

Breathe And Stop

Fat Joe

Help, Help, Help, Help (Yeah)
Help (It's the Profit, It's the profit)
Help (East coast, West coast)
Help (Cook, cook, cook - Crack)
Help
Help (Latino Market)
Help (You know we got that shit on smash)
Help (You writing them checks, go holla at my boy Damon)

All my niggaz throw your Dubs up
If you ain't from the west side put your guns up
Let a shot go Nigga
Squeeze and Pop
Let 'em feel it when the bassline drop

And all bitches throw your hands up
You in the club with your girls
Call your man up
Cause you ain't comin' home Mami
Breathe and stop
Exhale when the bassline drop

Ay yo its murder on the streets
Killa capitol
I'm blasting you
For the love of this doe
That's what I have to do
I'm posted up
The corner King
They named me Coca
Got caught didn't say a thing
You're not supposed ta
La Costa Nostra
Gotti Gang
My shotty rang
Call it a killers exhibition
Let the body hang
A real work of art
Show your heart
I'll blow your smarts
Yeah It's the ghetto god
Rep the Bronx till I'm gone
Was sent to prison
You know me homey the chromey's itchin'
Leave you holy if you rollin' with so bad intentions
Fit the pussy
Then again you know that
And we don't ever see them in the hood
And they all rats
Joey don't give a fuck
Tell my nigga hold that
Usually found in the kitchen
Where the stove at
Got that weed, got that coke
Get them dope sacks
My little man pitchin'
Yeah we call him Sandy Cossacks