

# **Livin' Fat**

**Fat Joe**

Yeah!

Check it out check a check a check it out  
Would you believe that Fat Joe would flip a style like this?  
I can't get played cause I roll with Baby Chris nevertheless  
niggaz be tryin to front the role  
When everybody knows I'm gonna go gold  
at least kickin the funky styles that you want to hear  
Joe is bigger and better so have no fear  
I'll be rippin the mic clockin dough stickin the hoes  
After every single show, you know (know)  
One of the best to grab the mic so don't try to front  
Ain't nuttin here yours, so what the fuck you want?  
When I step on stage, I'm second to none  
Makin MC's run, without the use of a gun, yeah  
Talkin about the way I rock a party  
Niggaz must be thinkin that I'm high, or drunk on Bacardi  
I be hippin and hoppin, rockin and shockin, the whole rap scene  
I'm mean, my favorite color is green  
I guess that's why they call it the blues  
Your money you lose, cause you choose to disrespect and neglect  
the skills of the Fat one, but I'm all that son  
Gimme the microphone and I'ma show you how it's gonna be done

So don't fake moves, cause I never fall

That's how I'm livin, hey yo I'm livin Fat y'all

I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
Hey yo I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
Yo I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
Yo I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat

Look at the way I freak this style, I'm versatile  
Niggaz don't want the funk, because they know I'm buckwild  
Could you believe the rappers that they talk shit  
While I be rippin the microphone and all my records are hits  
The name is Fat Joe, I'm on the down low  
I chill with Lord Finesse, you know I got the flow  
I be freakin the funk, not fakin the funk, you're facin a punk, yeah  
Fuck around and you'll be layin in v-ducts?  
I got props, believe it or not  
I never got caught, because I pay off the cops, yeah  
One of the livest niggaz in New York  
Sometimes I be chillin with Son  
Sometimes I be chillin with Hawk, you know that  
Brooklyn in the house and Uptown is too  
I gotta be sayin peace, to the Boogie the Bronx crew  
Pete, Sap, Brim, Vayo Mack, Gizmo, Nicer, B.G., my main man Crack  
So now you know the flav, and you know the time  
Brothers always be tellin me, "Joe why don't you kick a Fat rhyme"

So I don't front on my peeps  
Kick a verse or two, then be out, and peace G  
So don't try to step to dis, you know you take a fall  
That's how I'm livin, hey yo I'm livin Fat y'all

I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
Aiyyo I'm livin FAT  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
Aiyyo I'm livin FAT  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
Aiyyo I'm livin FAT  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
I'm livin Fat y'all, I'm livin Fat  
Aiyyo I'm livin FAT!

Ninety-three, Lord Finesse, Fat Joe, Diamond D  
Showbiz and A.G., D.I.T.C. and I'm out