

## Fat Joe "Dopeman"

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[Fat Joe]

Trying to cut the top off the Porsche  
Put a bitch in the front  
Better yet hundred sticks for the niggas that front  
I got a steel in them packs, got em right in the trunk  
Shoot the snap back off your muthaf-ckin head if you  
want  
I got a guardian angel, yeaf she stay in the hood  
And she pop up whenever I touch the grain on the wood  
I got a bitch from Atlanta, she remind me of Pebbles  
Got a hell of an ass, this redbone is a devil  
She call me Marty McFly, Nike Back To The Future  
10 racks on my feet, but thatâ€™s something Iâ€™m  
used to  
I put my team on the map, you other niggas is fake  
Worse than Oregon, you switch a different jersey a day  
Iâ€™m in the beach somewhere foreign, Iâ€™m in  
your bitch while you snoring  
A million cash off the tour, then Iâ€™m back in the  
morning  
Iâ€™m f-ckin sick of you niggas, Iâ€™m about to throw  
up a million  
Doctor oz in the kitchen: cook a perfect prescription

[Hook]

Go prez, go prez, rolling in Bugatti  
I got that Ringo Starr  
Iâ€™m slinginâ€™ Paul McCartney  
Bitch Iâ€™m in the kitchen with that Arm & Hammer  
Whipping George Harrison, John Lennon  
Dopeman! Dopeman!  
Dopeman bitch, Iâ€™m the dopeman  
Bitch Iâ€™m in the kitchen with that Arm & Hammer  
Whipping George Harrison, John Lennon

[Jadakiss]

Of course I could get em  
But do you know what to do with em?  
60 for the brick even if you cop a few of â€™em  
Talking about that diesel: the root of all evil  
You could use your nostrils, or you could use a needle  
I need a hundred more, and I want it pure

Cause when somebody die off it  
Then they want it more!  
The hustlers we surrounded by niggas that hold the  
hammers  
Oxys got generic, they switched it to old  
When you give em a 9 or better they go bananas  
Make a million dollars a month: thatâ€™s what the plan  
was  
Now to catch the morning shift  
Cause they need that morning sniff  
Thousand bundles finished by 11, then Iâ€™m blowing  
spliffs  
Show you how to get right, crib right, whip right  
Ten dollars a bag, but itâ€™s 20 after midnight  
Pill man, weed man, stove man, coke man  
You know who I am muthaf-cka: Iâ€™m the dopeman

[Hook]

Cut the man off the middle, I want it all off the top  
Bout to yacht me a nigga, run him off of the block  
Iâ€™m taking all of the profit, purchasing more of the  
product  
Invest in killers and dealers to take my company public  
I got a thing for them strippers  
Got a pole in the mansion  
White ho, Marilyn Manson  
This for all of my niggas doing time up in prison  
For getting caught with the burner, you know a  
riderâ€™s ambition  
Iâ€™m â€™bout to gamble with life, take a trip out to  
Vegas  
Iâ€™m â€™bout a Zionist mic praying the Lord to  
forsake us  
Remember times I was broke, how it run in your pocket  
Spend my money on dope, then I tripled my profit  
Now Iâ€™m a multi-millionaire, head off in the Lear  
Take bitches on the private, than set off in the air

â€œWhat you say nigga?â€  
â€œI said Iâ€™ll suck yo dick!â€

[Hook]

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