

Dat Gangsta Shit

Fat Joe

Yeah uhh dat gangsta shit
Uhh yeah dat gangsta shit
Uhh dat gangsta shit
What you love huh? dat gangsta shit
What you want huh? dat gangsta shit
Now what we live huh? dat gangsta shit
Yeah uhh uhh

Recognize my presence this rap game specialized with legends
I drop shit niggaz try to memorize in seconds
You criticize me still visualize the lessons
And when i wish to put aside the questions
Before they find out, who's the realest
Who done spoke without one joke about the illest
Shit that ever happened, in this rappin beyond rappin
Joe the god it ain't so hard to start clappin
But i lay low, create flows, for the pesos
Now we got extra hoes, wantin to chase shows
I take foes, and break em down to minerals
We went from street corner thugs to white collar criminals
Individuals, with no peace on the quest
The iced out, piece on my chest, from the east to the west

Never sleep in a sweat, keep the heat with the vest
Ready for the 'casian blazin gettin deep with the best
The police wanna test my strategy, got half of the world
Mad at me, but very few challenge me
Perhaps you will be the first to approach this, lyrical dope shit
Cartagena will bring the chrome like explosives
Now what you love huh? dat gangsta shit
What you want huh? dat gangsta shit
Now what we live huh? dat gangsta shit
Dat gangsta shit, dat gangsta shit
Yeah, uhh, uhh

Fuck the whole world, all i need is my dough and my girl
And even she can get it, everybody go to hell
I don't need y'all, disrespect the don and i'ma see y'all
Hit you with the tech and the armor, you see-saw
That's my steez, if i don't kill you i'ma clap you these
Ask your peeps if i ain't have the beast soundin japanese
Coughin blood, that's what you get for talkin thug
Run up on your preacher with the sweeper feature coughin slugs
Once a thug always a thug, hallways and drug dealers
Fillers, killers, they wanna chill all day with us
They love the don, these words are more than just another song
If i said i slit your neck, your jugular's gone
Ain't nothin artificial, joe the god, the terror squad official
Got a lot of pistols with missiles, prayer lies with you
The shit you say'll get you sprayed with the clapper
Just remember joe the god is not your ordinary rapper
Now what we love huh? dat gangsta shit
What you want huh? dat gangsta shit
Now what we live huh? dat gangsta shit
Dat gangsta shit, dat gangsta shit
Now what you love huh? dat gangsta shit
What you want huh? kick dat gangsta shit

What you live huh? dat gangsta shit
Dat gangsta shit, dat gangsta shit
Yeah

Goin out to all the real niggaz
All the niggaz that support real hip-hop
All my niggaz on the corners
Dj's, no matter where the fuck you from
It's where's your gat, hahaha
Primo whattup nigga? yeah
Don cartagena
Terror squadian, rock the party and, what?
Beotch!!