

He's Not Real

Fat Joe

Uh! Bringin It Back To The BX!
Wit my nigga Fat Joe, long side my nigga Prospect
Holdin the BX down
Bronx Burrough....Terror Squad

Yo, everybody talkin gats, really don't pack em
98% of these rapper's is all actor's
Stay frontin, like you wild and'll spray somethin
Come to find out, you ain't never slanged nothin
Think it's the game, gon lose the sport
I seen dude's get bruised through fort
Then choose the court, a new's report
They just pursed the court
If you even think of bustin, they ass'll sooth your thoughts
A damn shame, I'm from the streets where it's fair game
Nigga's will ift you off your feet wit the Can-yan
Three in the chest and one in the part
For disrespect you, get left right in front of ya moms
Joe is the Don, you clean, then show me your arm's
For these track's, I'ma fiend like a soldier in 'Nam
Only the Bronx will blow your ass outta ya Lugz
Fuck love, here we believe in nothin but slugs

Always you see him in the club frontin wit the ice grill....

Be like, he's alright, but he's not real
Actin like he got a money, cause he never hold steel.....
Be like, he's alright, but he's not real
Always see him wit bodyguards around like he kill
Be like, he's alright, but he's not real
So if the feds after indictment's, we know he gon squeal....
Be like, he's alright, but he's not real