

Fat Joe

"Take A Look At My Life"

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Whoop, friendly day in the neighborhood
Birds is chirpin'
(Hi neighbor)
Niggas walkin' they dogs, ha ha, watering they flowers
That's my neighborhood, fuck no

I'm from the streets of the BX Boro where niggas push
packs
This is that surge shit, that full flex shit, Al Groh shit
Raul ya heard me?
Macho, Jigga Brown JD, Charlie Rock LD, Remy Ma, unh
Sound boy turn this shit up right here

I'm your idol, your highest title, numero uno
Yes, I'm Puerto Rican and I speak it so that you know
Stomp, yeah, that's the idea
Leave that nigga leakin from ear ta ear

Listen here young bruh, man ya end is near
They probably, find your body at the end of the pier
Niggas must be crazy to mistakin' me for folk lore
I put the eighty to your baby man, I told y'all

Fuckin' wit' crack's like fuckin' wit' Crack
What? Pull out the pipe or push your weight back
Look, ya hate that, look we stay strapped
From Crook from way back done took the game back

Ya shook, remain fact top of the world, stop knockin the
girl
She in the drop with already rock lock and the pearl
Fish Scale ta Heron, live well from here on
Half a mil in ya grill, of course we bare all

Niggas thinkin' that this rap is just words
I pull up in they curb, pull a Desert Bird
And clear the block in no time
Get off my dick, stop focus shit and getcha own shine,
muhh'fucka

Take a look at my life, and you can see that
I'm from the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat

clap
Y'all need a nigga like me to point cha fingers at
So stop hating on The Don, you know ya need Crack

Take a look at my life, and you can see that
I'm from the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat
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Y'all need a nigga like me to point cha fingers at
So stop hating on The Don, you know ya need Crack

First we was thuggin', then bust sluggin'
My lifestyle the shit, really had the streets buggin'
Oh no, he ain't come back like that
Not Crack with a platinum plaque, yo

It's the thirteenth al spinna, niggas use to doubt
Now we even made Craig Common look like a winner
Me and Diddy skippin' out on bills
Just copped the house on a hill, now how that feel?

Fuck, alot of y'all niggas, you been shittin' since the
first song
Now we rip it down spring break with no shirt on
Ass all out, just swoonin' the crowd
Same damn mean bitches wanna move in my house

You see us back to back in 'em snow white trucks
Chain hanging off the rim, you not giving a fuck
You must not be reading it right
Ice so bright, we don't need headlights at night

Yo, crack niggas, ask niggas how I smack niggas
With the mac flast 'cuz I am what I rap, nigga
TS throw in your hands, make 'em pack nigga
To never let another crew move his back nigga, what

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Yeah, DJ Kay Slay a.k.a. Slap ya favorite DJ
The black Fat Joe of the motherfuckin' game
Terror Squad motherfuckers, y'all know what it is

I'll buck, ooh, ooh ooh

I'll slap the shit out of one of you motherfuckers
Y'all front on the Squad, man? Y'all know what it is,
man
2003 shit, faggot ass motherfuckers, get the fuck outta
here
Oh, oh, oh yeah, and most of youse owe me

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