

# Valley of Death

Fat Joe

Dead!

I want 'em all dead!

Aiyyo they left me for dead

Amongst the roaches and the maggots

I can still remember shovels spillin dirt above (this bastard?)

I waited for an answer, but god ain't call

I'm hearing demons and the devils and the shots they call

They want crack; I hopped out the casket, that's it

Time for some actions, consequence is very tragic

I call my crew the Darkside, we all ride

Keep them other crews running running (can't keep running away) like The Pharcyde

Triple Black Louis V's provided by the Sudanese

Walking through the desert conversating like it's you and me

Kanye shrug, paparazzi taking pictures

See it in my mugshot; Mob Boss slash killer

Triple Beam entrepreneur, they live for only pure

The world's only cure, fiends keep fiending more

CRACK!

CRA-CRA-CRA-CRACK

Wake up every morning same motherfuckin time

Thinkin' money get, money got, money on my mind

Fo' Five on my hip, Nine on the other side

Thinkin' money take, money make, money all the time

Middle finger to the sky, screaming fuck the other side

Thinkin' money get, money got, money on my mind

Get money, Get money

Get money, Get money

BC's filled with leeches, strategic moves

To capture niggas for the deeds we do

And the cars we drive

Red Ferrari California on my way to Arizona

Mexicano at the border

I used to play the corner, Blair Witch on a nigga

Dump your body in the woods, dare snitch on a nigga

Listen; Black mask, black gloves, rope and duct tape

Put you where the spare tyre be at; trunk space

Can heaven be just a distant memory?

They say you live a fast life but death'll come eventually

Maybe in my past life I wasn't listening cause this the

Fuck Tha Police, judges, P.O.'s and the witnesses

Heronious charge, an Appolonian broad

Another day in the life, another bitch to minage

Crack!

Crack! Crack!

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Thinkin' money get, money got, money on my mind

Get money [4x]

Crack! Coca baby!

Reportin' live from the mothafuckin' desert nigga!

Brushin' the motherfuckin' dirt off my clothesss

You see death in my eyes, nigga?

I got that AR-15 and I won't hesitate to kill a nigga

Get money, Get money

Get money, Get money

Cool N' Dre on this one bitches!

Absolutely

Absolutely nigga