

The Shit Is Real

Fat Joe

Yeah

This is goin out..

To all the live motherfuckers, knowwhatI'msayin?

All the real niggas

Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Queens

California

LaBella Puerto Rico, wherever the fuck you from

KnowwhatI'msayin? Yeah

This story takes place, back in the South Bronx

Where at the age of 14 I was already knockin off punks (yeah!)

And suckers were scared to death -- every time I walked by

I hear them niggas take their last breath (ahhh..)

See I just didn't give a fuck - and if you had a C-skin

A leather bomber, you was gettin stuck (word!)

That was the way it was

One day I went to visit my aunt, and stuck up my cuz

See shit was fucked up back then

No matter what the fuck I did I never had no ends

And my moms was on wealthfare

Aiyyo I knew I had a father, but the nigga was never there

So what the fuck was I to do

I'm sick and tired of bein the bummiest nigga out the crew

I gotta get mine, I gotta get cash

I see an old man, I'm gonna rob him with the quick-fast

Give me your motherfuckin loot, papi

I'm gonna get paid, and can't a damn thing stop me

See, I'm tired of this poor shit

And who the cops? Well they can suck my motherfuckin dick

Cause all them niggas ever do is harass

That's why I get glad when I hear somebody smoked that ass (*gunshot*)

Just to let ya know how I feel

Word em up, the fuckin shit is real

Hey yo, it's real

(*cuts "Down on the reel to reel"*)

Aiyyo the shit is real

Aiyyo it's real

Word up, the shit is real

Now I'm sixteen and there's a brand new scene

I'm makin mad loot, gettin paid off the dope fiends (word)

Keep the shit in check, in order

And my main man Tone was fuckin everybody else's daughter

See everybody knew in town

That Joe and Tone had shit locked down

And a nigga wouldn't test me

It seems like every other day the fuckin cops arrest me (yea!)

But the shit will never stick

I make one phone call and be out like quick

Cause Uncle Dan had my back

And now niggas gettin jealous cause they know I'm livin fat

Talkin shit around the way and on the block

But never in my face, cause they knew I packed a Glock

And my crew is mad deep

A bunch of crazy Puerto Ricans, so aiyyo don't sleep (word!)
And all you bitch ass niggas know the deal
Check it out, the fuckin shit is real
Hey yo, it's real

(*cuts "Down on the reel to reel"*)

Aiyyo it's real
The fuckin shit is real
Yeah.. aiyyo it's real

Check it out
Let me let ya know why I made this song (why?)
Brothers can't deal with the real, word is bond
I'm sick and tired of these fake ass niggas
Sayin that they catchin bodies when they never pulled a trigga
I know your style, I've seen it before
You wear an army suit, now you think you're hardcore
Drinkin on your 40's, smokin on your blunts
Can't afford a chain so you wear gold fronts, yeah
You're fakin the funk, kid
And you'll be gettin it up the ass if you ever did a fuckin bid
It's time to separate the real from the phony
The name is Fat Joe, punk, act like you know me
I come equipped with the ruff shit
Nowadays I can't believe the bull rappers come up with
And all ya bitch-ass niggas know the deal
Check it out, the fuckin shit is real
Hey yo, it's real
(*cuts "Down on the reel to reel"*)

Aiyyo the shit is real
Aiyyo it's real
The fuckin shit is real

Word up!
I wanna say peace to my peeps, The Beatnuts
Messengers of Funk, Strickly Roots
My man Funk Flex, Zulu Nation
Jazzy J in the house
Diamond D, the whole Diggin' in the Crates crew
And rest in peace to my man Tony Montana
Aiyyo, I'm out, word is bond
The shit is real

(*cuts "Down on the reel to reel"*)

Aiyyo