

Fat Joe

"Fat Joe Featuring Notorious B.I.G."

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[Verse 1: B.I.G.]

I was a terror since the public school era
Bathroom passes, cuttin classes, squeezin asses
Smokin blunts was a daily routine since 13
A chubby nigga on the scene
I used to have the trey deuce and a deuce deuce in my
bubblegoose
Now I got the mac in my knapsack Loungin black
Smokin sacks up in ac's and sidekicks with my
sidekicks rockin fly kicks
Honeys wanna chat but all we wanna know is where the
party at
And I can bring ma GAT, if not I hope i don't get shot
Better throw my vest on ma chest cause niggaz is a
mess

It don't take nothin but frontin for me to start
something

Buggin and buckin at niggaz like I was duck huntin
Dumbin out just me and my crew
Cause all we wanna do is (The rockaway)

[Chorus: Fat joe (With B.I.G. in back round)]

Ma niggaz don't dance they just pull their pants and do
the rockaway

Lean Back (Brooklyn)

Lean Back (Uptown)

Lean Back (Queensbridge)

Lean Back (Bronx)

Say Ma niggaz don't dance they just pull up their pants
and do the rockaway

Lean Back, Lean Back, Lean Back

[Verse 2: B.I.G.]

Hugs from the honeys, pound from the roughnecks,
seen my men sayd that I knew from the projects
Said he had beef, asked me if I had ma piece
Sure do two 22s in ma shoes

Holla if u need me luv, i'm in the house

Roam and stroom, see what the honeys is about

Moet poppin ho hoppin aint no stoppin big papa Im a
bad boy

Niggaz wanna front who got ur back? Biggie

Niggaz wanna flex who got the GAT ? Biggie

It aint hard to tell Im an eastcoast overdoser

Nigga u scared ur supposed to
Nigga I toast ya put fear in ur heart
Fuck up the party before it even start
Pissy drunk over henny and skunk
Or some brand newbian shit beating down punks

[Chorus: Fat joe (With B.I.G. in back round)]

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[Verse 3: B.I.G.]

Bitch is in the back looking righteous

In a tight dress I think I might just

Hit her wit a little Biggie one-on-one

How to tote a GUN and have fun with Jamaican rum

Conversation, blunts in rotation, ma men big Jock got
the GLOCK in his waist and was smokin, drinking got
the Hooker thinking

If money smell bad then this nigga BIG is stinkin

Is it ma charm I got the Hookers eating out ma palm

She grabbed ma arm and said let's leave calm

Im hitting skins again

Rolled up another blunt, bought a heineken

Niggaz start to Locke out, a kid got choked out

Blows was stoned and a FUCKING fight broke out

Cant we just all get along?

So I can put hickeys on her chest like lil Sean

[Chorus: Fat joe (With B.I.G. in back round)]

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