

Congratulations

Fat Joe

Ho! Yeah
Coca
I can make you famous, ow!
We live from Zip's in Harlem tonight
Two in the mornin (c'mon) Krillz!
Yeah, yo, yo

He thinks he's A, she thinks she's VA
Singin in the mirror they think it's ea-sy
Blue Lamborghini cause you heard Jeezy
Yeah your +Block Is Hot+ but you're not Weezy
First class flights, star for a night
Be like Russell, have a model for a wife
See Lorraine Schwartz, go and cop some ice
Hey! Even if you're dumb, you'll still be bright
Yeah, the red carpet, flashin lights
Joan Rivers, shake face lookin extra tight
Urbane leisure, lookin next and right
And let me guess, man you probably havin sex tonight
And you probably gon' give a rapper head tonight
And when your dress come off he see the cellulite
Then off you go, let the trumpets blow
Spotlight is off ya it's the end of the show (y'know)

Everybody wants to be famous
But the famous wants more to be left alone
Cause no one really wants to go through these changes
Paparazzi snappin pictures at your home
Congratulations (woo) baby you're a star
(You hear that baby? You're a star, hahaha)
Congratulations - the world knows who you are
(The world knows you, at least for today)

Yo, yo

I wanna be like Diddy, I wanna run my city
A Billboard in Times Square, see that's me, yeah
Best rap album what I'm shootin for every year
Pick a place player my name is heavy there
It's groupies everywhere and they all want me
Even the young ones so I need ID
Still ride hat low two-deep in a two-seat
When I flow through don't ever try to confuse me
I ain't tryin to be rude so excuse me
Watch me two step in my brand new Louis'
Bounce, bounce bounce on the track
Every girl wanna know when T.A. comin back
I'm famous, I made it, successful
Now I'm less stressful, only eat the best food
If you work hard enough your dreams'll come true
A star could be me or a star could be you

Yeah
Yo, too easy y'all, hahaha
Yo, hahaha

As we said I ain't a boss to not be lyin

Now why you bitches labels got me drivin{?}
Nigga I'm in orbit, ball a whole bunch
You call that mortgage, I call that lunch
And I'm so gorgeous, your wife might hunch
And I ain't even gotta spike her punch
Won't lose the end even if I lose a friend
Pen the big hits, I don't even use a pen
Hehe, I'm like Luther and them
I cheese hard, now they wanna shoot through my grin
... but I got bulletproof cheeks
Bust off on her like she got bulletproof sheets
Ask B, rope for us
Peep the fee, boats are plush
And maybe I spoke too much
But if you want to win you gotta go through us

[Chorus]