

Fat Joe

"My Fo Fo"

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Yeah that'll do it, yeah, I love hip hop
I love this motherfuckin' hip hop game
This nigga here is a little nigga, man
Stay in your motherfuckin' lane, nigga
You fuckin' with a Don, nigga, Crack, follow me

Fifty, meet Fifty, he's the fakest have you ever seen?
Curtis, Curtis Jackson
How come you can never ever be seen?

(Once I got you, I'ma give you my)
My, my fo fo fo fo fo
My, my fo fo fo fo fo, my, my fo fo fo fo fo
I'ma give it to you, baby, nice and slow

Fifty, you gon' end up dead when you fuckin' with Crack
Talkin' about you gon' pop off, where the fuck you be
at?
Cook, I see MJ in the hood more than Curtis
Matter fact, this beef shit is making niggaz nervous

It's gonna be families grieving every Sunday service
End up with your head popped off, thanks to Curtis
But he don't care, he stay locked up in the house an'
shit
Steroid up and he won't come about that bitch

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

Oh yeah, you got sixty-five niggaz on your team
And they're not from Southside, Jamaica, Queens
They're the boys in blue, I'm just speakin' the truth
Now we all see the bitch in you, follow me, nigga

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Now, let's take it back to the Vibe awards
Where that nigga disrespect and then snuffed your
boss
Minute ago, all I heard was G-G-G-Unit
Fifty niggaz ran and they didn't even do shit

That's a shame, I was sittin' right in the front
Waitin' for you niggaz to dump
Where all thug guns and them Teflon vests-es?
We them Terror Squad boys, you should know not to
test us

'Hate it or Love It,' The Game's on top
Now you jealous of him, when your shit gon' stop?
You 'CB4,' youse a bitch nigga 'Straight Outta Locash'
L.A. don't believe him, this nigga is so ass

You dissed 'Lean Back,' said my shit was a dud
Now tell me have you ever seen 'em up in the club?
Nope, nope, no shawty that's right
You singin' more than you rappin' now Fifty that ain't
right

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New York, I know what y'all thinkin', man
Y'all thinkin' Jada gon' slay him lyrically
This nigga be crazy for dissin'
Fat Joe man, he really crazy though

This nigga be walkin' around with
Twenty cops talkin' shit on records
Never comin' out his house
Feel like he can't get touched, man

I respond one time, one time only
It ain't gon' be no more songs from me, man
And this for all the muh'fuckers
Who doubted Crack man

Trust me, nigga could response ten thousand times
I ain't talkin' back to that nigga
The one thing I will promise you

If I want get you I'm gon' get you
And that's it, man, it's Crack, bitch
It's gon' be a real ugly summer, man

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