

# The Crack Attack

Fat Joe

Yea, uhh

"I bet you thought I left you hangin"

Yea yea, yeah

"I bet you thought I left you hangin"

Terror Squad again.. long overdue baby

"I-I-I bet you thought I left you hangin"

Don Cartagena, bring you the best in hardcore hip-hop

"J-J-Joe Crack returns bangin"

Yea, uhh

Yo it's the Don of rap, sippin Cognac, hit you on the back

with the Mac (CLAK CLAK) slip you into cardiac

It's the art of rap at the illest form

from a killer's point of view, who thrives off the area jealous ones

You could tell it's on from my introduction

Hibernate the junction with killin somethin when you was barely dumpin

You ain't even nuttin to worry about

I flurried your mouth, with about thirty right in front of your house

Then I'm hurryin out in the expedition, professional hit men

The vestibule shit from the credible disses

Federals is listenin to my conversations, tapin all the songs I'm makin

Shakin down every ounce of my congregation

John Blazin, raisin the stakes, changin your fate

Tied up in my basement with a gauge in your face

Make no mistake, that's how I do my thing

Blow out a lot of brains, I'm sayin, it's not a game

"Take these words home and think it through

Or the next rhyme I write might be about you"

Uhh, uhh, yea

Joe Crack takin a L and make Tone roll over in his grave, never that

T.S. got his dreams and discourage the brave, remember that

I been bustin guns since the infamous days of leather hats

Varsity sweaters with big letters black

Pushin the illest whips down fifty-fifth

where killers riff, without havin to split Phillies and sniff

And Willies who shift jobs from Chili willin to leave you stiff

Fulfillin my biggest wish, in this illegal shit

Quarter Maris stay slugger with karats, never offered marriage

When my corpse is carried my moms'll get all my cabbage

Terror Squad is savage, draped in the finest of fabrics

Floss like it's a habit, eight shot up in my Louis baggage

You knew we knew we had you, lay half your crew in gravel

Caught you slippin with your Boo and started shootin at you

Out of captivity, left Relativity

Now we on the Big-ger Beat, Terror Squad trilogy, what?

"Take these words home and think it through

Or the next rhyme I write might be about you"