Fat Joe
"Murder Rap feat Armageddon"

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[Fat Joe]
Uh-oh, uh-oh..
Let's get it over with.
Yo sound boy turn the levels up
Let's get it over with, UH!
Terror Squad up in this motherfucker
Where my real niggaz at?
My Bronx niggaz, my (?) niggaz
I see you Lil' Hat! Uh, Ahaha!
It's time to take it to these niggaz right here
Yeah.. yo.. yo..

Who wanna spaz out? Crunchtime, blow ya abs out
Leave you in the fetal position, witcha ass out
Ready to mash out any crew actin like
they the true facts of life, frontin through the camera
lights
Despite, we hold it down regardless
I got Def Jam suckin me like, "I wish you was my artist"
For starters, who's the largest cat?
Get a hundred grand from my most garbage rap
Now how hard is that? Everything we spit be hot
Whether it's live on Flex or in front of the chicken spot
Grimed out, we really live whatchu rhyme 'bout
See me posted up in the Tunnel, with my shines out
Ice cold like Alaska when I pass ya
Got girls shakin, losin they breath, as if they catchin
asthma
Headed to the bar to pop some bottles
Now we in the car headed home to rock some models
All I hear in the background is Gucci and Prada
But I'm tryna gas these bitches to screw me for nada
We the best that done it, confess you fronted
Anybody wanna test how much straps, you want it?

[Hook - Fat Joe]
Aiyyo the gangsta's back
Stop it right where you at
Let a real nigga rock real murderer rap
Tell them thug niggaz, listen to that
Gotchu feelin it hard like Joe the God's really bringin it

back!

[Fat Joe]
I'm from my days and legends, since age eleven
I was the cause of dope fiends catchin AIDS infections
Most of us are dead, but the rest is locked
Runnin in the rec room and check me out on the box
A CEO could get optioned tryna change the channel
It's like tryna take the flesh outta the mouth of hungry cannibals
Joe the God, the flow is hard
Known for packin two dozen birds like Noah's Ark
I'm the realest of 'em, make you feel the pressure
Catch you at a club, smack you up, steal ya leather
You niggaz soften me, beat you out of the mix
Tough talk, tough walk, but you cry like a bitch
I see you downin the Cris', I'm not hatin, I'm just aggrevated
I ask myself every day, how these faggots made it?
Fuck around with the Don and get decapitated
I'm sick of hearin 'em (?) for all the cats that made it

[Hook - Fat Joe]

[Hook 2 - Armageddon]
Aiyyo the kid is back
Leave it right where you at
Let a real nigga hold that, you probably won't clap
Tell them thug niggaz, move it on back
I'm feelin tight and I'm hot
Ready to pop the crack right through your back

[Armageddon]
That's how Kenny rocks, I'm more advanced than how your learnin
I'm like the force of space balance and planets while they churnin
Poppin rosary beads, piss on ya candle while it's burnin
Rush ya widows crib and pop ya... bodies...
Now I know you can feel the heat I generate
Imagine when I penetrate ya stomach, and make ya body's center bake
We can argue for days, whether it's faster to drop five shots
in ya astronaut before you cloud the stash box
Splash ya brains on ya birds' laps
Swerve you on the curb, crash the Range, and push the front skirt back
And murk after that, blurtin curse words
Yo I popped that nigga's son one before we catch the first

I'ma kill any murderer, leave a nigga burpin up
Blood, chokin on chunks of his lung interior
Every verse that I spit's a personal riff
I meet a ill key frontin, I'm a murder you shit
Niggaz play me while distrubin the Bricks
I'm like the feelin of the first time they ever held a bird
in they grip
Motivator thug, scrape 'em, shoot the bolts in his butt
Energizin 'em up, make 'em wanna open 'em up
Actin like I can't happen till I smack him in his Adam's
apple
Death to rappin, I don't wanna battle
I'd rather rush your studio session and shatter the
booth Clap at ya face, give the mic feedback the goof
[Hook] [Hook 2]