Fat Amy "Fat Joe's In Town"

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{*di cuts "guess who's back? "*}

[fat joe] Yeah..

The fat gangsta..

Here comes the nigga from the east Who just been crowned for most hated by police The public enemy, rapper at large Who's known throughout the industry for pullin niggaz cards

You know the situation, zulu nation Never forget the bronx because the bronx the foundation

Fat joe, a.k.a. joey crack

Niggaz be like he's fat, bitches be like he's all that Motherfuckers know my rep, I never fronted Niggaz be talkin mad shit, but they don't want it It's the realer mc, the drug dealer mc If a nigga fake jax, I'm gonna kill a mc Yeah, you can't handle the truth Fuck around and get thrown off the project roof Mad lives have been lost and forgotten Niggaz better watch they back, the big apple's gone rotten

Microphone check, one two one two Shouts to the east and the west coast crew Whatever you do, keep this hip-hop shit true {"that's all I ask of you.."}

When I step in the jam all eyes are on me
Sold out crowds, with curiosity
Everybody wants to know, could the man still flip it?
Microphone gifted, unrealistic
Comin with the bomb bass for the underground heads
Flex got the most, serge got the landspread
Keepin shit real, niggaz know the deal
Just through trial and comin down on appeal
Microphone joe I own it, bitches wanna bone it
Blowin out the tweeters in your musical component

It's your man fat joe, oh, is that so?
You remember me from, "you know ya got to flow"
One time for your mind off the top of a dome
Never leave for home without the motherfuckin chrome
Word to tone, big daddy, I know he's chillin
Peace to all the villains out of state makin millions
cause ah

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{"that's all I ask of you.."}
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From the bronx to queensbridge, on back to redhook
Never lost a gram on any eighth that I cooked
Fat joe, army fatigue and black chuckers
Hardcore lyrics to all my real motherfuckers
I'm tryin to see cream, in the millions, retire
And go play golf with russell simmons
That's the type of mission that I'm on
Aiyyo my word is bond, I keep a army just as deep as
farrakhan
You.. can't.. deal with the man

Who be holdin down the fort with the gauge in his hand I know you love the way I grab the mic and spark it You hookers'll never get your hands inside my pockets

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{*"everybody knows fat joe's in town.."*}

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