

# Take A Look At My Life

Fat Joe

Whooo.. friendly day in the neighborhood  
Birds is chirpin (Hi neighbor!)  
Niggas walkin they dogs, ha ha, watering they flowers  
That's my neighborhood.. FUCK NO!  
I'm from the streets of the BX Boro where niggas push packs  
This is that surge shit, that full flex shit, Al Groh shit  
Raul ya heard me?  
Macho, Jigga Brown JD, Charlie Rock LD, Remy Ma, unh  
Sound boy turn this shit up right here

I'm your idol, your highest title, numero uno  
Yes I'm Puerto Rican and I speak it so that you know  
Stomp.. yeah that's the idea  
Leave that nigga leakin from ear ta ear  
Listen here young bruh, man ya end is near  
They probaly, find your body at the end of the pier  
Niggas must be crazy to mistakin me for folk lore  
I put the eighty to your baby man I told y'all  
Fuckin wit crack's like fuckin wit Crack  
What? Pull out the pipe or push your weight back  
Look, ya hate that, look we stay strapped  
From Crook from way back done took the game back  
Ya shook, remain fact top of the world, stop knockin the girl  
She in the drop with already rock lock and the pearl  
Fish Scale ta Heron, live well from here on  
Half a mil in ya grill, of course we bare all  
Niggas thinkin that this rap is just words  
I pull up in they curb, pull a Desert Bird  
and clear the block in no time  
Get off my dick, stop focus shit and getcha own shine, muhh'fucka

Take a look at my life, and you can see that  
I'm from the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap  
Y'all need a nigga like me to point cha fingers at  
So stop hating on The Don, you know ya need Crack  
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First we was thuggin, then bust sluggin  
My Lifestyle the shit, really had the streets buggin  
Oh no he ain't come back like that  
Not Crack with a platinum plaque, yo!  
It's the thirteenth al spinna  
Niggas use to doubt now we even made Craig Common look like a winner  
Me and Diddy skipkin out on bills  
Just copped the house on a hill, now how that feel?  
Fuck, alot of y'all niggas, you been shittin since the first song  
Now we rip it down spring break with no shirt on  
Ass all out, just swoonin the crowd  
Same damn mean bitches wanna move in my house  
You see us back to back in 'em snow white trucks  
Chain hanging off the rim, you not giving a fuck  
You must not be reading it right  
Ice so bright, we don't need headlights at night  
Yo, crack niggas, ask niggas how I smack niggas

with the mac flast cuz I am what I rap, nigga  
TS throw in your hands, make 'em pack nigga  
To never let another crew move his back nigga, what!

Yeah, DJ Kay Slay a.k.a. Slap ya favorite DJ  
The black Fat Joe of the motherfuckin game  
Terror Squad motherfuckers, y'all know what it is  
I'll buck, ooh, ooh ooh, I'll slap the shit out of one of you  
motherfuckers  
Y'all front on the Squad, man? Y'all know what it is, man  
2003 shit, faggot ass motherfuckers, get the fuck outta here  
Oh, oh, oh yeah, and most of youse owe me