

## Story To Tell

Fat Joe

For every shell that fell  
There's a story to tell  
They say you hustler then you going to hell  
Nah, I know God love's me  
Yeah, I know that he fucks with me  
Can a gangster go to heaven  
Let me in  
I call it survival you call it a sin  
Damn  
I got a story to tell  
Yeah, I got a story to tell

Yeah I'm right here  
Gun in my right palm  
Nigga tried and trap me and cage me like my san  
Oh shit this mic on  
I'm speaking my thoughts Nigga  
You catch a hundred if you speaking in court  
I'm feeling like Michael  
Just before the verdict  
Sweat on my forehead  
I'm anxious and nervous  
These streets ull eat you if you let em  
Cop ull beat you  
You pumping diesel then them Jack boys ull beat you  
I try and listen more and speak less  
Cause all that Barber shop talking ull put a Nigga to deep rest  
You on the corner and I'm flying buy  
Some foreign exotic mo' fucker  
You know we flying buy  
Oh you got nine lives  
I got a pine box  
You might as well hop your ass in it cause my iron popped  
And I ain't lying Ac  
Yeah I'm lying hard  
Run up on anybody that's supplying my block