

Fat Joe

"Okay Okay"

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Lower the music, keep the mic up
Turn the mic up, yeah uhh, Coca
Okay, okay, okay
E Philly, I see you nigga, yeah, yeah
This is on my boy Georges, Tricky's is sellin' boulevard
(Tricky boo)
My niggaz with buck fifties and bullet scars
Gangster bitches that ain't afraid to kill a broad
You witness the realest nigga to spit this hard
Yeah, look at my clothes
Look at these diamonds, look how I pose
Man, take a look at my hoes
Brazilians, Sicilians, got millions of those
(Aoww)
Yeah, who's harder than crack?
Have the awe to play martyr then I father you back
Bein' burst you didn't earth you make you part of the
mack
Then I ask the whole block who got a problem with that
You feel me? No joke, no gimmicks
(Gimmicks)
You fuckin' with niggas that live the lyrics
Cold blooded, when it's drama ain't tryin' to hear it
(Nope)
That body fresh, you can still see the spirit
Till my last breath, I'ma rap till the death
Whether with wax or sellin' cracks on my steps
Great with the knives, much better with the tecs
Believe me, it's easy, I'll leave you a mess
I'm like yeah, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
I'm like yeah, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Yo, 300 brolic, yeah, I'm sendin' them niggas
You's a hot pink skinny jean feminine, nigga
I balls 'til I falls then I get back up
And my arms like a gift the way the shit racked up
My ambition to get it, the Bronx still burnin'
And them trees stay greener than them eyes on Erick
Sermon
I'm swervin', observin', fake niggas I'm learnin'

Him and they gangsters, leave your brains on the curb
and
I'm servin' any nigga that want it
I'm not a role model, how could I be, I'm blunted
Joe so cool wearin' stunners in the night
Suede in the rain, walkin' mud in my whites
Dominican bitch, you can find me in the Heights
Maserati, Ducati about a hundred bikes
Real shit, that's the story of my life
Look at me wrong, I thought getting' money was right
Till my last breath, I'ma rap till the death
Whether with wax or sellin' cracks on my steps
Great with the knives, much better with the tecs
Believe me, it's easy, I'll leave you a mess
I'm like yeah, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
I'm like yeah, okay, okay, okay
Okay, okay, okay
Okay, ha, ha, ha, we live the lyrics man
We really run these streets man
Pop your shit off, you get too close, nigga
Yeah, ain't nobody seein' the squad
The hardest niggas
Realest niggas in this whole shit man
I don't wanna hear about you niggas did time
Them niggas who's hard, you faggots
I'm talkin' to every rapper
Nobody lived my life, nigga
It's Coca, Joe Crack, the Don
Want the crown? Come get it, nigga
BX, what up?

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