

# 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/>