

Fat Joe

"Fuck 50"

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(Shots being fired)

Yeah, that'll do it
Yeah, I love hip hop
I love this muthafucking hip hop game
This nigga here is a little nigga man
Stay in your motherfucking lane nigga
You fucking with the Don nigga
crackkkFollow me

[Chorus]

Fifty meet, Fifty, he's the fakest thug you've ever seen
Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how come you can never ever be
seen
Once I got you, Imma give you
My, My, fo fo fo fo fo
My, My, fo fo fo fo fo
My, My, fo fo fo fo fo
Imma give it to you baby, nice and slow

Fifty you goin to end up dead when you fuckin with
crack
Talk about your girl pop off, where the fuck you be at
I see MJ in the hood more than Curtis
Matter of fact, this beef shit is making niggaz nervous
It's gonna be families grieving every sunday service
End up with your head popped off thanks to Curtis
But he dont care, he's still locked up in his house and
shit
Steroid up and he wont come about that bitch
Is it me or does candy shop sound like magic stick?
In the video, this nigga fifty bout to strip
Shaking his ass, what the fuck is wrong with this nigga
Fifty don't make me braaaaappppppppppppppppppppp
Oh yeah, you got sixty-five niggaz on your team
And they're not from Southside Jamaica, Queens
They're the boys in blue, and I'm just speaking the truth
Yeah we all see the bitch in you
Follow me

[Chorus]

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Now let's take it back to Vibe awards
Where that nigga disrespect and then snuffed your
balls
A minute ago, all I heard was G-G-G-G-Unit
Fifty niggaz ran and they didn't even do shit

That's a shame, I was sitting right in the front
Waiting for you niggaz to dunk
Where are all your guns and them teflon vests?
We them terror squad boys
You should know not to test us
Hate it or love it, The Game's on top
Now you jealous of him, when your shit going to stop?
You've seen me before
Yous a bitch nigga straight out of low cash
LA don't believe him, this nigga is so ass
You dissed lean back, said my shit was a dud
Now tell me, have you ever seen 'em up in the club?
Nop, nop, nop shawty
That's right, you singin' more than you rappin
Now Fifty that ain't right

[Chorus]
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NEW YORK!

I know what y'all thinkin man
Y'all thinkin JD gonna slam lyrically
This nigga be crazy for dissin' Fat Joe man
He really crazy tho
This nigga be walkin around with twenty cops talking
shit on records
And never be comin out of his house
Feel like he can't get touched man
I'm gonna respond one time, one time only

It ain't gonna be more songs for me man
This is for all the mutha fuckers who doubted crack
Trust me, make a response ten thousand times
I ain't talkin back to that nigga
One thing I will promise you
if i aint get you im a get your family
That's it man
crack bitch
It's gonna be a real ugly summer man

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