

# The Profit

Fat Joe

We gettin money man I'll show you how to turn profit  
In the hood they call me Joey the profit  
First you cop it  
Then you cook it  
Then you chop it  
What the Fuck boy  
Bitch ass niggaz  
They can't stop us  
We turn a Profit  
P-P-P-P-Profit the Profit  
We make a P-P-P-P-Profit, Profit  
Yeah in the hood they call me Joey the profit  
If you listen close my niggaz you bound to see a profit

I'm New York's living legend  
The streets know me well  
Stand in the line of fire  
It's going to be hell  
You dancin wit the devil  
Tonight's your last night  
Picture me Lil's Eazy E  
Pistol Fahrenheit  
LA County got work in Slawson  
We get it poppin  
Back to Roxbury in Boston  
The streets love me  
See they named me coca  
The Puerto Rican version of La Costra Nostra  
You can find me in the kitchen with me apron on  
Something like the chef, yeah I get my Raekwon on  
Joey the Mayor  
I get Keys to the city  
And I got 'em cheap the whole hood could come with me  
Nigga

I'm getting money  
I'm the president Junior  
And in the hood they call me Weezy the future  
And everybody that's around me ull shoot ya  
And nigga my band let 'em blow like twofers yeah  
Clap  
I got em, I GGG got 'em I got em, yep  
Cook I got em, I GGG got 'em I got em, yep  
And in the hood they call me Weezy the future  
If listen close my nigga you might see the future

Young Wayne in the building  
Where your stove at  
Cook 'em up Strap 'em down  
Where the road at  
I'm strapped up plenty bullets  
Nigga hold that  
Now you step in out in led shower where your robe at  
I knock your earth off  
Damn where ya globe at  
Fuck the coach I keep shooting like Kobe  
The money knows me better then anybody

Bitch I'm paid forget about it  
I'm sitting in the coupe wit the tities outted  
The nipples chrome  
Or that big black thing wit the slippers on that bullshit  
Dippin' on them bitches  
Get off dick  
You soft pricks  
I'm from New Orleans  
Homeless but don't forget  
The sun even shines on dark shit  
And dawg I've been hustlin since the day I was barkin  
I walk in this bitch like what it do  
The money home  
Stop hatin'  
Get your money on  
Nigga

This year all star weekend was off the chain  
Literally niggaz comin' off wit them chains  
Put the Desi to his chest  
Homey going die tonight  
Then his jaw dropped like Napoleon dynamite  
Jack boy I been since I'm a toddler  
My Dad was sleeping I was running through his pockets  
Oh yeah you ready for war then what's stopping you  
I hope you know them Bentley doors not chopper proof  
And they go Br R-RR Ta Tat  
Just like them bullets dancin'  
Come up short wit my doe I'm bout to pull a Manson  
Take your kids for ransom  
Yeah it's Payback Nigga  
Next time I front you some birds you better pay Crack  
What shit - I don't know nothing  
He might be the police coming up with assumptions  
All I know is this nigga hear is about to meet god  
If you don't bring me some keys or bring me fifty large