

Don Cartagena (ft. Puff Daddy)

Fat Joe

[Featuring Puff Daddy]

Nobody said it would be easy ha hah

[Puff] What y'all want to do hah? (2X)

Nobody want to handle it

[Puff] AS WE PROCEED TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU NEED

[Puff] What y'all want to do hah? (2X)

[Puff] NINE EIGHT IT'S THE GREAT

[Puff] What y'all want to do hah? (2X)

Verse One: Fat Joe

Now why the sad face jealous for fellas that's diamond laced

Tryin to find a place to recline shine my face

Under the sun where it's warm, runnin with Pun til I'm gone

That's word is bond on my moms

That's the squad motto, got beef we call Rallo

Diablo Drago, he go to war wit a bottle

Simple as dat, flip out the mack and cripple a cat ("take that" 4X)

Right through your back tissue with any pistol I pack (c'mon)

Physical rap means we live the lyrics

Long as niggaz fear us you could never entirely disappear us

We the realest you ever gon' see

In all honesty, ain't another brother that's hotter than me

Modesty'll get nowhere, that's why I go there (yeah, yeah)

Like lettin you know where to buy the new Fat Joe gear (that's right)

Five sixty (five sixty) only the Squad ride with me

Unless you a Bad Boy, and roll with Puff Diddy (eheheheh)

It's my city, and everything in it

Ain't a thing rented (c'mon) it's my Benz, if you see me in it (yeah)

We invented floodin the watch, and runnin the spots

That's why, I'm not a player, I just crush a lot

Chorus: Puff Daddy

What you thought, we ain't run the streets?

Now you can't sleep ten deep, convoyin in the Benz jeep

Rollin deep with the Don-Tana

I put the chrome in your cara, adios to manana

(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Fat Joe

Yea, uh, yo

You better slide or catch this homicide

Ain't no match for Joey Crack I'm blowin backs out the other side

Brothers died and mother's cried at wakes, these are The Breaks
Kurtis Blow your head off like Jake (like Jake)
So take heed and read between the lines, ain't no cheatin mines
Player haters never want to see my shine
Up in the Range or in the Lex Coupe
Rockin a fresh suit with dress shoes, on my way to Les Boo's
Less choose the life we rather live, on the streets stabbin kids
or livin mad sweet in lavish cribs
Fix marriages for my kids, six karats, I'm a whiz (mm, mmm)
Exotic token parrots on my wrist
It ain't shit but for sex, money, and drugs
True thugs with slugs and wrap bodies in rugs
What the fuck, Joe Crack, twist your cap back
Leave your heart rate flat, once Terror Squad attacks (yea yea yea)

Chorus 2X

(Puff Daddy talkin over chorus)

Terror Squad, and Bad Boy

Joey Crack, Big Pun

I see you

Can't sleep, ten deep

Yea, uh-huh

Adios to manana

Terror Squad, what?

Bad Boy, khanmean?

Joey Crack, Big Pun

I see you, I see you

c'mon, yea, yea, say what say what?

Say what say what?

Uh-huh

I see you.. take that..

Adios to manana!

Songwriters

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