

# Another Wild Nigger from the Bronx

Fat Joe

Aiyyo Fat Joe, it's your first album right?  
You comin out the South Bronx  
Time to let brothers know what time it is

T.S. in the house, yo T.S. in the house

Yeahhhhhh.. like this!  
Chilly Dee (represent, and uh)  
Gizmo (represent, and uh)  
Keith Keith (represent, and uh)  
King Sun (represent, and uh)  
Fat Joe (represent, and uh)  
Uptown (represent, and uh)  
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Uptowwwwwwwwwwwwwwn!

I'm from the West Bubblefuck so fasten your seatbelts and buckle up  
I'm the type of brother to beat you down then fuck you up  
Grabbin the mic to rock on tonight to see if the crowd will care  
Step to the Gizzy you dare, you get lit up like a flare  
from the, Bronx the Boogie Down battleground, Uptown  
Turn smiles to frowns as I smack clowns around  
Shorts I don't take em, bones I fracture and break  
So make not one mistake, or you get eat like steaks at Frank's G  
Jack in June, gettin swept, with a broom soon  
to meet your doom, mornin night or the afternoon  
Harassin the mic, with a verbal assault of rap  
Stick lyrics back to back, that'll pack, to keep myself on wax  
Hot like an iron, to defeat the kids you gotta keep tryin  
If you spread any rumors sayin you took me out, you're lyin  
A human beat is struck I know when it really sounds trunk  
I'm never ever buck I don't give a fuck if you think that I'm a sucker  
Parties that I've made, people wonder how long it lasted  
Lyrics that are so hardcore, it'll leave you flabbergasted  
Gasp for air, inhale it hold it in  
And just wait for the rest of the posse to begin  
I'm the human beat magician with the bag full of fun  
Ammunition's the addition to the sawed offfff!

"Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" - Another wild nigga from the Bronx!  
"Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" - (Keith Keith!) Another wild nigga fr  
om the Bronx!

Run for help when the mic's in my hand  
I kick rhymes like I'm a rap Van Damme  
And eat MC's like a cake or a slice of pie  
I'm not a pimp but I bop like I'm Superfly  
People say who's he? I'll give any crew beef  
So act like you know or get ate-n like stew, chief  
I hold my own yet don't stand alone, I'm well known  
Go 'head and front and get smocked like a neckbone  
Think you better chill troop, cause I'm not havin that  
and flippin on niggaz like a somersaultin acrobat  
Go get your crew and y'all still couldn't do the man  
I'm blowin up in ninety-three like an ash can  
I know niggaz sip this, bitches wanna dip this  
I snatch your girl up, and molest her like a rapist

Huh, go 'head and look real hard like I'm a sucka  
I'll beat that ass like the L.A. trucker fucka  
So step up and let me hear your response  
Yeah, yo, another wild nigga from the Bronx

"Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" - Another wild nigga from the Bronx!  
"Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" - (King Sun!) Another wild nigga from the Bronx!

Mr. Fifty-Two pick-up, nobody move  
It's a stick-up, which proves, my getaway is butter smooth  
I'm not the Smooth Operator with the ladies  
but I get kinda crazy if you let me pick the daisies  
One thing never say run, King Sun  
I never ran, cause in my hand, I keeps a gun  
Representin where I'm from in a bumrush  
Roll up, flip, then be out on the hush-hush  
Don't touch or feel, it's real, showin mad skills  
Hotter than heat, yet colder than the Catskills  
Don't play the yard, fake Gods ain't got nuttin for me  
I'm loungin with Tone and Corey  
on one-six-oh, then I go and check Fat Joe  
on Trinity, the South Bronx vicinity  
Smokin up your favorite MC like a dread smoke skunk  
cause I'm another wild nigga from the Bronx  
Hittin em up, settin em up, splittin em up, gettin em up  
Rippin em up, trippin em up, bag em! Zippin em up  
Makin them shout, playin them out, son ain't the one  
The bigga the nigga to bust em with the sawed off shotgun

"Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" - Another wild nigga from the Bronx!  
"Sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" - (Fat Joe!) Another wild nigga from the Bronx!

Aww shit, what we have here  
Ninety-three and it's a brand new year  
My name is Fat Joe I got shit locked down  
Runnin with the Latins and the blacks from Uptown  
It's a damn shame, you better maintain  
I'm causin hysteria blowin niggaz out the frame  
Yes I can-can, I'm the Fat Man  
Never run, never ran, it's not in the plan  
I got skills you best chills, get off the dillsnilyz  
Your rhymes are trash and no frills  
Carbon copy you're sloppy, see Joe ain't the one  
I'm beatin bootleggers down with King Sun  
Rollin over niggaz like a truck  
I come from the Bronx, a.k.a., West Bubblefuck  
My rhymes are homicidal, I take your title  
I'm Joe Da Fat Gangsta, far from Billy Idol  
I get you open on the freestyle tip  
Now are you hip to the way I flip the script? Hah  
I'm Puerto Rican, I'll leave you dead and stinkin  
I pimp in my beamer, do my drivebys in a Lincoln  
Hip-Hop was born Uptown, the Boogie Down  
If you bring your whole crew I shut 'em down!  
I'm known from state to state, for shootin down punks  
I'm another wild nigga from the Bronx

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