

Fat Amy

"Another Wild Nigga From The Bronx"

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Aiyyo fat joe, it's your first album right?
You comin out the south bronx
Time to let brothers know what time it is

T.s. in the house, yo t.s. in the house

[fat joe]
Yeahhhhhh.. like this!
Chilly dee (represent, and uh)
Gizmo (represent, and uh)
Keith keith (represent, and uh)
King sun (represent, and uh)
Fat joe (represent, and uh)
Uptown (represent, and uh)
Uptown (represent, and uh)
Uptowwwwwwwwwwwwwwn!

[gizmo]
I'm from the west bubblefuck so fasten your seatbelts
and buckle up
I'm the type of brother to beat you down then fuck you
up
Grabbin the mic to rock on tonight to see if the crowd
will care
Step to the gizzy you dare, you get lit up like a flare
From the, bronx the boogie down battleground, uptown
Turn smiles to frowns as I smack clowns around
Shorts I don't take em, bones I fracture and break
So make not one mistake, or you get eat like steaks at
frank's g
Jack in june, gettin swept, with a broom soon
To meet your doom, mornin night or the afternoon
Harassin the mic, with a verbal assault of rap
Stick lyrics back to back, that'll pack, to keep myself on
wax
Hot like an iron, to defeat the kids you gotta keep tryin
If you spread any rumors sayin you took me out, you're
lyin
A human beat is struck I know when it really sounds
trunk
I'm never ever buck I don't give a fuck if you think that

I'm a sucker
Parties that I've made, people wonder how long it
lasted
Lyrics that are so hardcore, it'll leave you
flabbergasted
Gasp for air, inhale it hold it in
And just wait for the rest of the posse to begin
I'm the human beat magician with the bag full of fun
Ammunition's the addition to the sawed offfff!

"sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" -> cypress hill
[all]another wild nigga from the bronx!
"sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" -> cypress hill
(keith keith!) another wild nigga from the bronx!

[keith keith]
Run for help when the mic's in my hand
I kick rhymes like I'm a rap van damme
And eat mc's like a cake or a slice of pie
I'm not a pimp but I bop like I'm superfly
People say who's he? i'll give any crew beef
So act like you know or get ate-n like stew, chief
I hold my own yet don't stand alone, I'm well known
Go 'head and front and get smocked like a neckbone
Think you better chill troop, cause I'm not havin that
And flippin on niggaz like a somersaultin acrobat
Go get your crew and y'all still couldn't do the man
I'm blowin up in ninety-three like an ash can
I know niggaz sip this, bitches wanna dip this
I snatch your girl up, and molest her like a rapist
Huh, go 'head and look real hard like I'm a sucka
I'll beat that ass like the l.a. trucker fucka
So step up and let me hear your response
Yeah, yo, another wild nigga from the bronx

"sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" -> cypress hill
[all]another wild nigga from the bronx!
"sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" -> cypress hill
(king sun!) another wild nigga from the bronx!

[king sun]
Mr. fifty-two pick-up, nobody move
It's a stick-up, which proves, my getaway is butter
smooth
I'm not the smooth operator with the ladies
But I get kinda crazy if you let me pick the daisies
One thing never say run, king sun
I never ran, cause in my hand, I keeps a gun
Representin where I'm from in a bumrush
Roll up, flip, then be out on the hush-hush
Don't touch or feel, it's real, showin mad skills

Hotter than heat, yet colder than the catskills
Don't play the yard, fake gods ain't got nuttin for me
I'm loungin with tone and corey
On one-six-oh, then I go and check fat joe
On trinity, the south bronx vicinity
Smokin up your favorite mc like a dread smoke skunk
Cause I'm another wild nigga from the bronx
Hittin em up, settin em up, splittin em up, gettin em up
Rippin em up, trippin em up, bag em! zippin em up
Makin them shout, playin them out, son ain't the one
The bigga the nigga to bust em with the sawed off
shotgun

"sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" -> cypress hill
[all]another wild nigga from the bronx!
"sawed off shotgun, hand on the pump" -> cypress hill
(fat joe!) another wild nigga from the bronx!

[fat joe]
Aww shit, what we have here
Ninety-three and it's a brand new year
My name is fat joe I got shit locked down
Runnin with the latins and the blacks from uptown
It's a damn shame, you better maintain
I'm causin hysteria blowin niggaz out the frame
Yes I can-can, I'm the fat man
Never run, never ran, it's not in the plan
I got skills you best chills, get off the dillsnilz
Your rhymes are trash and no frills
Carbon copy you're sloppy, see joe ain't the one
I'm beatin bootleggers down with king sun
Rollin over niggaz like a truck
I come from the bronx, a.k.a., west bubblefuck
My rhymes are homicidal, I take your title
I'm joe da fat gangsta, far from billy idol
I get you open on the freestyle tip
Now are you hip to the way I flip the script? hah
I'm puerto rican, I'll leave you dead and stinkin
I pimp in my beamer, do my drivebys in a lincoln
Hip-hop was born uptown, the boogie down
If you bring your whole crew I shut 'em down!
I'm known from state to state, for shootin down punks
I'm another wild nigga from the bronx

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