

That White

Fat Joe

Fat Joe, Joe Crack, shit's all the same
Old rusty ass block from which I came
Fat boy big dreams, Mac-10, the vest
When Mac-10 shoot teams try to shoot up the set
But I'm a G nigga, I'll loosen the Tec
Wet the whole block, sip Grey Goose in the jet
Pzhoom... back to the Boogie
Backpack rappers they should have a plaque in the Boogie
of me~!!! You know why? Number one hustler
I opened up the floodgates, my "Flow Joe" customers
We all about the gunplay
but still take time out to pray every Sunday

The watch is sick, the chain is Alaska
Whip so many (P's) now they callin me the +Master+
UNGHHHH! Thank God for that white
I've been slingin it all day, we cookin it all night
It's on with the don, never let shit slide
Have your ass wear a patch like Slick Rick's side
Talk money, there's so much money, I can't even count
Gotta put it on a scale, ten grand weigh a ounce
Same corner all week, got the scene closed off
Should be draft in the league the way I pass those off
Coca! Now you know it's me
I was always G, you a sometimes thug
You fake hustle in your hustle and you sometimes drug
You ask if a nigga kill yeah I sometimes does, CRACK!

Primo whattup my nigga, ha ha
We had to touch it again you heard me
"Shit Is Real" you heard me
Shit on these fuck-boys, you heard me?
Thank God for that whiiiiiiiiite
Crack! Coca! Krillz-mania
Macho whattup nigga?
(Big L rest in peace...)