

Say Word

Fat Joe

Yeah, don't get it fucked up
This shit is realer than you think
Goin out to all them niggaz gettin cream
Drivin them beemers, them NSX's, them Lexus
All up in the clubs, buyin out the bars and shit
Uhh, money man in the house
Yeah, uhh..

Sparks are flashin from oowops blastin
A face gets bashed in for street crews clashin
Forever be forever great
It's the same shit tomorrow, eulogies of sorrow
Nonstop dramas, chumps think they hard smokin ?
It's all for steel my son, light as a tongue
The connections I got, I can lamp while you get done
Remember that, I dismember cats that act
A plain and simple fact is I react on impact
I'm plenty versatile, wild
Have you screamin like your head short a few vials
No more slabs and dollar cabs
Strictly Lexus Coupes with my troops feel the Alpine blast
Extra dark tints, for sticky events
Suspense makes the lead dispense
A baby oil massage when I'm feelin intense
Fly mami's with ki's taped to their bo-ties
Transportin through a airport securities
In cahoots with the San Juan authorities
Hated by majorities, loved by minorities
Uhh, the top dog, ??
Hazardous to your health like smog

(Say word) Word! Fuck what you heard
Shit is realer than you think, you niggaz must be slow
(Say word) Word! You best to act like you know
It's that real nigga shit from Fat Joe

Business chatter's over shrimp and lobster platters
at Jimmy's Cafe, a glass of Peirier
Chick go for celly book a room at the Holiday
Inn, so I can get her and a friend
Menage a trois livin the life of a star
Overweight overpaid, pockets bustin out the seams
While you suckers havin limousine dreams
I got you all sized up, niggaz wise up
A Fat Beat truck'll be pickin all you guys up
Word to mother, shit is realer than you think
Hit my lady with diamond rings, gold links and minks
A nickel-plated trey-deuce, pearl handle is pink
So there's no muggin, all you niggaz must be buggin
The mac in the trunk's what I'm luggin
(Say word) GEYEAH, save it for the hook
Terror Squad's everywhere you look
Niggaz is vexed from all the hoes I took
From Trinity Ave all the ways down the Brook

Yeah, goin out to my nigga Big Frank
1-7-0 Joe

Notorious One, yeah
Uncle Dan got my back
Charlie Rock L.D., up in Auburn, doin your time
Swear to God when you come home you'll be on nigga
Word is bond, Tony Montana, rest in peace