

## Fat Amy

### "The Shit Is Real"

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Yeah

This is goin' out ... to all the live motherfuckers,  
knowhatumsayin'

All the real niggaz, Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan,  
Queens, California

La Perla, Puerto Rico, whatever the fuck you're from,  
youknowhatumsayin'

Yeah

Verse One:

This story takes place, back in the South Bronx

Where at the age of fourteen I was ready to knockin'  
off punks (yeah!)

And suckers were scared to death

Every time I walked by I hit them niggaz take their last  
breath (ahhh..)

See, I just didn't give a fuck

And if you had a seed skin, I let the bomba you was  
getting stuck (word!)

That was the way it was

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

See, something was fucked up back then

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

And my moms was on walfare

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

So what the fuck was I had to do

When sick and tired to 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

Gimme your motherfucking loot, popi

I'm goin' to get paid and can't a damn thing stop me

See, I'm tired of this porshit

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

Cause all them niggaz ever do is harass

That's why I came glad when I heard somebody  
swooped that ass (\*gunshot\*)

Just to let ya know how I feel, word'em up

The fuckin' shit is real

Chorus: (\*background cuts "Down on the real"\*)

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

Verse Two:

Now I'm sixteen and there's a brand new scene  
I'm makin' mad dupe, gettin' paid off the dope fiends  
(word)  
\*?Deep in shit?\* the checkin' 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 fucking cops arrest  
me (yea!)  
But the shit would never stick  
I make one phone call and he'll be out by quick  
Cause uncle Tan had my back  
And now niggaz gettin' jealous cause they know I'm  
livin' fat  
Talkin' shit around the way and over block  
But never in my face cause they knew I'd clap the glock  
And my crew is mad deep  
I'm punchin' crazy puerto rican, so why yo don't sleep  
(word!)  
And all you bitch ass niggaz know the deal, check it out  
The fucking shit is real

Chorus

Verse Three:

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 niggaz  
Sayin' that they're catchin' bodies when they never  
pulled a trigga  
I know ya style, I've seen it before  
You wearin' army suit, now you think you're hardcore  
Drinkin' on your 40's, smokin' on your blunts  
Then afford a chainsaw, yo there ho fronts ,yeah  
You fakin' the funk, kid  
And you'd be \*?kidnapped?\* the ass if you ever did a  
fucking bid

It's time to separate the real from the phony  
The name is Fat Joe, punk, act like you know me  
I come from crypt with that ruff shit  
Nowadays I can't believe the \*?bull/boo?\* rappers  
come up with  
And all y'all bitch ass niggaz know the deal, check it out  
The fuckin shit is real

Chorus

Outro:

Word up!

I wanna say peace to my peeps, the Beatnuts  
Messengers Of Funk, strictly Roots  
My man Four 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  
Aiyo, I'm out, word is bond  
The shit is real

(\*Premier cuts "Fat Joe's in town"\*)

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