

Fat Joe "Envy"

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Yo, this is going out to all my peeps locked down
Charlie rock LD all my peeps who passed away, yeah

I remember when we used to chill on a hill
When Forest Projects used to be Godsville
Brothers was wilin' others was cool
Some hit the island some smoked fools

Me I chose the life of crime since day one
13 years old already trying to cop a gun
I never understood why my pops would beat me
No matter what I did, yo he'd still mistreat me

That's why, I never listened to a thing he said
And I wasn't just mad when I used to wish him dead
Instead, me and Ma Dukes kept tight
Promised that one day everything would be alright

14 years old, cutting mad classes
Puffing on a bone, breaking car glasses
Nothing but dreams of cream on my mind
Shook motherfuckers on the block droppin' dime

Everybody knew Joey Crack represented
And if I told then I'd take your life
Hey yo, I meant it that's the way it goes
When you deal with the real fake jacks
And get your cap peeled

Hey Joey, let's just get this money
Brothas just be wilin'
Hey Joey, you can't trust nobody
Brothas they been triflin'

Yeah, mamma never said life would be so hard
Sometimes I find myself alone just praying to God
Hoping that today won't be the last
I mean, just the other day this kid I knew got blasted

Say word, word, it wasn't over no cash
It was over some broad who liked to auction off the ass
He was a cool kid, although we lost him big

If he was a real nigga, then he wouldn't have got did

Life's trife and then you die
Nobody dies of old age, but in the hands of another
guy
That's why I keeps an alibi
Juliani wants to see a brother fry

So I maintain to keep my mind peace focused
Keep the gat there in 'case a nigga wanna smoke this
Times are difficult on the streets of New York
It's kinda hard trying to hope for and not get caught

Blue eyes is on my back, with intentions of arresting
me
But they won't get the best of me
'Cause riches are my destiny

Hey Joey, let's just get this money
Brothas just be wilin'
Hey Joey, you can't trust nobody
Brothas they been triflin'

No one expected me to blow like this
What was once hand me downs
Is now the best of ? Atanovich?
Yukon Jeeps creepin' through the streets

Catching the eye of every big booty cheek freak
Daten rims so shiny you can see your reflection
Green plush interior, under the seat
The heat for protection

Momma look at me now
Got a house in Long Isle for my spouse and my child
D E L condos for first impression hoes
No more holes in my gibros

Strictly denim and clothes
Airwaves blasting my latest single
All up in the Mecca Club
Making Lucci while I mingle

Jingle jewels in the face of past enemies
Eat your heart out son, you never was a friend to me

Hey Joey, let's just get this money
Brothas just be wilin'
Hey Joey, you can't trust nobody
Brothas they been triflin'

Big Joe, South Bronx
Represent

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