Think About It

Fat Joe

New York
Yeah we G'ed up
Act up
Clap the back of your knees up
Packin' the Mack in the back of the Beemer
Taxin' your cash and you asking to ease up
I want to rock now
Comply or get shot down
I know
You goin hire some cops now
Coca
Sun down to sun up
Kily Cartel use to be a runner
D Boy
Stamp bricks with smiley faces
Show you how to turn that powder to a hundred acres
Let's get it
Thank god for making crack raw
Now how you want it
The window or the chainsaw
Crack
Yeah I'm nice with the knife game
Ice pick change your life with one strife man
Too much rappin and we don't rat
We do it for them trap stars serving them packs
And e'er nigga know from way back to Houston
Joes a go when push comes to shootin'
The four four will loose more then just a tooth man
A hundred shots will rip your top like where the fuck the roof went

I think he said something
Bring 'em back to me
I let the chopper groove
And let the Mack boogie
You better think about it
Boy you better think about it
You better think about
Boy you better think about it
I got no papers on all them guns
So when I pull 'em out your ass best run
Crack
You better think about
Boy you better think about it
You better think about
Boy you better think about it

This ain't for the niggaz hob nobbing in closets
This is for them niggaz that suppling their projects
Man catch beef say my nigga I got this
Right in broad day twist a nigga then pop shit
I ain't playin'
I got big guns
My niggaz barely speak English
They'll lift son
The strip is mine
Naw, you ain't eatin' here
I run this shit

At least in some recent years
And y'all know who rep the streets most
Terror squad we put the E in East coast
So be easy like T I said
Or them things ull pop up like a Chia pet
Or Chi Ali or any given clapper
Exorcist style get your shit spun backwards
Them pistols ull go your brain go's splatter
A minute ago you said you'd get at us
Now why you have to go talk like that
Get ya body outlined with the chalk like that
I guess he must a thought I'd a fought them cats
The oldest rule in the books
you should have brought them gats