

Fat Joe

"My Conscience"

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"My Conscience"

(feat. KRS-One)

[Fat Joe]

Coca! Krills!

{A-A-A-Al-Al-Al-Al-Alchemist}

uh hun, uh hun, shit,

My mind playin tricks, my mind playin tricks...

Uh! I don't give a fuck, no! I don't give a fuck, no!

Sex, money, murder, we call this the hit 'em up flow

Barely fifteen, copped my first triple bean

Tryna get wit Fat Cat

and Pappy to do my thing

I'm just a kid, with envisions

and visions of gettin C.R.E.A.M.

Ronald Reagan told me

"Yo, Joey just do ya thing"

Now I'm lookin back, man

I ain't have no conscience

Slappin niggaz silly

till them niggaz fell unconscious

Speakin of my conscience

Now it be fuckin with me

So-called activist

try to dis me publicly

And they don't even know where my heart at, heart at

And I don't even know where to start at, start at

[KRS-One]

But this your conscience speakin

No time for cryin and weepin

You tryin to climb, you reachin

up to ya prime, you eatin'

You ripped a rhyme last weekend

You cleared a mill, no cheatin'

Who give some fuck what they speakin'?

Just keep movin, leadin!

You from the place of them heathens

Cop needs to see them

for no reason,

Young hustlers in the street bleedin

Moms grievin
Joe, you came up from all that
Fuck that, you taught us how to survive, CRACK!

[Hook: Fat Joe]

My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me
In my dreamin, all they try to put the fix on me
Reminisce when I used to had them bricks on me
My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me

[KRS-One]

Would the critics come at you if you was Arnold
Schwarzenegger?
Killing cops in movies (BO! BO! BO!), promotin graphic
anger
You should run for governor, Republicans be lovin ya!

[Fat Joe]

Yeah, wave the Confederate flag like some
Southerners?!
Nah! I rather be on the block like a hustler
Guns with the mufflers
D's put the cuffs on us
He's an MC and these streets put they trust in us

[KRS-One]

Yeah Joey Crack, but they also put they lust in us
They fuss wit us, ain't nobody helpin us!
One minute they cheerin us
Next minute they cussin us!

[Joe Crack (KRS)]

Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!
Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em!
That's that nigga bitch-hoe shit (OHH!)
I don't even trust 'em (OHH!)
My conscience says no
I wanna hit 'em wit a '9 (Haaaaaah!)
These are some thoughts, re-occurring on my mind,
now

[Hook: Fat Joe]

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Reminisce when I used to had them bricks on me
My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me

[Fat Joe]

Yeah..
Is this my conscience speakin?
Sounds like my mentor

[KRS-One]

Yup, you guessed it!
How else could I enter?
It's been a couple of years, as we rock the joint venture
You ain't been callin me lately, you don't remember?!

[Fat Joe (KRS-One)]

Shiiiiit!
Who you think I got my whole style from?
Them live shows, before the \$20,000
See the 'Rinas, before cocaina
You and Scott La Rock, back to back in them Beemers
(Yeeeah)
I was just a young'n on the corner, I'm a slinger
You was on ya album cover, finger on tha nina (BO! BO!
BO! BO! BO! BO!)
Flip to 360, now you The Teacha (Yup...)
"Self-Destruction" (C'mon)
Damn, you the leader!

[KRS-One]

Joe, let's take it back to "Don Cartegena"
You and Big Pun had the whole Bronx demeanor!
560 gear, that Boriqua pride
Did burners with the tats crew on the 2's and 5's
You was with Relativity, I was with Jive
All the BULLSHIT you been through
How you survive?!

[Fat Joe]

Kris, that's why I'm the greatest Of all time

[KRS-One - chuckling]

Joe, (I'm) the best!! You must be out ya fuckin mind!

[Hook: Fat Joe]

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In my dreamin, all they try to put the fix on me
Reminisclin when I used to had them bricks on me
My mind, my mind, my mind is playin tricks on me

[KRS-One]

KRS, Fat Joe, you know what it is
K-R-S-UNO es fresco

[Fat Joe]

My mind playin tricks, my mind playin tricks...
BX, TS nigga - UH!

