

Definition of a Don (feat. Remy)

Fat Joe

Yeah, definition of a don
It's like I gotta keep remindin' you and remindin' you
Who's that nigga, you heard the kid
Fly was on the casket of all those who oppose the squad us
It's the motherfuckin' don Cartagena ya heard
What? They wanna know why ya name is Joey Crack
You a hustler, how they think you got the stacks?
You stuck being in jacks on the blocks with your paps
And the squad to hard niggaz gotta fall back
Damn papi, you're shit is icy now
In the bronx witcha Benz rims pokin' out
You got the niggaz in the pen straight lockin' out
But when the don is on nigga close your mouth Yeah, yo, you wouldn't understand my story of life I live
Most niggaz that really know me got life as bids
The trife as kids, this ain't no scarface shit
These niggaz really will kill you, your wife and kids
I walked through many blocks niggaz couldn't stand on
Had shit locked before I had a glock to even put my hands on
Before I had the doe to put my fams on
Before I had rocks sealed in pink tops, tryin' to get a gram off
A wild adolescent, raised by the street Mesmerized by the dealers and the places they eat
And when they blazed the heat, I was the shorty to take the hand off
Run upstairs, tryin' to sneak the gat past grand moms
This is how it should be done, my life
Is identical to none, son tried to duplicate but I knew he was fake
'Cuz every time I walked by he turned blue in the face
I'm like heavy on the leg when I pop
All my change is like heavy on the weight when I cop
It's just the way it's done
Niggaz tell me they respect the way I blaze them guns
On hold it down for the bronx in the name of pun They wanna know why ya name is Joey Crack
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But when the don is on nigga close your mouth Yeah, my name ring bells like a P O
Put the pressure on a nigga like I'm right at the doe

With the muzzle out, nigga can't shoke with my dough
I'm at his mothers house
Beat up his pops, put the pistol in his brother's mouth
Wave bricks, whips, jerked a few coke and next play the strip
With chrome knowin' that they won't forget
And on the weekends we shut down clubs
You know them crazy Peurto ricans always fuckin' it up
If I can't afford it, I'm a extort it If I can't cut it, I'm a bake it
Strip you niggaz butt-naked, I'm a thorough bred
Carry guns and pump heroin
Never went O.T. I'm too light for Maryland
I'd rather play the streets of New York
Where the friends are guaranteed
To keep the meat on my fork
I'm just a hustler, feds put the tap
On our phones in hopes of cuffin' us
Then wonder why we livin' life so illustrious They wanna know why ya name is Joey Crack
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