

# Fat Joe "Cupcake"

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## "Cupcake"

(feat. Benisour)

Hey yo Shyke, we don't give a fuck about that recession

*[Chorus]*

Bitch I'm on the grind movin' 'em cupcakes (cupcakes)

Man bust open that duct tape

I'm ah show ya how to do a thang wit ah (beam wit ah)

Show ya how to run a team wit ah

Bitch I'm on the grind movin' them cupcakes

(cupcakes)

Man bust open that duct tape

Nigga let me show you how to work that (work that)

Drop it in the water watch it double back

I got that white bitch (white bitch) color it you raise

The best in the kitchen have you niggas scrappin'  
plates

Got that hard shit the soft shit anyway you want it

Got that Mac if they talk shit don't nobody want it

With the G to the O to the D of the ghetto yeah we stays  
on that rock shit

Packing heavy metal

Got the beast (beast) I ain't talking 'bout no treble

I am a menace to society a mothafuckin' rebel

Yeah she's askin' for the scissors but I hit it from the  
back

Yeah she cost me hugs and kisses but you could just  
call me crack

Got them dudies wit me niggas and them flags is off  
black

Couple cuffies in the duffies and we headed for the  
track (bitch!)

*[Chorus]*

Spoken a new rocks in the kitchen workin' two pots

Tell 'em supper's ready time to feed the block

Got 'em cupcakes movin' like clockwork

West sittin' on 67 1 vert

Grippin' grain ridin' wit 'em cupcakes

Young green ass niggas don't touch weight  
750 ya cup that's what it's goin' fo'  
White girl on deck do you know it brah?  
And I can introduce you to a brotha too  
And he'd have you ridin' in that purple coupe  
Put a five on him man see what he do  
Unless you be a nutty greedy mahfucka you

*[Chorus]*

Cupcakes! (Cupcakes!), yeah who want them  
cupcakes?  
Got 'em for the low watch me bust open that duct tape  
Want a Little Debby we call that bitch jailbait  
And need a whole key well that's called bail cake  
A thousand of the butter watch it spread through the  
hood  
If you get it how I get it you be shittin' if you could  
Watch you niggas (?) yeah we jump a lead it  
Throw our money at the sun screamin' how we net it  
With my Palm Beach niggas Shyke on the track  
This is slow flow killah like a knife in your back  
Yeah I'm nice with the raps nicer in the kitchen  
Tell the judge suck my dick I'ma serve him in the prison  
(bitch!)

*[Chorus]*

Yeah Benisour we don't see no recession nigga!  
Every time you see me clean nigga  
my sneakers clean they sit  
my love is clean  
my top is off the bitches clean  
them dimes is clean  
lot of ya'll fuck niggas be havin'...

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