The Recipe

Ivan Ives

[Fat Joe talking] (Mack 10)
Yeah, Terror Squad motherfucker!
(And the Hoo Bangin affiliates.) Uh huh.
I know you ain't think you was gon see this niggas.
(Nope.) East coast, west coast. (It's all the same.)
Joey Crack, Big Pun, Mack 10.
(Speak on it, Joe.)
Haha, niggas what!
[Fat Joe]
At times I feel like blastin myself, endin it all
Niggas on my same team be prayin I fall
Tellin the feds, that I'm still cappin the raw
Know all about the stash box on the floor of my Porshe
Boy George-in it, livin the life of the fortunate
Show you how warm my fuckin coffee get
My crew often get the blame for hideous crimes
Why do niggas stay platinum with the shitiest rhymes?
Can't call it, all these niggas claim that they ballin
But it appears your empire's fallen
Fuckin with Joe and Pun, real niggas since day one
The same cats you get ?terroria? from
East coast, west coast, man it's all the same
Niggas won't know shit till they feel the flame
It's still insane, since the flow track
Blowin your whole back, with the mack, we'll let ya know black
[Hook:] X 2
It's all about weight, work, guns, yay
Real motherfuckers chase dough and don't play
Y'all motherfuckers don't move, we don't spray
Big Pun, Fat Joe, Mack 10 baby
[Big Punisher]
Check what you never thought
Pun and Joe, the kings of Nueva York
Spittin thoughts with twin, Mack 10 the chicken hawk
We the truest 'cause killers walk in muddy boots

Once my dogs cut me lose, that's a bullet in your bubblygoose
Fuck is you talkin like you crazy
Barkin like you eighty

Or have you crawlin, walkin like a baby
Don't try to play me 'cause I'm not a playa
Hey yo I shot the place up and pass the heat off like a hot potatoe
I'm out to make a million dollies but still I'm rowdy
So I hope it happen rappin before I have to kill somebody
That's how it is in the stone jungle
If you known to own a bundle guaranteed nigga gon mug you
And no one love you when you broke as shit, focus kid
Commercials don't lie, thirsty to die? Coke is in
Blow your life away, that's a big price to pay
You coulda been teachin your kid how to ride his bike today
[Hook] X 2
[Mack 10]
I hit the la la, and grab the ya ya
And if y'all don't get him, I promise I'll try
Hoo Bangin affiliates is the williest so the silliest
Really get to see just how fast the nine milly spit
Mack 10, Big Pun and Joey Crack
Real niggas push big weight and big sacks
Y'all said it was cool, I got to ok this
I usually want paytons, y'all bring the scale so we can weight this
It better be pure, hope you ain't got a birdie mix
Hey yo, put it up there, and make sure it's all 36
I hope you can count nigga, better be precise
If it ain't all there that's your dope and your life
From the school of hard knocks, Inglewood to the Bronx
We hit the blocks and cook the rocks in forty blocks
Hit doja like we supposed to, sippin on Hen
TS and Mack 10, so let the games begin
[Hook] X 2

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/