

# My Prerogative

Fat Joe

Yo, yea yea  
T.S., T.S.  
Armageddon, Terror Squad  
It's my world (uhh)  
It's my world (uhh)  
What?  
Check this out, yo

It's my life, it's my world, my prerogative  
to push things and chase girls who dress provocative  
Terror Squad lock ice ? than Yugoslavians  
Run up in your building bust locks, and pull the lobby in  
Find me in the titty bars, pollyin with Mafians  
Got drunk and did somethin, now I'm hardly in the party and  
check the book in my Cardigan, it's sort of like my guardian  
Bless you with a halo and wings, on your back origin  
Armageddon bring the gates of heaven and bring the horror in  
Burnin last testaments, sinnin where all the garbage went  
Dominant, pull out the nine and spit, murder anonymous  
The finest bitch couldn't make me make monogamous promises  
First ? bitch, movin guns out of Providence  
Stackin paper like novelists, complicated like calculus  
Raps are marvelous, it's like I been here before  
Niggaz is actin up, but we ain't gettin frisked at the door, uhh

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to push things and chase girls who dress provocative  
Terror Squad, bottom line is we be rockin it  
The first stages of Armageddon and ain't no stoppin this

My beats, my rhymes, join forces and form the hammer lock  
Trample box from Babylon to Camelot I turn sand to rock  
Slim's my man to heart, though he like to keep me amped a lot  
Your girl's ample hot, man I love the way she handle cock  
Blazin since the sample dropped, never will the glamour stop  
Claimin that you're vandal all you seen is roman candles pop  
Turn the hands on clocks and blow you back to your essence  
Then I'll go back in time and stomp your ass back to the present  
Packin the Wesson, actin unpleasant, Terror Squad shot on your presen  
ce  
We handle our blessings, just lay us where the baddest is resting  
Took this rap game, molded and mastered it  
Blast my shit, this song shames, any records played after it  
Bag the fattest whips with passengers that'll flip  
and piss on your body after blowin your lungs out the back of it  
Activists with guns, bring forth my arrival  
Armageddon's now, forget about the words in the Bible