

# Don Cartagena (feat. Puff Daddy)

Fat Joe

Nobody said it would be easy, ha hah  
(What y'all wanna do hah?)  
(What y'all wanna do hah?)  
Nobody wanna handle itAs we proceed  
(What y'all wanna do hah?)  
To give you what you need  
(What y'all wanna do hah?)Nine-eight  
(What y'all wanna do hah?)  
It's the great  
(What y'all wanna do hah?)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 momsThat's the squad motto, got beef we call Rallo  
Dame Un Trago, he go to war wit a bottle  
Simple as dat, flip out the mack and cripple a cat  
Right through your back tissue with any pistol I packPhysical rap means we live the lyrics  
Long as niggaz fear us you could never entirely dissappear us  
We the realest you ever gon' see  
In all honesty, ain't another brother that's hotter than meModesty'll get nowhere, that's why I go there  
Like lettin' you know where to buy the new Fat Joe gear  
Five sixty, only the Squad ride with me  
Unless you a Bad Boy, and roll with Puff DaddyIt's my city, and everything in it  
Ain't a thing rented, it's my Benz, if you see me in it  
We invented floodin' the watch, and runnin' the spots  
That's why, I'm not a player, I just crush a lotWhat 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 mananaWhat 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 mananaYeah, 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 JakeSo take heed and read between the lines, ain't no cheatin mines  
Player haters never wanna 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'sLess 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  
Exotic token' parrots on my wristIt 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 attacksWhat you thought, we ain't run the streets?  
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Rollin' deep with the Don-Tana  
I put the chrome in your Cara, adios to mananaCan't sleep, ten deep  
Yeah, uh-huh  
Adios to mananaYeah, what you got  
Terror Squad, what?  
Bad Boy, khanmean?  
Joey Crack, Big Pun  
I see you, I see youC'mon, yeah, yeah, say what, say what?  
Say what, say what?  
Uh-huh  
C'monWhat's you are talking about?  
Can't sleep, ten deep  
[Incomprehensible]  
Adios to manana

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