

## Fat Joe

### "This Shit Is Real"

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Fat Joe]  
Yeah  
This is goin out..  
to all the live motherfuckers, knowwhat!msayin?  
All the real niggaz  
Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Queens  
California  
LaBella Puerto Rico, wherever the fuck you from  
Knowwhat!msayin? Yeah

This story takes place, back in the South Bronx  
where at the age of 14 I was already knockin off punks  
(yeah!)  
And suckers were scared to death -- every time I  
walked by  
I hear them niggaz take their last breath (ahhh..)  
See I just didn't give a fuck - and if you had a C-skin  
a leather bomber, you was gettin stuck (word!)  
That was the way it was  
One day I went to visit my aunt, and stuck up my cuz  
See shit was fucked up back then  
No matter what the fuck I did I never had no ends  
And my moms was on walfare  
Aiyyo I knew I had a father, but the nigga was never  
there  
So what the fuck was I to do  
I'm sick and tired of bein the bummiest nigga out the  
crew  
I gotta get mine, I gotta get cash  
I see an old man, I'm gonna rob him with the quick-fast  
Give me your motherfuckin loot, papi  
I'm gonna get paid, and can't a damn thing stop me  
See, I'm tired of this poor shit  
And who the cops? Well they can suck my motherfuckin  
dick  
Cause all them niggaz ever do is harass  
That's why I get glad when I hear somebody smoked  
that ass (\*gunshot\*)  
Just to let ya know how I feel  
Word em up, the fuckin shit is real  
Hey yo, it's real

Chorus: (\*cuts "Down on the reel to reel"\*)

Aiyyo the shit is real  
Aiyyo it's real  
Word up, the shit is real

[Fat Joe]

Now I'm sixteen and there's a brand new scene  
I'm makin mad loot, gettin paid off the dope fiends  
(word)  
Keep the shit in check, in order  
and my main man Tone was fuckin everybody else's  
daughter  
See everybody knew in town  
that Joe and Tone had shit locked down  
And a nigga wouldn't test me  
It seems like every other day the fuckin cops arrest me  
(yea!)  
But the shit will never stick  
I make one phone call and be out like quick  
Cause Uncle Dan had my back  
And now niggaz gettin jealous cause they know I'm livin  
fat  
Talkin shit around the way and on the block  
But never in my face, cause they knew I packed a glock  
And my crew is mad deep  
A bunch of crazy Puerto Ricans, so aiyyo don't sleep  
(word!)  
And all you bitch ass niggaz know the deal  
Check it out, the fuckin shit is real  
Hey yo, it's real

Chorus: (\*cuts "Down on the reel to reel"\*)

Aiyyo it's real  
The fuckin shit is real  
Yeah.. aiyyo it's real

[Fat Joe]

Check it out  
Let me let ya know why I made this song (why?)  
Brothers can't deal with the real, word is bond  
I'm sick and tired of these fake ass niggaz  
sayin that they catchin bodies when they never pulled a  
trigga  
I know your style, I've seen it before  
You wear an army suit, now you think you're hardcore  
Drinkin on your 40's, smokin on your blunts  
Can't afford a chain so you wear gold fronts, yeah  
You're fakin the funk, kid

And you'll be gettin it up the ass if you ever did a fuckin  
bid  
It's time to separate the real from the phony  
The name is Fat Joe, punk, act like you know me  
I come equipped with the ruff shit  
Nowadays I can't believe the bull rappers come up with  
And all ya bitch-ass niggaz know the deal  
Check it out, the fuckin shit is real  
Hey yo, it's real

Chorus: (\*cuts "Down on the reel to reel"\*)

Aiyyo the shit is real  
Aiyyo it's real  
The fuckin shit is real

[Fat Joe]  
Word up!  
I wanna say peace to my peeps, The Beatnuts  
Messengers of Funk, Strickly Roots  
My man Funk Flex, Zulu Nation  
Jazzy J in the house  
Diamond D, the whole Diggin' in the Crates crew  
And rest in peace to my man Tony Montana  
Aiyyo, I'm out, word is bond  
The shit is real

(\*cuts "Down on the reel to reel"\*)

Aiyyo

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