

Fat Joe

"Temptation 1"

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(Beat Novacane!)

[Chorus 2X: Fat Joe]

Lord forgive me temptation to kill
But I gotta give these crackheads the definition of real
Motherfucker die - don't look in my eye
Take this wit'cha nigga, tell the devil I sent ya

[Fat Joe]

Yup! Death ain't sweet man
But it's a fact that one day ya breath gon' cease
Some niggaz get cremated, others rest in peace
You can get shot tomorrow if you test these streets
Go against Crack - hehehe - that's a problem
I'm a driveby, stabbin, napalm kinda problem
Choose one, the AK or revolver
I'll leave your body leakin layin on the carpet
Yeah, this nigga don't care
Have your head spinnin like that chick Linda Blair
I'm the Exorcist, niggaz don't know when they exit is
But I keep a K that cause a mass exo-dus
You don't want no problems, problems
Fuckin with these frauders {?}
I had the ambulance racin the street
Have your poor momma raisin the sheets, muh'fucker

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Let me tell you 'bout myself, you can find me alone
On the streets of the Bronx, that's the county I own
Well at least that's the one I'm claimin
You know a muh'fucker that's realer then name him
Damn near a decade done passed and we still on top
My nigga Pun died, niggaz thought the shit gon' stop
I'm not concerned with the rumors and the small talk

Thought a nigga learned when he caught it and he
walked off

Shoulda put the burn to a nigga so he'd slow down
Niggaz won't be thinkin, that's it rap, when it go down
In L.A. we got Bloods and Crips, in Chi-Town the Kings

Got other mob bosses kissin my ring
Don't confuse me wit'cha favorite MC
Difference is this mans'll kill him as a favor for me
Until then it's just...

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Yo - wake up in a cold sweat
5:15 in the mornin, hear my phone ring
It's my nigga Ant speedin, slow down dog
You actin like the po-po chasin ya, be easy
He tellin me, "Crack where the fuck is you at?"
I'm at the hotel Radisson, hour ago
I did a show out in Patterson, took the bitch home
Nigga you know she was the baddest one, as was the
Fattest one
This nigga Ant yell, "Crack what's her name?"
Carmen, why you stallin, why the fuck you callin
He said, "Joe they tryin to set you up
Put you six feet deep tryin to wet you up
You know that nigga Pablo from... Ave
Now he push pounds of blow, niggaz swear he bad"
Yeah, Mr. Friendly, he's pussy I bet'cha
Nah he sent his sister to the club to come get'cha

DAMN! Wake up ma

I'm sho' gon' miss ya purty face suckin my DICK bitch!
{click-click, BLAM}

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