

## John Blaze

Fat Joe

My stripes show like regiments, military intelligence  
Murder game, I leave no evidence -- credentials  
Go ask my pre-school, even talk to my old principal  
He'd tell you how you I used to pack a No. 2 pencil  
Stabbin students, grabbin teachers, Catholics, preachers  
In the school staircase, cuttin class, passin my reefer  
In my own class, operation return, they tried to say  
I was incompetent, not able to learn  
The table turned now, got my own label to earn  
Like that nigga said in \_Dead Presidents\_, money I burn  
Queensbridge, pay homage, respect Nas is the vet  
Acknowledge the rep, polish baguettes, niggaz is dissin that  
I'm just the best, puttin all violence to rest  
between Latin Kings the blood \_los sangres\_, blood in Spanish  
So many thugs vanish, unite the system  
to fight with inner street wisdom, to help teach a prison

My crew puff lye, anyone test the Pun must die  
Just give me one try -- 'Now you know you done fucked up right?'  
Hah, you ain't got no wins in my casa  
Que te pasa, you ain't even in my clase  
I hate a actor that plays a rapper  
I'm Terror Squad beta kappa everybody's favorite rapper  
Grand imperial college material insane criminal  
The same nigga who known to blow out your brain mineral  
I reign subliminal inside your visual  
Try to supply your physical with my spiritual side of this lyrical  
I'll appear in your dreams, like Freddie do, no kidding you  
Even if I stuttered I would still sh-sh-sh-shit on you  
Soon as I chitter chatter you shitter shatter, I'm the kid  
out of Bronx, that'll stomp you to death like it didn't matter  
I'm even better than before, iller metaphors  
Killers bet it all on Pun, cause one verse, dead em all

J-J-J-John Blaze  
Ja-Ja-ah-John Bla-Blaze  
J-Ja-J-Ja, John Blaze  
"Johnny Blaze ain't a damn thing changed!" --> Method Man

Aiyyo my attitude is subject to change, I mess around  
and spit twelve at the driver's side door of your Range  
Six hit you, the other six, up in your dame  
Mafia style, leave you with your watch and your chains  
Take heed that, not only can I flow I can aim  
cause y'all misdemeanor niggaz can't stand the reign  
Better believe that, whenever I see y'all I'ma test ya  
Only cause I know that faggots respect pressure  
Hardcore, like shit you get, kicked out the yard for  
'Kiss ain't the cops, but I lock niggaz up  
You could meet me in my cell I soak and sock niggaz up  
Far as the flow go, you could let your dough show  
Put your money on the table, we could battle on cable  
Y'all hot dog niggaz get nathans  
Fuck around with Jason, that shorty from The Lox, John Blazin

My son cool out (what) don't beef yo, throw the tool out

Let's run these niggaz, kidnap they work, make em move out  
Crushed hash, hands is like glass, keep the heat  
in the dash, did some dirt for some work, caught a gash  
The flicker blocker, wicked sneaker rocker footwear  
Strike me out God, stackin up joints, rack em like Footlocker  
This is raw, raw like fuck kid, represent  
Here to Crenshaw, hold my words stronger than a Benz stall  
Relentless, the anthology consolidated  
with the quickness, dress up in the wig and blouse, killer sickness  
Lex, imagination large, gold cards  
Beat the bogus squad brains that connect put on the Older God  
Specialist, iciclist, Woolridge collar  
Feelin the rich, work for every dollar don't snitch, that's why  
broke niggaz who got heart God, sign em up  
Start the wind up, we John Blazin, Don up in the line up