

Fat Amy

"This Shit Is Real"

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Fat Joe]
Yeah
This is goin out..
to all the live motherfuckers, knowwhat!msayin?
All the real niggaz
Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Queens
California
LaBella Puerto Rico, wherever the fuck you from
Knowwhat!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 niggaz 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 walfare
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 niggaz 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

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

Aiyyo the shit is real
Aiyyo it's real
Word up, the shit is real

[Fat Joe]

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 niggaz 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 niggaz know the deal
Check it out, the fuckin shit is real
Hey yo, it's real

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

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

[Fat Joe]

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 niggaz
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 niggaz know the deal
Check it out, the fuckin shit is real
Hey yo, it's real

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

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

[Fat Joe]
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

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