

# My Conscience

Fat Joe

Coca! Krills!  
{A-A-A-Al-Al-Al-Al-Alchemist}  
uh hun, uh hun, shit,  
My mind playin tricks, my mind playin tricks...

Uh! I don't give a fuck, no! I don't give a fuck, no!  
Sex, money, murder, we call this the hit 'em up flow  
Barely fifteen, copped my first triple bean  
Tryna get wit Fat Cat  
and Pappy to do my thing  
I'm just a kid, with envisions  
and visions of gettin C.R.E.A.M.  
Ronald Reagan told me  
"Yo, Joey just do ya thing"  
Now I'm lookin back, man  
I ain't have no conscience  
Slappin niggaz silly  
till them niggaz fell unconscious  
Speakin of my conscience  
Now it be fuckin with me  
So-called activist  
try to dis me publicly  
And they don't even know where my heart at, heart at  
And I don't even know where to start at, start at

But this your conscience speakin  
No time for cryin and weepin  
You tryin to climb, you reachin  
up to ya prime, you eatin'  
You ripped a rhyme last weekend  
You cleared a mill, no cheatin'  
Who give some fuck what they speakin'?  
Just keep movin, leadin!  
You from the place of them heathens  
Cop needs to see them  
for no reason,  
Young hustlers in the street bleedin  
Moms grievin  
Joe, you came up from all that  
Fuck that, you taught us how to survive, CRACK!

My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me  
In my dreamin, all they try to put the fix on me  
Reminiscin when I used to had them bricks on me  
My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me

Would the critics come at you if you was Arnold Schwarzenegger?  
Killing cops in movies (BO! BO! BO!), promotin graphic anger  
You should run for governor, Republicans be lovin ya!

Yeah, wave the Confederate flag like some Southerners?!  
Nah! I rather be on the block like a hustler  
Guns with the mufflers  
D's put the cuffs on us  
He's an MC and these streets put they trust in us

Yeah Joey Crack, but they also put they lust in us

They fuss wit us, ain't nobody helpin us!  
One minute they cheerin us  
Next minute they cussin us!

Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!  
Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!  
That's that nigga bitch-hoe shit (OHH!)  
I don't even trust 'em (OHH!)  
My conscience says no  
I wanna hit 'em wit a '9 (Haaaaaah!)  
These are some thoughts, re-occurring on my mind, now

My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me  
In my dreamin, all they try to put the fix on me  
Reminiscin when I used to had them bricks on me  
My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me

Yeah..  
Is this my conscience speakin?  
Sounds like my mentor

Yup, you guessed it!  
How else could I enter?  
It's been a couple of years, as we rock the joint venture  
You ain't been callin me lately, you don't remember?!

Shiiiiit!  
Who you think I got my whole style from?  
Them live shows, before the \$20,000  
See the 'Rinas, before cocaina  
You and Scott La Rock, back to back in them Beemers (Yeeeah)  
I was just a young'n on the corner, I'm a slinger  
You was on ya album cover, finger on tha nina (BO! BO! BO! BO! BO! BO!)  
Flip to 360, now you The Teacha (Yup...)  
"Self-Destruction" (C'mon)  
Damn, you the leader!

Joe, let's take it back to "Don Cartegena"  
You and Big Pun had the whole Bronx demeanor!  
560 gear, that Boriqua pride  
Did burners with the tats crew on the 2's and 5's  
You was with Relativity, I was with Jive  
All the BULLSHIT you been through  
How you survive?!

Kris, that's why I'm the greatest Of all time  
Joe, (I'm) the best!! You must be out ya fuckin mind!

My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me  
In my dreamin, all they try to put the fix on me  
Reminiscin when I used to had them bricks on me  
My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me

KRS, Fat Joe, you know what it is  
K-R-S-UNO es fresco

My mind playin tricks, my mind playin tricks...  
BX, TS nigga - UH!