

Story To Tell

Fat Joe

For every shell that fell
There's a story to tell
They say you hustler then you going to hell
Nah, I know God love's me
Yeah, I know that he fucks with me
Can a gangster go to heaven
Let me in
I call it survival you call it a sin
Damn
I got a story to tell
Yeah, I got a story to tell

Yeah I'm right here
Gun in my right palm
Nigga tried and trap me and cage me like my san
Oh shit this mic on
I'm speaking my thoughts Nigga
You catch a hundred if you speaking in court
I'm feeling like Michael
Just before the verdict
Sweat on my forehead
I'm anxious and nervous
These streets ull eat you if you let em
Cop ull beat you
You pumping diesel then them Jack boys ull beat you
I try and listen more and speak less
Cause all that Barber shop talking ull put a Nigga to deep rest
You on the corner and I'm flying buy
Some foreign exotic mo' fucker
You know we flying buy
Oh you got nine lives
I got a pine box
You might as well hop your ass in it cause my iron popped
And I ain't lying Ac
Yeah I'm lying hard
Run up on anybody that's supplying my block