

## Fat Joe

### "John Gotti"

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[Fat Joe:]

John Gotti, I'm in that catti with my bitch in the back  
your mami got a body but she into the clap.  
and I know you pitchin purple, but switchin the past,  
listen, don't make me hurt you, I'm just giving you back  
on that I'm not five swerving, to..to you  
niggas watch em for them blacks suburbs  
and no one is got the fads man papi's home,  
and papi got it good he can put as you want listen,  
how to make the ..blocks look hot  
9 to 10 benz is a couple of drops,  
couple of rubble bends so they corrupt cops,  
just to see my niggas eatin shit and huggin the blocks,  
crack a chest eyes em, right beside em  
in front of a 100 million viewers shouldn't surprise em  
we from the Bronx with the may us slipped up,  
and niggas get shot and broad 'cause we don't give  
up,  
f\*ck little niggas don't bite the G shoot you,  
all for a pair so nice the shits..  
while I see fean OD shot the wrong pack  
they've been call the shit the bomb smack  
word the crack, the god body, the hard body, the  
realest ever  
the John Gotti, this rap shit will they kill me ever  
crack pull up, everybody clear it out,  
anybody pumpin that rock, and getting airy out,

John Gotti, John Gotti, John Gotti just rap shit will they  
kill me never

John Gotti, John Gotti, John Gotti just rap shit will they  
kill me never

John Gotti, John Gotti, John Gotti

John Gotti just rap shit will they kill me never

[AKon:]

Wild big sitting up with..

I'm on the coast line politic and what hoze  
we got the birds flying in the coop all day  
tryin to find a new way to smuggle in period  
we bought up in the same, no small time..

if you ain't growing in the cane, then we ain't gonna  
need  
see I'm the one to call when things get deep  
and my Africans have put you main main to sleep now  
and Mexico far far from the block,  
tryin to figure out how many glocks to a box now,  
selling out is what it's rocks in my socks  
if you can show me from..here's the keys to the lock  
now  
yeah, you know the streets is my territory  
ain't scared of nothing let you fear it for me  
yeah whether wind lose it droll  
leave the death is waiting for all, yeah.

John Gotti, John Gotti, John Gotti just rap shit will they  
kill me never  
John Gotti, John Gotti, John Gotti just rap shit will they  
kill me never  
John Gotti, John Gotti, John Gotti  
John Gotti just rap shit will they kill me never

[Big Krit:]  
I'm waiting for my..by the thunder lightening clapping  
raining on my window pain and praying I make  
something happen  
our preachers proxis never bother me when I was  
younger,  
sitting on my grandmas lab and she cried I often  
wondered  
will they kill me never?  
I'm out the wood and run the streets  
I am paying dues and lose I pray your angels cover me  
and now believe I never have and never could be,  
Lord give me time to be..I should see  
sipping got me feeling like a play and riding clean  
been in corners hoping I might find my savior,  
I'm on the curve, the John Gotti just rap  
she will and..so I rarely feel the word,  
and doing what I can 'cause it really ain't much time,  
I leave us in the Lord dance I'm tired of crime.

John Gotti, John Gotti, John Gotti just rap shit will they  
kill me never

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