

We Run This Shit

Fat Joe

Yo ah! You know who rule this shit
City is mine I blaze up like Diddy and Shyne
Anybody want beef with the D.O.N
Guaranteed it would be O.N
I could see your kint
Crouched up over in a humble position
Praying hard oh my god if he only would listen
Somos poco pero locos my trienta ocho a leave you roto
The side of your face the size of a plate
For hiding the weight you just should of give it
My squad bring horror to rap like Wes Craven
Any track I spitted on, I shitted on
Anybody disagree'n with that we could get it on
Keep a fitted on to match the rest of my clothing
Got a ill with just the leopardcan showing
And he got a pipe in his mouth that's how
Like to see the fiend with a pipe in they mouth (nigga)
If my bitch a disrespect shot light in the couch
Best believe I'm a squeeze this freaking pipe in his mouth
I'm the kid that they yapping about they just won't stop
Pearl white Cadillac you got it drop

Yeah, yeah Crack that how how we got to put down my nigga
We got to run neck to neck with these niggas, lets go

We run this shit, Terror Squad
We run this shit, Terror Squad

Case closed casket closed
But is over for y'all brains splattered on the wall
Arms is missing
Everything we seek is the truth far from fiction
Hope y'all not far from listening
Game over up north style pillowcase full of soda
I warned y'all ah
And I usually don't do that
I usually put the tool were your tooth at
And introduced you to Jesus to the chrome
Three seconds after that is a rap for your dome
And I hate to paint a picture so perfect
Believe me dog is just for calling the act makes me nervous
My soul purpose is to rep for real
My no Camazari niggas having the death of mills
You slept on Crillz now the kids backs
With the fourth fifth griz gat
Leave your vision pitched black

Yeah, yeah Crack we need to represent nigga
We to strong to real for these niggas
Lets move

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