

Fat Joe**"He's Not Real feat Prospect Remi Martin"**

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Uh! Bringin It Back To The BX!
Wit my nigga Fat Joe, long side my nigga Prospect
Holdin the BX down
Bronx Burrough....Terror Squad

[Verse 1-Fat Joe]

Yo, everybody talkin gats, really don't pack em
98% of these rapper's is all actor's
Stay frontin, like you wild and'll spray somethin
Come to find out, you ain't never slanged nothin
Think it's the game, gon lose the sport
I seen dude's get bruised through fort
Then choose the court, a new's report
They just pursed the court
If you even think of bustin, they ass'll sooth your
thoughts
A damn shame, I'm from the streets where it's fair
game
Nigga's will ift you off your feet wit the Can-yan
Three in the chest and one in the part
For disrespect you, get left right in front of ya moms
Joe is the Don, you clean, then show me your arm's
For these track's, I'ma fiend like a soldier in 'Nam
Only the Bronx will blow your ass outta ya Lugz
Fuck love, here we believe in nothin but slugs

[Chrous-Prospect&Fat; Joe]

[Prospect]

Always you see him in the club frontin wit the ice grill....

[Fat Joe]

Be like, he's alright, but he's not real

[Prospect]

Actin like he got a money, cause he never hold steel....

[Fat Joe]

Be like, he's alright, but he's not real

[Prospect]

Always see him wit bodyguards around like he kill

[Fat Joe]

Be like, he's alright, but he's not real

[Prospect]

So if the feds after indictment's, we know he gon
squeal....

[Fat Joe]

Be like, he's alright, but he's not real

[Verse 2-Prospect]

Yo, I squeeze of gats and spit facts when I breath on
tracks

Got that hot shit, that make you ease on back

I'll make you leave the game like Ma\$, and get ya
name erased

Walk threw from place to place, and change the chase

I'm givin him terror, for the new millenium era

Automatic Semi's wit the fully clip and the leather

Poppin champagne like we celebrating whatever

Switch to the chin, shoot top, hair and a feather

Versatile, walking threw the aisle, hurtin the crowd

Even got the god in the cloud, observing this style

He love the way I do this, leavin nigga's clueless

It's Prospect, it's off wit ya head, you should've knew
this

My twin??. cock and squeeze, we stoppin G's

You better follow up, these nigga's can't rock wit these

Straight up, I speak life threw the mic though

Sprayin the town, and layin it down like whoa!

[Chrous-Prospect,Fat Joe&Remi; Martin]

[Prospect]

Always see him in the club, frontin wit the ice grill....

[Fat Joe]

Be like, he's alright, but he's not real

[Prospect]

Actin like he got a honey, cause he never hold steel...

[Fat Joe]

Be like, he's alright, but he's not real

[Prospect]

Always see him wit bodyguards around like he kill

[Fat Joe]

He's alright, but he's not real

[Prospect]

So if the feds after indictment, you know he gon
squeal....

[Remi Martin]

Be like, she's alright, but she's not real

[Verse 3-Fat Joe]

Yo, ayo I'm lookin for the perfect mami to ride wit me

Only wear she like to rock is 560

Swear to her mom's if it's on, she'll die wit me

Puff blunts, like to get high just like Whitney

Thug type, "Set It Off", like Jada
And this chick go both ways, don't hate her
Back in the block, they use to try to play her
Till the Don out her to the qualities much greater
Net Worth, put the tool in the skirt
Which you fools know about gettin head in reverse
About, clockin grips, and coppin whips
You muthafucker's stay frontin, stop poppin shit
Let's not forget, who be gettin robbed wit the choker
Man, I'm still rockin my same chains from "Flow Joe"
And you know Joe stay wit tha mack
You hatin the fact, you can't do nathan to crack
YA HEARD!!! [Chorus Till Fade] [Intro to Prodigy's
"Keep It Thoro"] "Oh y'all nigga's killa's now?"

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