

## Fat Joe

# "Grand Hang Out"

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I see you niggaz ain't rentin' and leasin' these cars  
Frontin' like you buyin', buyin', buyin', buyin'  
Claimin' that you makin' so much paper but I know  
That I know that you a liar, liar, liar, liar  
Let a grand hang out, let a grand hang out  
Dig deep into your pockets, let a grand hang out  
Let a grand hang out, let a grand hang out  
If you ballin', then quit the stallin', let a grand hang out

Uhh, uhh, uhh, c'mon  
Hey yo, I pull up so aggressive nigga, hoppin' out the  
thang  
Ice drippin' wet like I just hopped up out the rain  
My picture perfect pose like I hopped up out a frame  
Ain't a coach on the planet that can take me out the  
game  
My heart beats forever like my name was Eddie King  
A Midwest rider like my dirty Jesse James  
The C E O of dirty and he go by Cornell Haynes  
Mean muggin' all you niggaz like I hopped up out your  
dame

I'm like uh-oh, there he go-oh  
A hundred and twenty up natural bridge in that mo-mo  
Slippin' and slidin', look how he ridin' pass the ho-ho  
He blazin' that fire behind the niggas, they don't know-  
oh  
Whoo! I'm really thinkin' of changin' my name to Krispy  
Kreme  
I'm do-nuts nigga, let me tell you what I mean  
I'm paper chasin', chasin' the paper, you chasin'  
dreams  
My money gettin' stronger like it's takin' Creatine

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My pockets like Wyclef Jean, the Fugees  
We them locksmith boys, we keep a few keys  
Caterpillar pimp, that butterfly whores  
Lamborghini spreewells, butterfly doors  
Somethin' like Mcdonalds when I move in packs  
Quarter-Pound, supersized bullets and big macs  
House longer than I-70, arise ten stories  
And I still rob niggaz, just like Horry

Everybody hate on young true boy  
'Cause they know that the nigga on fire, fire, fire, fire  
Rap phenomenon, soon as the album drop  
Artists don't eat like the month of Ramadan  
Dirty this, dirty that, guess I'm a dirty cat  
Sellin' niggaz some chickens, rob 'em get the birdies  
back  
Plumber of the game that flood the state  
In a stretch phantom, with more windows than Bill  
Gates

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Yeah, they lease and we buy 'em, we peace and they  
crime  
They dyin' 'cause we street, keep heat and keep firin'  
Do y'all know, top of the world's my motto  
Anna Kournikova, yeah baby girl's my model  
All I wanted in life was to be a soldier  
Now you can find me with chicks just doin' yoga  
Meditation that Marley, the hydraulicals  
You heard big, go check the brown, they might hire you

High definition to any form of telecast  
Me and young dirty got plenty hoes and hella cash  
All I need is a minute to shatter your dreams  
And we about to sell more than Avril Lavigne  
And all I do is rep the hood, where the jugs be  
Can't help it if the folks at M TV love me  
Y'all see the T S we shinin', come to the B X we grindin'  
Y'all wanna be us keep tryin', we buyin', he's lyin'

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We like fuck that, I need a stack  
And like forty-nine to go with that  
I'm quick to tell a hoe her flow is wack  
The type to cop the Jersey, throw it back  
See I can stunt and tell a chick "Yo let your man hang  
out"  
Since he frontin' like it's nothin', let a grand hang out  
Fuck a handout, I been gettin' what since way back  
then?  
Can't wait to see they faces when I drop the Maybach

You lyin', you claim you buyin' but you rentin' and  
leasin'  
If you pimpin' and niggaz spendin', where's the paper  
you seein'?  
Stop stallin', I'm ballin', call me Sheryl Swoops  
Can't stand the backseat driver, that's why I cop the  
Coupe  
Yeah, I been testin' law with the darkest tints  
So explicit, valet had to tip to park the shit  
I'm like a, block away and the whip be startin'  
Oh God, it's Remy Martin

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