

## Fat Joe "Jealousy"

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*[1st Verse]*

Nigga every time you see man  
You know you want to be me  
Ain't you can't deny the fact that this fat niggaz fly  
Went from Sergio to Kenny  
To moving them Lamborghini's  
Got you sick to your stomach  
Now you ask yourself why  
Nigga, Crack was the first  
You seem em in red monkeys  
And I bet you didn't know that they came in my size  
Now its highly controversial if you find me in  
commercial  
And you know that G five's the only way that we fly  
Now I'm feeling like Pharrell and Snoop  
The world beautiful  
Brazilian, Columbian chicks  
You know the usual  
Them niggaz over there please send them some  
bottles  
Cause they lookin' like some haters  
I don't really need the problems  
Cause these niggaz here  
We love to give ketchup  
We bloody up the whole damn room  
If you let us  
And I ain't tryin' to steal  
I'm just tryin' to chill  
And like up this Kush with this hundred dollar bill  
Nigga

*[Chorus]*

Jealousy  
Nigga, You's a grown man  
Why you get so jealous  
Why you take the stand

Jealousy  
Why you mad at my bitch  
Cause she wear fly shit  
And she push nice whips

Jealousy  
I don't owe you man  
I don't know you man  
I never sold you man

Jealousy  
Jealousy  
Jealousy

*[2nd Verse]*

All these niggaz jealous  
Please don't be mad  
Don't talk to them boys  
Bring up my past  
Don't tell em bout the Macks that I stashed in the grass  
And that ten mill terror squad  
Start up cash  
I'm a law abiding citizen  
I barely smoke blunts, now  
We into real estate  
We fuckin with Donald Trump now

When you know who  
Told them boys what  
I been rappin for years all of a sudden I'm hot  
Cause the only time you see me is probably when I'm  
on TV  
Smokin the cohiba on the deck of my yacht  
Nigga you could never be me, though I make it seem  
easy  
Only Nigga from the Bronx  
Though Miami's my block  
Now you got us fucked up  
Nigga we don't rat  
We don't talk to them boy's  
All we do it clap  
All we do is spill Crys  
Got that on tap  
Look at all the shit I accomplished  
Not bad for Crack

*[Chorus]*

*[3rd Verse]*

I'm feeling like Christ at the tabernacle  
Stones are thrown at me  
Record labels is hiding  
Nigga's disowning Joey  
And still I throw rocks at tanks  
The poor peoples champ  
Go against locks with shanks

Yeah I walk the middle of the streets with no body  
guards  
Stick up kid salute the hard body god  
My jail niggaz they love this shit  
Yeah they sharpen up they shanks while they bumpin'  
this shit  
And my niggaz on the table  
Yeah they listen to this  
Little Coca  
Little soda  
Yeah they whipping up shit  
And I know it sounds eerie but my niggaz better hear  
me  
If you speaking on the phones it wont be secret to the  
jury  
They hit you wit that Rico  
I'm not meaning PR  
I'm talking full scale riots  
Whole lot of triage  
And I know you not scared but please be cautious  
Cause these jealous ass niggaz could be walking  
amongst us

*[Chorus]*

To my jail niggaz  
To your street memories  
I know you can hear me now  
For the record we love you  
We miss you

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