

## Success

Fat Joe

Yeah

This joint right here is goin out to everybody gettin money  
I mean the real CREAM  
All up and down the East and West coast  
Check it \*echoes\*

Hustlin is the key to success  
Money is the key to sex  
The life is gettin cash, drinkin Mo', gettin blessed  
The games people play  
The names people slay  
It's just another ordinary day

One's for the cash, two's for every blunt's ash  
Three's for all the 40 brews goin to cruise the bowel  
Four's for the drugs, sex, and power  
I be the top dolla scala, rockin gold collars  
While you tryin to sip the juice, I'm takin swallows  
Step into my zone and get blown, ? internationally known  
Yeah, in case you haven't heard the rep  
Have an appetite for beef and get, hand fed led  
Rapid-fire echoes through your, vicinity  
Why you messin with this nigga from Trinity?  
For every shell that fell, there's a story to tell  
But it's a fine line between grapevines and pines  
Knahmean? There's no room for snitches and loud bitches  
But it's always room for riches and deep ditches  
That's how it be in this everlasting game  
Declaring war on cocks, and leavin chumps slain  
So maintain, and put the frontin to a rest  
Or today'll be the grand openin of your chest  
Success, triple beam, knahmean?  
Dolla dolla bill

The streets are full of vengeance, and it's expensive  
If you don't organize your words right in your sentence  
Twelve gauge holes take souls and lives are lost  
Who said an arm and a leg was a high cost to toss?  
Things are done different, in my zip code  
Hollow tips implode, dum-dums explode  
Now your crew is screamin like they see demons when I reload  
You can't comprehend, act like you want it for clarity  
I'm pushin wigs, handin out jigs like charity  
You best to get your groove on, or get moved on  
Or play the hot steppa, and die with your shoes on  
I collects ass and cash  
While my crew consumes liquor and hash, and keep the stash  
Whether, hustlin or dustin we get busy with ours  
T.S., T.A.T., respect for miles  
The Bronx is the turf, South is the area  
Bring ten, bring twenty, the more guns the merrier  
Nobody's bad as me, no cops nabbin me  
Front if you dare and I'll change your whole anatomy  
For real... uh!