

Kilo

Fat Joe

All around the world today the kilo is a measure
A kilo is a thousand grams easy to remember
A kilo is a thousand but did you remember
Once you touch a kilogram that weight ll make music

K.I.L.O THE KING sayin hello from my suga hill ray Nathan he's Romelo
I plays it like a cello I pull them strings to make them scales teeter totte
r like
Balance beams its everything it seems the guns and the glamor the re-
compressed birds
Booked down wit sledge hammers

Smille candid cameras goddess in zoom lenses un claimed taxes sittin in new
benzes
Champaigne drenches the loafers the bosses lord forgive me theres blood diam
onds in
These crosses suffered major losses then repeat the past.
Guess I never learned a hard head makes a soft ass

Yup and soft white makes for hard cash and continental gets with a soft rag
like soft batch
Cookies out the oven getting 13 at a time now thats a bakers dozen

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Ayo theres blood on the cocain a scene that is psycho dope so pure feigns cl
ing to the light pole.
Wet purer than holy water your wife know that she aint gotta fly to columbia
For that lipo..(Darkside)
Cut keys like a locksmith blasphemy but it feels like its gods gift
One sniff'll have you kneel down and praise me nodding out holding onto your
babies.
A new conec means a few more dreams now watch a nigga flood the streets like
New Orleans blow like trumpets snorting on the second line fuckin with that
white bitch'll
Have you on the bordeline penthouse in the city got the scenic view and mayb
e you can
Fuck Madonna like you pee in a shoe.
Snowcaps dripping off rock mountains its crack in
Wonderland Got coke dripping out the fountain.

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I said a Kilo is a thousand grams but can you remember check my agenda snow
like
December coke I'm a emperor go head and taste it numb up your dentures movin
in rectas
Obvious intra no I wont serve you dont mean to offend ya.
Round table glass up all hail us toast to life money told me will fail us we
prevail from the
Corner now now tell us they got what they dont wanna let them sell us me I c

ook coke

Cook coke no faction but damn you look broke.

Know my pedigree ready is what you

Better be gotta beef put two holes in yo ass like the letter be my perameter
homie is where you

Need to be... Gambler?

Nah janitor I keep the keys...