

Fat Joe

"Loyalty(feat. Armageddon, Prospect & Remy Martin)"

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[Intro - Fat Joe talking]

Cool & Dre, uh

Terror Squad motherfuckers

They're all gonna laugh at ya, haha

They're all gonna laugh at ya

Yeah, (YO), uh, (oh God), haha

Haha (feedin you, feedin you)

Yo (feedin you, feedin you)

[Fat Joe]

Yo, uh, yo, call me the JV artist

That means I own two joint ventures and two different labels, niggas that pay me homage

Been in this game for nine seasons

That's nine reasons why I'm expired the rhyme beefin

Ya'll niggas is rappin ass backwards

I left twenty spots since beginnin this rap shit

All yo papi lo que pasa contigo

Mad cause I'm the only nigga reppin our people

When I came in this game, no one wanted the job

All of a sudden niggas actin like they wanna go hard

Spittin venom 'bout the Squad, try and shittin the God

This ain't no "Scarface" shit, blow up your kids in the car

And since you wanna act like you livin a movie

I'll hit you with more shots than Bruce Lee got in a "Fist of Fury"

Bitch niggas, nothin but snitch niggas

Today you on my dick, tomorrow you on his nigga

Got deported from the Squad, can't afford another car

Where's your house at? I heard your livin with your moms (livin with your moms)

Blane nigga better stay in your place

Keep talkin, burst a flame in your face, motherfucker

[Armageddon]

Yo, yo, with this comparison the Geddy is God

Cause even though you never seen me, I been put fear in your hearts

And I'm smooth like a Mulo it theme

Skip bullets of your Coogi beam

Before you knew you were seen
Yeah I'm nice and I don't care if you know
Cause all you really need to understand is how hard I'm
rulin with Joe
And the streets is no place for late bloomers
Just gangsta niggas, snakes and bitches that meant to
spread rumors
Listen, I'm from the Bronx were the gun shoot rabid
Front if you want, but don't think we don't shoot rapids
I'm what some might consider a ghost
Cause I move at night, plus I'm the type to play a live
nigga close
I'm the ultimate, high consulted, rhyme vocalist
I write dope, spit dust and shit cocoa bricks
This is what you dicks need to act-knowledge
Or get the shit smacked outta ya fat cabbage
Don't ask why we act violent
We just killas and thugs
Niggas wit mad talent, that still dabble in drugs
I only rap now to speak to the streets
They say the Squad gotta feed 'em the beef
So we gonna feed 'em the beef

[Prospect]

My nine milly blaze, and hit hard like Willy Mays
Since my kiddy days, grew up with thugs who were
really crazed
Ain't no silly games, right here be the truth
150 proof, whoever, I'm talkin to you
They call me Prospect, I'm one in a mil
One of the real, I rap but I still put a gun in your grill
I'm the reason why I catch you when your car breezin
by, with your Iceberg team
You look when the light turns green
Your scared to death, don't make me have to air at ya
chest
Or tear ya flesh, for actin like I carin whats left
Anyone can get it in a minute give it some time, I'm
livin this rhyme
Let my nine get in your spine, sit and recline
Get so mad, forget and rewind
So I can see what I did again and just slide
To the next level, hop on the bike and just pedal
Bustin at your best rebel, who runnin to test medal
Let me get settled, lay my mom down in this game
For niggas kinda refain, I push 'em down in the train
Bout it the same, my three cousins up in the Benz
Big, G Psycho and E, ya'll know what this is

[Remy Martin]

Yo, yo, It's the T, E, a R a, a R a, O, R Squad

So you know I gotta be that bitch Remy Mar
With Armageddon and your nigga Joe The God
Tony Sunshine and motherfuckin Prospect
Straight out the projects
A forest, where they kill for mils and they blast the steel
But I'm from murda murda Castle Hill
I got a big ass burner, but I'll slash your grill
Yo don't got no status, don't want no static
They knew you was loco toto, and I don't no Spanish
All I know is how to cock back and aim for the cabbage
And keep on bustin 'til the bitch brain splatter
And the kids won't matter, when the crib's on fire
What you spit don't matter, cause this bitch on fire
And I won't stop rockin 'til I retire
Any bitch disagree is a god damn liar

[Outro - Fat Joe talking]

Yeah, uh infamous Terror Squad nigga
Loyalty, what does it mean to you
How many a ya'll niggas is loyal?
All these Benedict Arnold niggas
Switch sidin niggas, ya heard?
Nigga I throw this whole rap shit out the window in a
sec, ya heard?
Joe Crack the Don Diggle
The savior, Caesar, the streets is mine nigga
We ride, who wanna test the record launcher, ya see
'em?
Uh, haha, feedin you, feedin you, feedin you Make
your move baby, c'mon Step up baby They're all gonna
laugh at ya [laughing], woo, BX

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