Yo whassup kid? How you, yeah
Straight up and down
This is the Chef comin out of Wu-Tang Clan
Representin Shaolin, to the fullest son!
I mean I'm here right now with my nigga, Fat Ji-doe
representin the Boogie Down, and the rest of the tri-borough
So what we gonna do right here son
Aiyyo matter fact son, I'm tired of these niggaz man!
Word up!

Hey yo it's total devestation, for any MC that poses I paint the town red with clips and dum-dums and bloodshed The Fat MC, from the B-XVicious like a T-Rex, who slips into a three-X Rappers fuck up, and end up, in the obituary Don't know the meaning of real, check the dictionary I got no time for conversation Makin MC's run for the border like the immigration A Puerto Rican villain who be dealin and illin for nothin You ain't a playa, you just BLUFFIN Point blank, we can even do this with gats and shanks It's your selection I can become President, without elections I got mad connections, Fat Joe, the rap wizard Brainstorms come in swarms, get lost in the blizzard Word to mother I take your life Sodomize your daughter, and make a widow out your wife It's the relentless, nobody can check this Fat Joe, you know The Yung and Resless respect this .. to all the fake MC's

Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now

Yo who gets wrecked on the spot? You get wrecked on the spot I got this whole rap shit locked Many MC's perpetrated, and gladiated I'm number one so yo they hate it Listen here suckers, you don't wanna meet the chuckers It's the same motherfucker who said fuck the ruckus Back in ninety-three, when everything was fine and dandy I was the nigga puttin razors in your kids candy Mad connivin, it don't get any worser Best reverse them thoughts DISPERSE Even if you get loud and curse you don't put any fear in my heart Don't even start, you get torn apart Fat Joe, livin the life Yo I get trife, and do a number on that ass with the butcher knife - slice after slice, yea

Causin more destructional horror, than the AntiChrist Niggaz know the motherfuckin time
Joe represents B-Lawn, respect mine

Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now