

# Tony Sunshine, Ts Piece (Fat Joe Ft Tony Sunshine)

[Fat Joe]  
Yeah uhh.....  
You know what this is.....  
The fat gangsta!!!

[Chorus]  
[Tony Sunshine]  
Maybe its the TS chain (I got em right)  
Maybe its that Escalade (Come get em right)  
Maybe its the way I do (Keep mamies like)  
Joe i wanna fuck wit u (Keep sayin that)  
I dont know what it is  
All I know it that this chick  
Is gon leave wit me  
Gon creep wit me  
Gon freak wit me  
Gon leave wit me

[Verse 1]

[Fat Joe]  
I know it seems every song, is about like the same old thing  
But when you rich, aint nuthin to do but fuckin hang  
Eat good, spend money, count chunks of change  
Keep mah ladies lookin good, when they touch the Range.  
Never fuck wit a bitch, if she cant be trained  
Never leave wit a chick, if she dont give brain.  
We could leave on trip, I got a private plane  
I dont fly, but we could park it up and blaze.  
Joe&#039;s the God  
And I know you need somethin to praise  
Just have a lil faith, and you could be saved.  
Uhh, it&#039;s not mah fualt if they love the kid  
It might be the chain or the whip  
I dont know what it is.

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

[Remy Ma]  
Umm, I dont mean no harm  
But their ain&#039;t a chick sicka then Remy Ma  
And all the hot boys wanna fuck wit Rem  
And I dont turn em away  
I&#039;m like, I&#039;m the bomb now.  
Wheres your gurl, dont matter to me  
I&#039;m way out of her league  
She cant keep up to mah speed.  
Shes weak, she dont need to smoke weed  
And wherever shes at  
is where she should be.  
Now, wheres your wife, I dont care  
I&#039;ll be at the crib, when she ain&#039;t there.  
Baby do mah nails, and lace mah hair  
Take me out on trips and pay the fare.  
Maybe.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

[Fat Joe]  
Damn, look at all the rocks he got

Ferrari drop 360,hard to top  
The party's hot,all white linen affair  
Im doin the suit thang, white Nike Airs.  
I'm in the middle of the crowd, like the Don is here.  
Shorty whistlin in mah ear  
Told me what she wanna hear,she said  
We thuggin  
smokin on sumthin  
down to leave wit ya'll, As long as ya'll fuckin.  
Woo, thas how you do that there  
See me wit mah boys, bring ya crew bak here  
We ridin,she drivin  
On our way to the crib, long fish arrivin.

[Chorus]

[Tony Sunshine]

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[Chorus]