

The Crack House

Fat Joe

I'm sleepin' on a billion dollars!
I'm eatin', I'm eatin'
I'm sleepin' on a billion dollars!
Oh no, Oh Joe, he's did it he's back
In the back of that black Maybach trippin'
Now blow that motherfucking kush up in the sky
La la la la la la la
Bumpin' that Kanye, you can't tell me nothing, riiight?
La la la la la la la la la la
Hand on the shotgun, and I'm ridin' shotgun
Uzis, banana clips, what what, I got some
Bullets are wholesale, food stamps, coupons
Yellow mustard Phantom car it Grey Poupon
I can make it Pacman Jones in here too long
We up a hundred grand whenever I hear a new song
C'mon c'mon there's too many ringtones
2.8 whatcha want me to tell ya?
Make it rain, Mary Anna go and grab an umbrella
Ella, ella, ella, HOLY SHIT!
So much coke a nigga have to shovel it
So much coke a nigga change his government
Now we can all sing along for the fuck of it
Crack, crack, crack, crack!
Heeey, this is the crackhouse, welcome to the crackhouse
I mean I'm talkin' more pies than a frat house
This is a problem, this is not music
I hope you find it cuz he about to lose it
Joey don't do it, Joey done did it
Joey keep doin' it until you're done wit' it
Bring em to the crackhouse, show em the crackhouse
Take em to the crackhouse, we in the crackhouse
You gotta touch your toes or I'm out
Fuck a club I got a strip pole in my house (yeah!)
6 million ways to make it rain, hold up
Conflicts in my chain from Mangola
Convicts in my plane when we roll up
And they hustle yay NOT VITAMIN WATER
Fat cuz I'm so rich, rich cuz I'm so hood
Uzi your whole whip, nigga I'm that hood
You flow cold but Joe flow sicker
Even Reverend Al be like, "Joe's that nigga!"
John Gotti, Supreme Team show

These are the niggas you compare to Joe, HELLO!
This is the crackhouse, welcome to the crackhouse
I mean I'm talkin' more pies than a frat house
This is a problem, this is not music
I hope you find it cuz he about to lose it
Joey don't do it, Joey done did it
Joey keep doin' it until you're done wit' it
Bring em to the crackhouse, it's the crackhouse
Walk em to the crackhouse, we in the crackhouse
Get em, Joey just get em
Get em, get on them
And if they piss you off you shit on them
And if they piss you off you shit on them
Hey Weez just stop right thurr
Shit I don't let em go, get the whole block clear
These niggas actors, they are not there
And there time's tickin' like an Altomare
First nigga pop up and we gave him the piece
Next nigga pop up leave him under the sheets
C'mon papa, you talkin to ME
Ain't nobody else runnin' these streets COCKSUCKER!
Heeey, this is the crackhouse, welcome to the crackhouse
Man I'm talkin' more pies than a frat house
This is the problem, this is not music
I hope you find it cuz he about to lose it
Joey don't do it, Joey done did it
Joey keep doin' it until you're done wit' it
Take em to the crackhouse
They don't want the crackhouse, they don't want the crackhouse
Kick em out the crackhouse
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>