

# Don Cartagena

Fat Joe

Nobody said it would be easy, ha hah  
[Puff] What y'all wanna do hah? (2X)  
Nobody wanna handle it  
[Puff] AS WE PROCEED, TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU NEED  
[Puff] What y'all wanna do hah? (2X)  
[Puff] NINE-EIGHT, IT'S THE GREAT  
[Puff] What y'all wanna do hah? (2X)

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 moms  
That'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 ("take that"  
Right through your back tissue with any pistol I pack (c'mon)  
Physical rap means we live the lyrics  
Long as niggaz fear us you could never entirely dissapear us  
We the realest you ever gon' see  
In all honesty, ain't another brother that's hotter than me  
Modesty'll get nowhere, that's why I go there (yeah, yeah)  
Like lettin you know where to buy the new Fat Joe gear (that's right)  
Five sixty (five sixty) only the Squad ride with me  
Unless you a Bad Boy, and roll with Puff Diddy (eheheheh)  
It's my city, and everything in it  
Ain't a thing rented (c'mon) it's my Benz, if you see me in it (yeah)  
We invented floodin the watch, and runnin the spots  
That's why, I'm not a player, I just crush a lot

What 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 manana

Yea, 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 Jake (like Jake)  
So 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's  
Less 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 (mm, mmm)  
Exotic tokin parrots on my wrist  
It 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 attacks (yea yea yea)

Terror Squad, and Bad Boy  
Joey Crack, Big Pun  
I see you

Can't sleep, ten deep

Yea, uh-huh  
Adios to manana  
Terror Squad, what?  
Bad Boy, khanmean?  
Joey Crack, Big Pun  
I see you, I see you  
C'mon, yea, yea, say what say what?  
Say what say what?  
Uh-huh

I see you.. take that..  
Adios to manana!