

Beat Novacane

Fat Joe

Yeah, T.S., yeah, uhh
Yo, yo...

Wonder if we all V-S'es'us
Wanna know the streets that we fuss
Now sit back and witness the di-rector's cut
And niggaz throw your T.S.'s up {BEAT NOVACANE!}

Go figure it, Joe Crack runnin New York
Who woulda thunk it, God above and Pun did
Yeah, they came while I was 'sleep
Whispered in my ear this is your year {CRACK PREACH!}
So I testify
To burn down the throne, niggaz follow my lead
Save your breath for crownin me King of N.Y.
I'm the one and only Godfather, one through three
Pardon me, but I was raised in the projects
Forgettin I wasn't the only object
We was more concerned with cuttin up and choppin
Supplyin fiends with that work, get it poppin
Now who wanna pop off 'til they head get popped off
by the realest MC, and that's ME!
Joe Crack the Don, I came from the streets
Knee deep in the game, other half in the streets
I got that permit to bury ya ice grill
Shoulda named this album hurr "Licensed to Kill"
Ahhh - yes my life chilly chill
Mansion in Miami, other in the Jersey Hills
Chilllll, that's that '88 flow
Small face 20's, that's that '88 dough
Joey Jefferson, I'm on the 88th flo'
Khaled him with that talk nigga {UN, UN, UN, UNBELIEVABLE!}

One Phantom, two castles, and a Jeep fo'
Five mics a classic, kinda like my six-fo'
Several years I earned cake, let me tell you more
Joey Crack, a.k.a. '88, Cook Coke

Wonder why I paint a picture of the street life so vivid I lived it
Y'all dudes innocent, y'all just visitin
And that's the reason why they call me ghetto
D.O., have you homeless {?} diggin deep holes
Police know, but just couldn't figure me out
I'm like {?}, have 'em makin pies in the house
It's grill, spit fire like I never been out
And I ain't gon' retire 'til there's never a doubt
The wheels, in my head keep spinnin
I'm thinkin anybody go against me losin chil'ren
I'm thinkin there's no better time than now to start some killin
It's Cook Coke Crack, 2005's ghetto version of Achilles NIGGA

Yo, yo, loop this and you crash the remix
And forget who you thought I was, I'm Crack BEYOTCH
The same dude that made you "Lean Back"
And had that nigga Ma\$e spittin that gangsta shit
Can't wait 'til my nigga Shyne come home
Six minutes, six minutes, Joey Crack you're on

Uh-um, uh-um, is my microphone on? Yes
New York, look I brought the championship home
Now, through up your peace signs to the sky
For all our soldiers that died
That means Biggie Smalls, Tupac, Big L and Left Eye
And Big Pun the greatest of all time, sing it with me now

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