

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