

# Beat Novacane

Fat Joe

Yeah, T.S., yeah, uhh  
Yo, yo...

Wonder if we all V-S'es'us  
Wanna know the streets that we fuss  
Now sit back and witness the di-rector's cut  
And niggaz throw your T.S.'s up {BEAT NOVACANE!}

Go figure it, Joe Crack runnin New York  
Who woulda thunk it, God above and Pun did  
Yeah, they came while I was 'sleep  
Whispered in my ear this is your year {CRACK PREACH!}  
So I testify  
To burn down the throne, niggaz follow my lead  
Save your breath for crownin me King of N.Y.  
I'm the one and only Godfather, one through three  
Pardon me, but I was raised in the projects  
Forgettin I wasn't the only object  
We was more concerned with cuttin up and choppin  
Supplyin fiends with that work, get it poppin  
Now who wanna pop off 'til they head get popped off  
by the realest MC, and that's ME!  
Joe Crack the Don, I came from the streets  
Knee deep in the game, other half in the streets  
I got that permit to bury ya ice grill  
Shoulda named this album hurr "Licensed to Kill"  
Ahhh - yes my life chilly chill  
Mansion in Miami, other in the Jersey Hills  
Chilllll, that's that '88 flow  
Small face 20's, that's that '88 dough  
Joey Jefferson, I'm on the 88th flo'  
Khaled him with that talk nigga {UN, UN, UN, UNBELIEVABLE!}

One Phantom, two castles, and a Jeep fo'  
Five mics a classic, kinda like my six-fo'  
Several years I earned cake, let me tell you more  
Joey Crack, a.k.a. '88, Cook Coke

Wonder why I paint a picture of the street life so vivid I lived it  
Y'all dudes innocent, y'all just visitin  
And that's the reason why they call me ghetto  
D.O., have you homeless {?} diggin deep holes  
Police know, but just couldn't figure me out  
I'm like {?}, have 'em makin pies in the house  
It's grill, spit fire like I never been out  
And I ain't gon' retire 'til there's never a doubt  
The wheels, in my head keep spinnin  
I'm thinkin anybody go against me losin chil'ren  
I'm thinkin there's no better time than now to start some killin  
It's Cook Coke Crack, 2005's ghetto version of Achilles NIGGA

Yo, yo, loop this and you crash the remix  
And forget who you thought I was, I'm Crack BEYOTCH  
The same dude that made you "Lean Back"  
And had that nigga Ma\$e spittin that gangsta shit  
Can't wait 'til my nigga Shyne come home  
Six minutes, six minutes, Joey Crack you're on

Uh-um, uh-um, is my microphone on? Yes  
New York, look I brought the championship home  
Now, through up your peace signs to the sky  
For all our soldiers that died  
That means Biggie Smalls, Tupac, Big L and Left Eye  
And Big Pun the greatest of all time, sing it with me now

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