

Fat Joe, Success (DJ Premier Remix)

Yeah

This joint right here is goin out to everybody gettin money
I mean the real CREAM
All up and down the East and West coast
Check it *echoes*

Chorus: repeat 2X

Hustlin is the key to success
Money is the key to sex
The life is gettin cash, drinkin Mo', gettin blessed
The games people play
The names people slay
It's just another ordinary day

One's for the cash, two's for every blunt's ash
Three's for all the 40 brews goin to cruise the bowel
Four's for the drugs, sex, and power
I be the top dolla scala, rockin gold collars
While you tryin to sip the juice, I'm takin swallows
Step into my zone and get blown, ? internationally known
Yeah, in case you haven't heard the rep
Have an appetite for beef and get, hand fed led
Rapid-fire echoes through your, vicinity
Why you messin with this nigga from Trinity?
For every shell that fell, there's a story to tell
But it's a fine line between grapevines and pines
Knahmean? There's no room for snitches and loud bitches
But it's always room for riches and deep ditches
That's how it be in this everlasting game
Declaring war on cocks, and leavin chumps slain
So maintain, and put the frontin to a rest
Or today'll be the grand openin of your chest
Success, triple beam, knahmean?
Dolla dolla bill

Chorus

The streets are full of vengeance, and it's expensive
If you don't organize your words right in your sentence
Twelve gauge holes take souls and lives are lost
Who said an arm and a leg was a high cost to toss?
Things are done different, in my zip code
Hollow tips implode, dum-dums explode
Now your crew is screamin like they see demons when I reload
You can't comprehend, act like you want it for clarity
I'm pushin wigs, handin out jigs like charity
You best to get your groove on, or get moved on
Or play the hot steppa, and die with your shoes on
I collects ass and cash
While my crew consumes liquor and hash, and keep the stash
Whether, hustlin or dustin we get busy with ours
T.S., T.A.T., respect for miles
The Bronx is the turf, South is the area
Bring ten, bring twenty, the more guns the merrier
Nobody's bad as me, no cops nabbin me
Front if you dare and I'll change your whole anatomy
For real... uh!

Chorus (repeat to fade)