

## Fat Joe "Dat Gangsta Shit"

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Yeah, uhh, dat gangsta shit  
Uhh, yeah, dat gangsta shit  
Uhh, dat gangsta shit  
What you love huh? Dat gangsta shit  
What you want huh? Dat gangsta shit  
Now what we live huh? Dat gangsta shit  
Yeah, uhh, uhh

Recognize my presence, this rap game specialized with legends

I drop shit niggaz try to memorize in seconds  
You criticize me, still visualize the lessons  
and when I wish to put aside the questions  
before they find out, who's the realest  
Who done spoke without one joke about the illest  
shit that ever happened, in this rappin beyond rappin  
Joe the God it ain't so hard to start clappin  
but I lay low, create flows, for the pesos  
Now we got extra hoes, wantin to chase shows  
I take foes, and break em down to minerals  
We went from street corner thugs to white collar  
criminals  
Individuals, with no peace on the quest  
The iced out, piece on my chest, from the East to the  
West  
Never sleep in a sweat, keep the heat with the vest  
Ready for the 'casian blazin gettin deep with the best  
The police wanna test my strategy, got half of the  
world  
mad at me, but very few challenge me  
Perhaps you will be the first to approach this, lyrical  
dope shit  
Cartagena will bring the chrome like explosives

Now what you love huh? Dat gangsta shit  
What you want huh? Dat gangsta shit  
Now what we live huh? Dat gangsta shit  
Dat gangsta shit, dat gangsta shit

Yeah, uhh, uhh  
Fuck the whole world, all I need is my dough and my  
girl

And even she can get it, everybody go to hell  
I don't need y'all, disrespect the Don and I'ma see y'all  
Hit you with the tech and the armor, you see-saw  
That's my steez, if I don't kill you I'ma clap you these  
Ask your peeps if I ain't have the beast soundin  
Japanese  
Coughin blood, that's what you get for talkin thug  
Run up on your preacher with the sweeper feature  
coughin slugs  
Once a thug always a thug, hallways and drug dealers  
Fillers, killers, they wanna chill all day with us  
They love the Don, these words are more than just  
another song  
If I said I slit your neck, your jugular's gone  
Ain't nothin artificial, Joe the God, the Terror Squad  
official  
Got a lot of pistols with missiles, prayer lies with you  
The shit you say'll get you sprayed with the clapper  
Just remember Joe the God is not your ordinary rapper

Now what we love huh? Dat gangsta shit  
What you want huh? Dat gangsta shit  
Now what we live huh? Dat gangsta shit  
Dat gangsta shit, dat gangsta shit

Now what you love huh? Dat gangsta shit  
What you want huh? Kick dat gangsta shit  
What you live huh? Dat gangsta shit  
Dat gangsta shit, dat gangsta shit

Yeah  
Goin out to all the real niggaz  
All the niggaz that support real hip-hop  
All my niggaz on the corners  
DJ's, no matter where the fuck you from  
it's where's your gat, hahaha  
Primo whattup nigga? Yeah  
Don Cartagena  
Terror Squadian, rock the party and, what?  
Beotch!!

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