## **Think About It**

New York Yeah we G'ed up Act up Clap the back of your knees up Packin' the Mack in the back of the Beemer Taxin' your cash and you asking to ease up I want to rock now Comply or get shot down I know You goin hire some cops now Coca Sun down to sun up Kily Cartel use to be a runner D Boy Stamp bricks with smiley faces Show you how to turn that powder to a hundred acres Let's get it Thank god for making crack raw Now how you want it The window or the chainsaw Crack Yeah I'm nice with the knife game Ice pick change your life with one strife man Too much rappin and we don't rat We do it for them trap stars serving them packs And e'er nigga know from way back to Houston Joes a go when push comes to shootin' The four four will loose more then just a tooth man A hundred shots will rip your top like where the fuck the roof went I think he said something Bring 'em back to me I let the chopper groove And let the Mack boogie You better think about it Boy you better think about it You better think about Boy you better think about it I got no papers on all them guns So when I pull 'em out your ass best run Crack You better think about Boy you better think about it You better think about Boy you better think about it This ain't for the niggaz hob nobbing in closets This is for them niggaz that suppling their projects Man catch beef say my nigga I got this Right in broad day twist a nigga then pop shit I ain't playin' I got big guns My niggaz barely speak English They'll lift son The strip is mine Naw, you ain't eatin' here I run this shit

Fat Joe

At least in some recent years And y'all know who rep the streets most Terror squad we put the E in East coast So be easy like T I said Or them things ull pop up like a Chia pet Or Chi Ali or any given clapper Exorcist style get your shit spun backwards Them pistols ull go your brain go's splatter A minute ago you said you'd get at us Now why you have to go talk like that Get ya body outlined with the chalk like that I guess he must a thought I'd a fought them cats The oldest rule in the books you should have brought them gats