

Watch The Sound

Fat Joe

Ninety-three it's time man
(All out yo, because youknowwhatI'msayin..)

A Grand Puba (HOE) Diamond D (HOE)
Fat Joe (HOE) -- it's time to get the dough!
Grand Puba (HOE) Diamond D (HOE)
Fat Joe (HOE) -- it's time to get the dough!

Boom bip, BAM, here I am
Even fans in Japan, be tellin me I'm the man
Fat Joe, a.k.a. the woman fucker
Beat you down to the ground, stomp your face with my Chucker
So niggaz back up, yo I'ma set it
Fuckin with me, you won't live to regret it
I don't fake moves, I break peeps
I'm takin niggaz gold chains, they cash and the Jeeps
See I don't give a fuck about a niggaz rep
We can go glock for glock or tec for tec, sheeeeyit
I heard a motherfucker wants to turn snitch
I cut the niggaz head off, and sent it to his fuckin bitch
I ain't lettin a nigga take the stand
Play Sammy the Bull, be one dead man
See suckers can't hang with the slang
And if they bring the whole gang
well then they'll all catch a bang-bang
I come from the Bronx and not the Boogie Down
Niggaz don't ever come and front in my part of town
See everybody knows my pedigree
There ain't another motherfuckers that's better than me
I could make em pump, I could make em jump
But I'm mostly known for givin other niggaz lumps
So niggaz better chill and maintain
I'm blowin motherfuckers out the frame
And if a nigga try to flex
Fuck around, and catch a motherfuckin suplex
I wet a motherfucker like a shower
Don't test the Puerto Rican power
Fat Joe in the year of ninety-three
Peace to Grand Pu', and my man Diamond D
So _Punks Jump Up to Get Beat Down_
Yeah, but for now watch the sound

Watch de sound when I tim-berr

Check it
Yo Fat Joe, it's time to fuckin flow
Niggaz know the game
It's time to blow the bitch-ass niggaz out the frame
Guess who comes to represent?
If you motherfuckers don't know, well here's a hint
It's the God and I still bag chicks
Make the girls feel hot, be like a faggot with the bag of dicks
So come on cause I'm comin for the basket
Say goodbye to your friends, and start headin for the casket
So Doogie make the daquiris; and light the chocolate
that you got from Willy Wonka in the Chocolate Factory
Let's squeeze a trigger for the nigga

See I flipped to the 'lo, cause I'm through with the Hilfiger
Cause I flips the flavor-loo
It's good for a fuck or two, you couldn't see this
no matter what the fuck you do
I smash that ass like a block of hash
Then I rob you for cash, you little bitch ass

Watch de sound when I tim-berr

Niggaz know the flav, I don't have to take a step
I earn my respect then quiet as kept
Yeah, guard your grill if you try to catch wreck
Smack the back of your neck, and take your YouthCore check
I make more dough than Gregory Peck
Never have to raise a fist, I keep my stunts in check
I play a nigga out, like a Las Vegas dealer
Living in the light, just like Karen Wheeler
So back up, and take a good look, because you should look
at what a good cook, can do without a fuckin cookbook
I don't sniff coke, and I don't smoke coolies
Even Italians say I'm one cool moolie
But niggaz call me JoJo
I'm quick to stick a chick, cause I kick the Willie BoBo
on the Northside, on the Southside, on the Westside
You can't budge me nigga, even the best tried
to pull a fast one, but you know what happened to the last one?
(What?) He got his motherfuckin ass done
(Yeah!) So step up, front, I'm not a bitch-ass chump
Chicks by the clicks, cause my pockets got the mumps
See I'm the wrong nigga to fuck with
Don't try to play yourself, cause you'll be stuck with
a motherfuckin ice pick right through the cheek
I'm leavin crab niggaz, layin in the street
I won't 'fess, walk around with a vest
Knockin niggaz off, cause I could care less
You want a fair one, FORGET IT
And your girlfriend, yo I let my man hit it
So save the bluff, you know you ain't tough (yeah)
I pull your card cause you're soft like fluff kid
I never ever did a bid
I punch a nigga down a Row named Skid

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