

Fat Joe

"Victim"

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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 motherfucking lane nigga
You fucking with the Don nigga
Follow me

Fifty me, fifty, he's the fakest that you've ever seen
Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how come you can never been
seen?
Once I got you, I'm gonna get give you

My, my, fo fo fo fo
My, my, fo fo fo fo
My, my, 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 girl 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 grieving every sunday service

End up with your head popped off, thanks to Curtis
But he don't care, he's still locked up in his house and
shit
Steroid up and he wont come about that bitch
Is it me or does candy shop sound like magic stick?
In the video, this nigga fifty 'bout to strip

Shaking 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 speaking the truth
Yeah, we all see the bitch in you
Follow me

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I'm going to give it to you baby, nice and slow

Now let's take it back to vibe awards

Where that nigga disrespect and then snuffed your
balls

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 sitting right in the front

Waiting 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've seen me before

You 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 shawty

That's right, you see them more than you rappin'

Now Fifty that ain't right

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Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how come you can never been
seen?

Once I got you, I'm gonna get give you

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My, my, fo fo fo fo

My, my, fo fo fo fo

I'm going to give it to you baby, nice and slow

I know what y'all thinkin' man

Y'all thinkin' JD gonna slam lyrically

This nigga be crazy for dissin' Fat Joe man

He really crazy tho

This nigga be walkin' around with twenty cops talking

shit on records
And never be comin' out of his house
Feel like he can't get touched man
I'm gonna respond one time, one time only

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

One thing I will promise you
That's it man
This is crack bitch
It's gonna be a real ugly summer man

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