The Triboro (feat. Fat Joe, O.C. & Remy Ma)

Big L

(O.C.) Phenomenon O.C.
(Big L) Big L, one-three-nine baby
(O.C.) Diggin' In The Crates
(Joe) Yeah yeah, this is Joe the God, Terror Squad reppin(ad libbed "uh" and "yeah" for 20 seconds)(O.C.)
Yo, yo, yo
I'm from a place where them niggaz don't, talk no shit
where them wigs get split, where the guns forever click
where the track stars come to warm up for a race
Blue and whites ride by and niggaz yell, "Fuck them Jakes!"
So much respect, I can lay dough on the floor
walk away and come back without cats runnin off
I'm a model hoe's wet dream, in her sleep
Performin X-rated fuck scenes, me goin deep
O.C. the Starchild, let your cameras record
I'm like a man bein honored at the Grammy awards
I pitch lines like fastballs
Mush-out, rap my ass off
Knuckle gaze crumblin your glass jaw
Supreme figure, drink liquor, what team thicker?
"The Big Picture" be the motherfuckin theme nigga
Flamboyant forever, this is how it goes
Pray we don't clap your way when the gats explode
Chorus: Remi Martin and O.C. (repeat 2X)(Remi) Where Brooklyn at?
(O.C.) Yo B-K don't play
(Remi) Harlem World
(O.C.) Where niggaz get the money all day
(Remi) Boogie Down Bronx, specialize in gunplay
(both) Triboro, so thorough, always(Big L)
Where I'm from, dudes get sliced, cause crews is trife
And you might lose your life for your jewels and ice
I'ma slide to the telly and abuse your wife
If I got one rubber, I'ma use it twice
I give young fools advice about the rules of heist
When I rock 'gators, hoes be like, "Them shoes is nice"
Dimes I'm willin to hit, I stay drillin a chick
They all know I ain't shit, but they still on my dick
And I never walk the streets without the vest and the chrome
cause all my jewels be Rocky like Sylvester Stallone
I blast the tech at your dome to leave you restin alone
Go home and puff a fat bag of sess 'til I'm gone
You got this nigga frontin like he the, main event

when his album ain't even last long, it came and went
I'm like Gotti to him, I throw the shotty to him
Niggaz don't want it with L, they like, "Anybody but him!"
Chorus(Fat Joe)
Hoodied down with the mac - Boogie Down where it's at
Fuck around hear the sound of the gats
Wanna clown we react. fuck that
Do you know what you do when you fool with Joey Crack?
I'm - coke on the streets, I'm - open for beef
I'm - hopin you reach so we can go with the heat
I'm - like a nigga that you just can't kill
Niggaz spittin that hot shit, but just ain't real
Uhh - it's like you muh'fuckers frontin for me
Nuttin to see, when I'm the one you wantin to be
Lovin the stee', come through plush in the V
Got niggaz mad cause they pain while we fuckin for free
Make Trizz a household, live what I told
I only speak that true shit that I know (yeah yeah)
Besides y'all don't want it with us
A hundred or plus, killers that be livin to bust
What the fuck?Chorus(Remi Martin)
Yo Remi so crazy, rhymes be blazin
Styles just switch like hips on gay men
Trips to the Cayman, rich and famous
Rhymes so hot my spit be flamin
Benz be rimmed up, doo be pinned up
Bitch talk slick whole crew get hemmed up
My shit drastic, all type of tactics
Rip shit flip shit spit shit backwards
Screw you, don't let the pretty face fool you
I kick shit like kung-fu and I, jam like guns do
You got one? I want two like water, I run through
Pyscho - make you wanna change your whole mic flow
Floss it, givin bitches lyrical abortions
Stay cautioned - my first shit was just a lil portion
I come back with more shit, playback some raw shit
You can't rock, so I'ma take your spot make you forfeitChorus
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