

Jealousy

Fat Joe

Nigga every time you see man
You know you want to be me
Ain't you can't deny the fact that this fat niggaz fly
Went from Sergio to Kenny
To moving them Lamborghini's
Got you sick to your stomach
Now you ask yourself why
Nigga, Crack was the first
You seem em in red monkeys
And I bet you didn't know that they came in my size
Now its highly controversial if you find me in commercial
And you know that G five's the only way that we fly
Now I'm feeling like Pharrell and Snoop
The world beautiful
Brazilian, Columbian chicks
You know the usual
Them niggaz over there please send them some bottles
Cause they lookin' like some haters
I don't really need the problems
Cause these niggaz here
We love to give ketchup
We bloody up the whole damn room
If you let us
And I ain't tryin' to steal
I'm just tryin' to chill
And like up this Kush with this hundred dollar bill
Nigga

Jealousy
Nigga, You's a grown man
Why you get so jealous
Why you take the stand

Jealousy
Why you mad at my bitch
Cause she wear fly shit
And she push nice whips

Jealousy
I don't owe you man
I don't know you man
I never sold you man

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All these niggaz jealous
Please don't be mad
Don't talk to them boys
Bring up my past
Don't tell em bout the Macks that I stashed in the grass
And that ten mill terror squad
Start up cash
I'm a law abiding citizen
I barely smoke blunts, now
We into real estate

We fuckin with Donald Trump now
When you know who
Told them boys what
I been rappin for years all of a sudden I'm hot
Cause the only time you see me is probably when I'm on TV
Smokin the cohiba on the deck of my yacht
Nigga you could never be me, though I make it seem easy
Only Nigga from the Bronx
Though Miami's my block
Now you got us fucked up
Nigga we don't rat
We don't talk to them boy's
All we do it clap
All we do is spill Crys
Got that on tap
Look at all the shit I accomplished
Not bad for Crack

I'm feeling like Christ at the tabernacle
Stones are thrown at me
Record labels is hiding
Nigga's disowning Joey
And still I throw rocks at tanks
The poor peoples champ
Go against locks with shanks
Yeah I walk the middle of the streets with no body guards
Stick up kid salute the hard body god
My jail niggaz they love this shit
Yeah they sharpen up they shanks while they bumpin' this shit
And my niggaz on the table
Yeah they listen to this
Little Coca
Little soda
Yeah they whipping up shit
And I know it sounds eerie but my niggaz better hear me
If you speaking on the phones it wont be secret to the jury
They hit you wit that Rico
I'm not meaning PR
I'm talking full scale riots
Whole lot of triage
And I know you not scared but please be cautious
Cause these jealous ass niggaz could be walking amongst us

To my jail niggaz
To your street memories
I know you can hear me now
For the record we love you
We miss you