

## Fat Joe "Murder Rap"

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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 fast niggaz  
I see you Lil' Hat! Uh, Ah aha!  
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 what you 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 tryin' to 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?

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

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 tryin' to 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 souls for all the cats that made it

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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

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 disturbin' 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

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