Music

ë•” ì½°ì•´ì—‡ (The Quiett)

[Fat Joe]Coca!
Krillz-mania
BX, T.S. 'til I die muh'fuckersssss
CRACK! Ka-ka-ka-Crack-Crack-Crack, aowwww!
Yeah, wave hi at the bad guy
And you can ice grill when I drive by
See if I be givin a fuck
My hands on the woodgrain, fat ass tucked
Ha ha, shit a nigga just came off tour
Mister Mister Rainman, I'm makin it pour
I 'member when I used to have to play that hard
Apartment 5B, Forrest Projects y'all
A nigga too fat, so I couldn't play ball
So I hit the strip, started flippin that raw
My pants would sag, now they callin me Crack
Used to love graffiti, so I made it my tag
Me and Tone Montana we was bangin them hammers
before New York niggaz, ever wore bandanas
Got so much money, a nigga would abuse it
Then I left the streets alone for the love of the music
[Chorus: Cherlise]You know I never dreamed that I could be perfect
Cause that's the only thing that I've ever been, ohh
And when I look back on my life it's all worth it
Because I know I know my people believe me, I do it for love
[Fat Joe]Yeah, yo
They say Joe too selfish, he won't let us in the door
I say shit I could have left Pun in front of that store
Could have left Remy Ma ass in Castle Hill
Where every other day another nigga get killed
They say what's Cool without Dre?
I say shit, what if them niggaz never met Jose?
Hell 'Ve was a great DJ
Now he produce Roc Boyz, headed for a Grammy
What if I would have told Khaled to stop buggin me?

He'd probably never be President of that company
Shit you probably woulda never heard the movement
I ain't gotta talk, I ain't gotta prove shit
Scott Storch is the best, they kept sleepin on him

Cause he's a white boy, he kept ghostbeatin for 'em
Dropped "Lean Back," then that shit hit and guess what?
I made the nigga rich cocksuckers!
[Chorus][Fat Joe]I was never into girls, I was just into my music
Dropped so many hits, still them niggaz just confuse it
Went to my old school, gave 'em some computers
And the niggaz in the hood still be sayin I don't do shit
Bein they ain't got no love in they hearts
I just moved to Miami, copped a crib and a yacht
I bought my little daughter an equestrian park
Now she's ridin horses, tell me that ain't hot
Sade, Luther Vandross
Stephanie Mills, El DeBarge
I used to look at them like Gods
Now tell me why a nigga wouldn't go hard?
Bye {?} boricua, why you hatin on me papi?
It's been sweet 16, still them haters can't stop me
In fact man I'm just like Rocky
Lordy we did it baby, you keep goin shopping
[Chorus][Fat Joe - over Chorus]Yeah, man I did it for the music!
I did it for the love
Ha! I mean Mother's Day I'm performin for your mother
and your girl... can't even be with my family man
You know what? Be careful what you wish for
Joe Crack's here to let you know the workin man is not a SUCKER
9 to 5 man you get to go home and be wit'cha kids man
I'm in Budapest somewhere
I'm in Africa where the heat come, Crack bitch, aowww!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/