

Misery Needs Company

Fat Joe

Yo, yo, one's for the cash, two's for my facility
three's for all the M-3's
Racin across the Tapenze
?Matchin C's? followed by the white Lincoln
drivin like I ain't thinkin
Wit my hats and lights blinkin, let the lah sink in
On the way to home BASE,
first clown in my face is gettin thrown out the place
We rush shit, untouchable Don shit, that's nothin new
Sets with stone arms just to muscle you, enough of you
That had a bad case of Joe, some even had to go
Gangsta walk and nines, at times I be the last to know
We laugh and joke, while we bag in the coke
My A done make the worst things out the cast of Different Strokes
I'm addicted to street life, although it doesn't seem right
Many criticize but yo we all go to eat right?
And who's to say that I'm to blame(blame)
we only pawns in this game(game)
Decision: grow cocaine
I don't want no cure for this, you switch, I pour the Cris
And just, stay rich, and reminisce, while I count my chips

Yo you scared to death, misery need company
Crab slackers, niggas actin like they mad rappers
Even wit a record deal, our guns still peal
Break a piece of your brain, wipe the stain
Throw the Range off, police-iano
Watch for hondo, they lookin at our poster now, playin us closer now
The funds follow us, what, these bitches swallow us
And you wonder why you can't find us

I ?ton and tender? wit millionaires, gave a million stares
Made a million scared, my beats don' knocked
For what seemed like a million years, yea
This illegal life I can't avoid, I take the feds everywhere I go
That's why I'm paranoid, but still I choose to ignore the fact
I got the flawless Acs wit gats to get that enormous stack
Joey Crack, the mack without the hat
And all our hoes dine and ride in the back seat of my Cadillac
I bet you hate it cuz we paid and floss, nigga we laid and lost
T.S.'ll make the baddest crews take a loss
Break your balls like Bahondo, call me Don Joe
Coke slash sweaty rock, niggas drop a dime dough
Booked the nine o'clock, flight to Alando
So-called killers turned snitches like Rivono
That nigga Gauno up in M-C, is bein friendly
Everytime I see his wife and kids the shit tempts me
My heart is empty, never feelin remorse
I got a sniper one killed in the cross ready to kill your boss

Yo, yo Jose Luis, smoke lah like the reverand
Look in the skies, clouds look like coke 'n heaven
Like whoever sittin on pies two, gettin high too
mad fly too, a thug too
Yo we praise those, however you make your pesos
Keep the shit tight just like, Jose Canseco's
Batting stance, a majorly we glance,

and gotta yell "What, What!"
Cuz thug niggas don't dance yo
I told niggas, that you did it for show,
but niggas thought you was ill yo
Even your hoe, yo for real youngblood I'm really afraid so
Your colors got revealed and now you buy dough
Impost-o's, locos, morenos, go-golos, bori-quas, platin-o's
My niggas rollin those, fontos and hydros
You know how that goes, DE's light it up though
We stay smokin it, tone-locin it,
me and Fat Joe still provoking it

(ha ha, mad rappers, stain off, range off, watch out
polic-iano's, pabolos
amigos...Fat Joe, Fat Joe, Fat Joe, yea yea)