

# Welcome to the Darkside

Fat Joe

Darkside  
Montana.. Crack..  
Wooooooooooo, it's comin'  
Before you get ya head, blown, off  
Leave me alone, leave me alone

Before you get ya head blown off  
I got a big sawed-off, rinnnnn'  
Hang you with the shoulder strap, ohhhhhh  
Black gun, black car, black ones  
Black card, uhhhhhhh, uhhhhhhh  
We the black mob, everything black, dog  
Welcome to the darkside (Joe, Crack)  
Darkside (Joe, Crack)  
Darkside (Joe, Crack) darkside  
Black car, black ones  
Black card, uhhhhhhh, uhhhhhhh  
We the black mob, everything black, dog

Yeah, uhh  
Darkside, woo!  
Go, go -- what's this phenomenon?  
Rose, gold -- prezzie on my arm  
Straps you with precision, math, do the division  
Crack ruin my vision, now all I do is the kitchen  
I wanted to ball, maybe for Gramblin' steak  
Now all I do is ball, I started slingin' eighths  
Halves, wholes, everyone around me  
Cash, rules, everything around me  
Make it rain, make it, make it, make it rain, whoa  
I make it rain, I make it rain on them hoes, whoa  
Pop, that, pussy, bitch  
Pop, bottles, in this, bitch

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Yeah, woo!!  
Go, go -- what's this phenomenon?  
Rolls, Royce -- steerin' wheel in my palm  
Push it down, push it down, where? 8th Ave  
Hundred rounds, hundred rounds, where? St. Annes  
Fuck talkin' we clappin' (clappin') fuck walkin' we traffic (traffic)  
You movin' out the projects, we movin' that package  
You snitchin' and rattin' (rattin') you bitch and you askin'  
You'll look up to me nigga, even if it's in a casket  
Oh, God, exportin' baby

Joe, hard, it's Coca baby  
Pop, that, pussy, bitch  
Pop, bottles, in this, bitch

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