

# Da Fat Gangsta

Fat Joe

Yeah uhhh..  
Chill.. hah yeah..  
Come on..

I'm comin rougher than the roughest motherfucker could get  
Playin Russian Roulette never lost a bet yet  
Bluffin ain't my style niggaz ain't sayin nothin  
'Cause I'm buckwild without frontin

Raw to the core I grew up poor  
Once I hit the door I began to explore  
Curiosity killed my cat but not me  
because I learned how to kill with agility

I grew up in the South Bronx, punch you in your mouth punk  
I know these streets like Fred Sanford knows junk  
In the trunk of a car lays a body  
Head decapitated, bust him with my shotty

Stabbed the mug, to make sure, he wasn't comin back  
Now police, can picture that, with a Kodak.. huh!  
They can't stop me with a homicide investigation  
'Cause if they do my crew is hittin up the station

Your best bet, is to let me jet  
'Cause I bring war, like a vet, when I'm upset.. huh!  
I'm not the one you want to play out in a program  
Yo, you better tell them who the hell I am

"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Yeah!  
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Tell em who the hell I am  
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta"

Now on the hip-hop tip, I'm no joke  
Get live at a jam, and leave a system broke when I spoke  
MC's froze, but I never said freeze  
Hopin I don't hit em like a fucked up disease

Fall up in the club, Mr. Hype for a night  
Choke a rapper with a cord, hang him from the lights.. huh!  
Now you do want to mess around with the Fat Man  
'Cause you see my face in every newsstand

Every other magazine from Billboard to Spin  
Pick it up and read Fat Joe strikes again  
How true, I'm not about weed and brew  
I'm just another papichulo like the rest of my crew

So give me the microphone  
This jam is dedicated to my main man Tone  
'Cause he flips, and I flip, and we flip the script  
And you know, you don't want to get your ass WHIPPED

Party over here, another in the hospital  
Lincoln, Memorial, notice that's how I sent you, hah  
I was the one who played the shoot 'em up games  
Here's another patient, and yo what's my name?

"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Yeah!  
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Tell em who the hell I am  
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta"

So I cruise around in the be  
or in the Benz, hurtin' enemies and makin' new friends  
They shake my hand, smile in my face  
The nine's in my waist, so there won't be a chase

That's it, the situation is blown out of proportion  
When you leave, you must use caution  
Look over your shoulder, even on your block  
When I come to visit, you know you're in shock

So don't say who is it, act like you know  
Kickin' down doors is the Gangsta Fat Joe  
And I got no time for games  
My name is goin' down in the gangsta hall of fame

"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Yeah!  
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Tell em who the hell I am  
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta"

Yeah.. Fat Joe Da Gangsta  
Representin' in ninety-three  
Peace to my man Diamond D  
Peace out to my man Ski  
This jam is ?letido?, ha hah