

## Fat Joe "Bronx Tale"

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Intro: krs-one

Music please

Yes, welcome to jealous one's envy

We'd like to thank you in advance for purchasing this product

It is a relativity records product, artist fat joe

My name is krs-one

And of course we're gonna bring the noise

Cause we can never be toys

Verse one: krs-one, fat joe

Yes I am the ultimate, uttering ultimatum's for the fun of it

It appears to me you don't know who you fuckin with

You can't see this with bifocals cause you're local

Can't hang with my vocals, better you fuck with sonny bono

Or yoko ono, but krs oh no no

You might think you a rotc but I don't give a fuck though

I'm rolling hard like God for the squad black

Packin them poppers bitch, where that money be at?

Aiyyo I be the show stopper, as I shine like gold

Other rappers dull like copper, the certified fake nigga dropper

Which borough, is the thorough

I know, do you know, let me know I'm sayin though

The coke connector, sweating leather with reflectors

Don't get caught up in my sector, or i'ma haveta inject ya

With a slab of this lyrical dope shit

Fake mc's and wannabe's best to quote this

Fat joe the true and living will prevail

Kingpin like sonny up in bronx tale

Will I fail? I doubt it

I'm the nigga catchin bodies, while other niggaz

fantasize about it

True indeed, behind my back mc's claim they can

serve me

In my face they screaming "we're not worthy!"

Youse a has been, actually you ain't been

I be touring, while you be home taping

So what punk, you could battle in a second

Frankly the bottom line, is where's your hit record

You claim I'm jocking, claim I'm on your dick, where's  
your witnesses?

If I'm on your dick my name has got to be syphillis

Chorus:

"if you're feeling lucky duck, then press your luck" -

jeru

"up up up and away 'cause I don't play clown" - kool g

rap

"if you're feeling lucky duck, then press your luck" -

jeru

"buck buck buck take that witcha on the way down" -

kool g rap

Verse two: fat joe

As we proceed to lock it down, don't get it fucked up

We be the kings of the boogie down

All we do is spark izm and get cash

Tortuing mc's like that warden up in alcatraz (bo! bo!

bo! bo!)

It's fat joe, yo you know my steelo

Get so much love, I'm payin sixteen on a kilo

Sendin niggaz outta town, still got control of the boogie  
down

Now how the fuck you sound? (yeahhh)

Ain't no army that could harm me or bomb me

C'mon g you clowns ain't got a fucking thing on me

I'm flashy like white linen (tell em)

Your rap is under pressure like two outs tied score in  
the ninth inning

I'm down with kris and ain't no stopping me

I'm out for bronx and monopoly with chicks on top of  
me

It's my philosophy, but for now it's in the corridor

Slappin caps like a ball hittin hard to my laborator

These motherfuckers don't want it

(word to mother joe, these niggaz don't want it!)

Chorus

Verse three: krs-one

Merrrcy, you wanna serve me but you ain't worthy

My style is too curvy, what you tellin me  
But your flimsy ass will go home after the battle and  
find I'm your boss  
With krs-one up in your memory  
I know your kind, you rap write  
You're mr. john gotti the don, but you're just another  
bwotty mon  
Telecro bwotty mon, how you collect  
Rap magazine dating back to, tougher than leather  
The only reason you got, such an extensive rap  
collection  
'cause most of your rap mags are all stuck together  
Watch what you sayin, watch what you say  
When your skull gets cracked, whatcha gonna say  
crackhead?  
Your file is dead, kneel to the rap God in bed  
Fore I slap you way back in the dayz like ahmad  
Don't get me fed up, or vexed up, 'cause you'll get set  
up  
My crew don't let up, I be dead up in this piece (tell em)  
Recognize it's blastmaster krs-one  
For ten years, fat joe, chillin on the east

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