

My Conscience

Fat Joe

Coca! Krills!
{A-A-A-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
Reminisce 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 (Haaaaaaah!)
These are some thoughts, re-occurring on my mind, now

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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!

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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!