

Fat Joe "My FoFo"

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

Fifty, meet Fifty
He's the fakest thug that you've ever seen
Curtis, Curtis Jackson
How come you can never ever been seen

Once I got you, I'm gonna give you
My, my, fo fo fo, fo fo
My, my, fo fo fo, fo fo
My, my, fo fo fo, fo fo
I'm going to give it to you, baby, nice and slow

Fifty you goin' to end up dead when you fuckin' with
crack
Talk about your gun pop off, where the fuck you be at
I see MJ in the hood more than Curtis
Matter of fact, this beef shit is making niggaz nervous

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

Is it me or does 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 South Side Jamaica, Queens
They're the boys in blue and I'm just speakin' the truth
Yeah we all see the bitch in you, follow me

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Now let's take it back to the Vibe awards
Where that nigga disrespect and then snuffed your
boss
A minute ago, all I heard was G 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 dunk
Where are all your guns and them Teflon vests?
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 going to stop?
You CB4, you's a bitch nigga straight out of low cash
And they 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?
No, no, no shorty
That's right, you singing than more than you rappin'
Now Fifty that ain't right

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I know what y'all thinkin' man
Y'all thinkin' Jada gonna slam 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 and never be comin' out of his
house

Feel like he can't get touched man
I respond one time, one time only

It ain't gonna be more songs for me man
This is for all the mutha fuckers who doubted crack
Trust me, nigga can response ten thousand times
I ain't talkin' back to that nigga

One thing I will promise you
If I won't get you I'm gonna get your
That's it man, this is crack bitch
It's gonna be a real ugly summer man

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