

The Fugitive

Fat Joe

Early in the morning, could barely feel my face
Cuttin' that raw raw hammer on my waist
My baby mammas' stressin', I'm like fuck out of my face
Feds on my ass now, 'bout to catch a case
I'm about that "makin money" I'm allergic to poor
Shit, I done made some hoes out of the girls next door
6 in the morning when they kick in the door
I'm probly outside the forge gettin' brain in the Porsche
What Porsche? My Porsche yeah the GT Porsche
Of course I floss like them DC boys
Shit, right at club love I fucked at least three broads
In the middle of the dancefloor such a sleazy whore
Now, headed for paradise
Carlos Bengante, jazz in the background, Harry Belofante
Seagull in the clouds look honey im comin'
Different strokes, different folks, you guessed it, Phillip Drummin
Now I'ma fuck the pussy 'till the pussy get numb and
Roll over naked then we kush kush puffin'
This is way too easy though, I am the magnifico
Cuban is pride, but I'm much more like eazy though
If you don't believe me you can see me on your TV yo,
Taylor Made Versachi, I'm with Khaled on that speedy boat
When it comes to latina MC's there's none bigger
Now who's gonna tell me that I can't say nigga?
Nigga nigga nigga nigga nigga bitch hoe
'Cause some chicks is bitches, and some chicks is hoes
Some independent ladies yeah they make a lotta dough
So they get nuthin' but love and respect from Fat Joe
I remember when I stepped in the game yo
Army fatigue with grey Nikes, that flow Joe,

You gotta flow Joe, you gotta flow Joe, you gotta gotta gotta gotta let 'em
know Joe
You gotta flow Joe, you gotta flow Joe, you gotta gotta gotta gotta let 'em
know
I'm Borricua 'till I die motherfuckers, yes I will detach you
I'll leave holes you can't cover with tattoos
All you lame souls keep prayin' to them statues, when I'm the ghetto God, I'
ll bless you, achoo
The one spitter, the can't get ridder, major label dropped me what I do?
I got richer
80 babies terror on the corner, I'm the pitcher
Got a new connect and what I do?
I got richer
? the wop bam boo
Guess what, America we love you
And I'm a stay reppin' that TS Crew
And show ya motherfuckers how the BX do
Shit, every time I rockwild, it's more like a zoo
Blinds wrapped around the corner if your too late your blue
In that new white phantom, call it: milk on wheels
Niggaz wilin' like Joe jus Oded off pills
I Oded of crills, I Oded of mills
You Monopoly guys, haulin' in no billz
Shit, niggaz keep askin': how come he so real?
6'1", light skin, got them green eyes, teal
Haha, it's the fugitive

Coca

I'm on the run, and I'm eatin' bitch

Street runner on this one, bitch

We'd like to welcome you, "elephant in the room", (thank you, thank you), bitch

Top of my game right now, can't nobody see me man

We use different forms of transportation nigga

I'm on different planets than y'all niggaz right now

You can deny all you want nigga

Coca's spittin' that shit, these streets is mine

Oh, I get on some Pun shit

What you want? That hardcore, commercial shit?

What you wanna dance? Crills mania, nigga

BXTS!

I owns this shit!