

Rappers Are In Danger

Fat Joe

You gotta a problem mothafucker then holla all you seen was the batter
No lebron when I pop in your flowers
Run up in your labels beat your head with them plax
Better watch wat you shake on them rats
Nigga I am coccaine I am exstortion
We are da streets yes we are in -
Time to take the gloves off mask off hit em
With the MOSSBERG splashin blast first
Baby guts black hurts you nigga ain't ready
For ready wanna talk saucey turn your fuckers
Head to spaghetti all you young boys
I got 16 in you can kill and shoot
The booth up but still can't win
Nigga left me for dead try to
Kick to da curb till them c and p
Boys came and put in da word
Now it's more maybachs
More phantom chops
Ball til we fall til
Da judge let da hammer
Drop

Champagne dreams
Cashmere nightmares
Nigga could'nttouch my flow
Not in light years
This is it like da best of da mic
Years you nigga more pussy
Than dykes here
Yeaah and da ra pound
With a chick with a
Fatter ass then kanye's girl
Suck if you been to harry's
In da streets is where you
Find me the same hood
They suppose let shine be
This dat block music
Yeah go ahead and bust
A shot music back it up
Hustle rocks fuck da
Cops music yeh
U now rockin
With The Darkside
No luv so you know a
Nigga heart cry
Bet I still b on top
Wen them cars fly
Even then I still let da sparks fly
Lotta nigga turn the dick into a slit
Sit down and pee nigga
Now ain't dat bitch