

## Big Business

Fat Joe

I mean what, you goin' crazy over this?  
I mean, really it look like, cracked off pieces of soap  
(Mark Henry...)

Yeah, you's a pussy boy, you heard that pussy boy?  
Ya daddy should have never nuttied in that hoe's pussy, boy  
But since you on this earth, it's time to take you off it  
This what you want, huh nigga, that hardcore New York shit  
That black cement, 3 Jordan shit  
True religion -- jeans, Polo tee and a Portland fit  
No defense when I grip the handle, boy  
I got a deadly shot, no Brandon Roy  
My niggas in Detroit call me Megatron  
Back in '88, we moved mega tons  
Now I push the 'Rari down 8th Ave  
Bitch face on my lap, call it face math

The Colombians and the Dominicans have shown us the way  
The shit is large, but we gon' do it differently  
Gone are the days of sellin' on a street corner  
You change the product, you change the marketin' strategy

Yeah, uhh  
The streets lookin' like Thriller  
Minus the chick and red jacket with the zippers  
Just zombies, psychos and killers  
Quick to choke you out, ya [?], Reggie Miller  
It's a drought, we need a hurricane  
Boat movin' slow, niggas screamin' "hurry, 'caine"  
3 pistols on me just in case you tryin' to bang  
I got that 9-9-9 plan like Herman Cain  
Yeah, we occupyin' raw street  
Good morning, no sugar in the coffee  
Just cocaine, Medina and some morphine  
One whiff of the pure, make ya jaw lean

I'm not guilty. You're the one who's guilty  
The lawmakers, the politicians  
All you who lobby against makin' drugs legal  
Just like you did with alcohol durin' the prohibition  
You're the one who's guilty, ain't no Uzis made in Harlem  
I mean, not one of us in here owns a poppy field  
This thing is bigger than Nino Brown  
This is big business, this is the American way