

# 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  
Psycho - 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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