

Spaghetti

Fat Joe

Flashing fetti and jewels
They slurpring on spaghetti
Up at Vito's with noodles, they slurping on spaghetti
Stash the work in the Buick, they slurping on spaghetti
And a bag of that ooh, they smoking on spaghetti
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Nah come on P, who'da thought I'd make it?
When the cops used to strip us naked
Now they got the name on the street sign
It may be famous
And fuck boys can't help but hate it
But I know Pun love it
Just caught a lick last weekend
I know he was above it, blessing from the sky
And the nigga just recovered, long nights at LIV
Grubbing in my ears as we floating through the kitchen
Million dollar deals while you focus on the bitches
Signing big contracts on the backs of strippers
It ain't a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the proof
Since "Turn Out the Light"
From the World Class Wreckin' Cru
I'm back at it, crack mules in back alleys
Crack addicts, serving them is a bad habit
Maybe I been watching too much Narcos
'Cause lately I been feeling like I'm Pablo

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Y'all bitches got fat while we starved
Shots in your ass, pads in your bras
Y'all some liars it ain't no facts in your songs
And yeah that crown is coming back to the Bronx
Take away their stylist, they don't know what style is
I've been fly since junior high, bitch
You the biggest bird on Sesame Street
And I'm a scramble ya egg, keep running your beak
I keep my gat, my strap, my gun, my heat
I love my raps, my Pap, my son, my weed
Y'all hoes below, behind, under, beneath
Not near, not none, not one could fuck with me
See when it comes to this rap shit, rims fantastic
I'm good money, yeah paper or plastic?
My shit tight, spandex, elastic

Your shit "Shaggy" Mr. Boombastic

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This ain't the shit you been used to
Your shit is not accepted
I don't condone what you doing
And nor do I respect it
I'm here at Vito's with noodles
She slurping my spaghetti
After we fuck, tell her write her name down
I might forget it
Call collect, she never been a cheap broad
Slurping that spaghetti
That's why every man she meet balls
Niggas keep drawing conclusions
But all they do is doodle
If you think this is a new me
The old me never knew you
Tired hearing 'bout
Who run the East, West and the South
Only thing I see you niggas running
Is your fucking mouth
Like who are you?
Really who the fuck are you?
See you with the team
Still don't know what the fuck you do
I like that fettuccine
And my spaghetti Rotelle
Got bologna on my bread
Every delivery starts with deli
Commas, this is DJ, DJ
Just a condiment, I never relish
Plan on winning every accomplishment
I let you tell it

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