

# The Profit

## Fat Joe & Lil Wayne

We gettin' money, man, I'll show you how to turn profit  
In the hood, they call me 'Joey, The Profit'  
First you cop it, then you cook it, then you chop it  
What the fuck, boy? Bitch ass niggaz, they can't stop us We turn a profit, p-p-profit, the profit  
We makin' profit, p-p-profit, profit  
Yeah, in the hood they call me 'Joey, The Profit'  
If you listen close, my niggaz, you bound to see a profit I'm New York's livin' legend, the streets  
know me well  
Stand in the line of fire, it's gonna to be hell  
You're dancin' wit the Devil, tonight's your last night  
Picture me, Lil' Eazy E, pistol fahrenheit L.A. County, got work in Slawson  
We get it poppin' back to Roxbury in Boston  
The streets love me, see they named me Coca  
We the Puerto Rican version of La Costra Nostra  
You can find me in the kitchen with my apron on  
Somethin' like a chef, yeah, I get my Raekwon on  
Joey, the mayor, I get ki's to the city  
And I got 'em cheap, the whole hood could come with me, nigga We gettin' money, man, I'll  
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Yeah, in the hood they call me 'Joey, The Profit'  
If you listen close, my niggaz, you bound to see a profit I'm gettin' money, I'm the President  
Junior  
And in the hood, they call me 'Weezy, The Future'  
And everybody that's around me will shoot ya  
And nigga, my band let 'em blow like twofers, yeah  
Clap, I got 'em, I g-g-got 'em, I got 'em  
Cook, I got 'em, I g-g-got 'em, I got 'em  
And in the hood, they call me 'Weezy, The Future'  
If listen close, my nigga, you might see the future Young Wayne in the buildin', where your  
stove at?  
Cook 'em up, strap 'em down, where the road at?  
I'm strapped up, plenty bullets, nigga, hold that  
Now you steppin' out in led shower, where your robe at? I knock your earth off, damn, where ya  
globe at?  
Fuck the coach, I keep shootin' like Kobe  
The money knows me better than anybody  
Bitch, I'm paid, forget about it I'm sittin' in the Coupe wit the titties outted, the nipples chrome  
Or that big black thing wit the slippers on that bullshit

Dippin' on them bitches, get off dick, you soft pricks  
 I'm from New Orleans, homeless but don't forget  
 The sun even shines on dog shit  
 And dog, I've been hustlin' since the day I was barkin'  
 I walk in this bitch like what it do  
 The money home, stop hatin', get your money on, nigga  
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 If you listen close, my niggaz, you bound to see a profit  
 This year All Star Weekend was off the  
 chain  
 Literally niggaz comin' off wit them chains  
 Put the devi to his chest, homey going die tonight  
 Then his jaw dropped like Napoleon Dynamite  
 Jack boy, I been since I'm a toddler  
 My dad was sleepin', I was runnin' through his pockets  
 Oh yeah, you ready for war, then what's stoppin' you?  
 I hope you know them Bentley doors' not chopperproof  
 And they go bratatat just like them  
 bullets dancin'  
 Come up short wit my dough, I'm 'bout to pull a Manson  
 Take your kids for ransom, yeah, it's payback  
 Next time I front you some birds, you better pay crack  
 What? Shit, I don't know nothin'  
 He might be the police comin' up with assumptions  
 All I know is this nigga here is about to meet God  
 If you don't bring me some ki's or bring me 50 large  
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 If you listen close, my niggaz, you bound to see a profit  
 Profit, p-p-profit, the profit  
 Profit, p-p-profit, the profit  
 Profit, p-p-profit, the profit  
 Yeah, it's Coca, baby, coke season  
 Young Money Weezy, Terror era  
 Gotta be Novocaine on this motherfucker's shit ones  
 Yeah, nigga, brrat

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>