

Fat Joe

"My 44"

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Yeah that'll do it, man I told y'all niggas
You fuckin' wit the Don nigga, follow me

50, meet 50, he's the fakest dud you ever seen
Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how this nigga ever get seen
Once I got you I'ma give you my, my 44, 44, 44
My, my 44, 44, 44, my, my 44, 44, 44
I'ma give it to ya, nigga nice and slow

50 you gon end up dead when you fuckin' wit crack
Sayin' you gon pop off, where the fuck you be at
(Cook)
I C MJ in the hood more den curtis
Matter fact, dis beef shit is makin' niggas nervous

Every week families grievin' at Sunday service
End up wit ya head popped off thanx to curtis
But he don't care, he stay locked up in that house and
shit
Steroid up and he won't come up out that bitch

Is it me or Candy Shop sound like magic stick?
In the video, this nigga 50 'bout to strip
Shakin' his ass, what the fuck is wrong with this, nigga?
50 don't make me brat

Oh yeah, you got 65 niggas on your team
But they're not from south side Jamaica queens
They're the boys in blue, I'm just speakin' the truth
Now we all see the bitch in you, follow me

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Now let's take it bak to the vibe awards
Where did nigga lost and den snuffed your boss
Ready to go, all I heard was G-Unit
50 niggas ran and they didn't even do shit

That's a shame, I was sittin' right in the front
Waitin' for yo niggas to duck
Where all them guns at? And the thephlon vests?
We them terror squad boys you should no not to test us

Hate or love it the games on top, now you jealous of
him
When yo shit gunna stop?
You see, you a bitch nigga straight outta lowa cash
Everybody don't believe him, this niggas so ass

This lean back said my shit was a dud
Now tell me have you ever seen them up in the club?
(Nope, nope, nope)
No shorty
That's right you singin' more than you rappin' now 50
that ain't right

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