered in my ear this is your year
(Crack preach)So I testify
To burn down the throne, niggaz follow my lead
Save your breath for crownin' me King of N.Y.
I'm the one and only godfather, one through threePardon me, but I was raised in the projects
Forgettin' I wasn't the only object
We was more concerned with cuttin' up and choppin'
Supplyin' fiends with that work, get it poppin'Now who wanna pop off 'til they head get popped off
By the realest MC and that's me
Joe Crack the Don, I came from the streets
Knee deep in the game, other half in the streetsI got that permit to bury ya ice grill
Shoulda named this album hurr, 'Licensed To Kill'
Ahh, yes my life chilly chill
Mansion in Miami, other in the Jersey HillsChill, that's that '88 flow
Small face 20's, that's that '88 dough
Joey Jefferson, I'm on the 88th flo'
Cali hit with that talk nigga
(Un-un-un-unbelievable)One Phantom, two castles and a Jeep fo'
Five mics a classic, kinda like my six-fo'
Several years I earned cake, let me tell you more
Joey Crack, A.K.A. '88, Cook CokeOne Phantom, two castles and a Jeep fo'
Five mics a classic, kinda like my six-fo'
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Joey Crack, A.K.A. '88, Cook CokeWonder why I paint a picture of the street life so vivid I lived it
Y'all dudes innocent, y'all just visitin'
And that's the reason why they call me ghetto
D.O. have you homeless [Incomprehensible] diggin' deep holesPolice know, but just couldn't figure me out
I'm like [Incomprehensible], have 'em makin' pies in the house
It's grill, spit fire like I never been out
And I ain't gon' retire 'til there's never a doubtThe wheels in my head keep spinnin'
I'm thinkin' anybody go against me losin' chil'ren
I'm thinkin' there's no better time than now to start some killin'

It's Cook Coke Crack, 2005's ghetto version of Achilles nigga
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Yo, yo, loop this and you crash the remix
And forget who you thought I was, I'm Crack, beyotch
The same dude that made you lean back
And had that nigga Mase spittin' that gangsta shit
Can't wait 'til my nigga Shyne come home
Six minutes, six minutes, Joey Crack you're on
Is my microphone on? Yes
New York, look I brought the championship home
Now, throw up your peace signs to the sky
For all our soldiers that died
That means Biggie Smalls, Tupac, Big L and Left Eye
And Big Pun the greatest of all time, sing it with me now
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