

Fat Joe "Watch The Sound"

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Ninety-three it's time man
(All out yo, because youknowwhatI'msayin')

A Grand Puba, Diamond D
Fat Joe, it's time to get the dough
Grand Puba, Diamond D
Fat Joe, it's time to get the dough

Boom bip, BAM, here I am
Even fans in Japan, be tellin' me I'm the man
Fat Joe, a.k.a. the woman fucker
Beat you down to the ground, stomp your face with my
Chucker

So niggaz back up, yo, I'ma set it
Fuckin' with me, you won't live to regret it
I don't fake moves, I break peeps
I'm takin' niggaz gold chains, they cash and the Jeeps

See, I don't give a fuck about a niggaz rep
We can go glock for glock or tec for tec, sheeeeyit
I heard a motherfucker wants to turn snitch
I cut the niggaz head off and sent it to his fuckin' bitch

I ain't lettin' a nigga take the stand
Play Sammy the Bull, be one dead man
See suckers can't hang with the slang
And if they bring the whole gang
Well, then they'll all catch a bang-bang

I come from the Bronx and not the Boogie down
Niggaz don't ever come and front in my part of town
See everybody knows my pedigree
There ain't another motherfuckers that's better than
me

I could make em pump, I could make 'em jump
But I'm mostly known for givin' other niggaz lumps
So niggaz better chill and maintain
I'm blowin' motherfuckers out the frame

And if a nigga try to flex

Fuck around and catch a motherfuckin' suplex
I'm a motherfucker like a shower
Don't test the Puerto Rican power

Fat Joe in the year of ninety-three
Peace to Grand Pu' and my man Diamond D
So punks jump up to get beat down
Yeah, but for now watch the sound

Watch de sound when I timber
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Check it, yo Fat Joe, it's time to fuckin' flow
Niggaz know the game
It's time to blow the bitch-ass niggaz out the frame
Guess who comes to represent?

If you motherfuckers don't know, well, here's a hint
It's the God and I still bag chicks
Make the girls feel hot, be like a faggot with the bag of
dicks
So come on cause I'm comin' for the basket

Say goodbye to your friends and start headin' for the
casket
So Doogie make the daquiris and light the chocolate
That you got from Willy Wonka in the Chocolate Factory
Let's squeeze a trigger for the nigga

See I flipped to the 'lo, cause I'm through with the
Hilfiger
'Cause I flips the flavor-loo
It's good for a fuck or two, you couldn't see this
No matter what the fuck you do
I smash that ass like a block of hash
Then I rob you for cash, you little bitch ass

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Niggaz know the flav, I don't have to take a step
I earn my respect then quiet as kept

Yeah, guard your grill if you try to catch wreck
Smack the back of your neck, and take your Youth Core
check

I make more dough than Gregory Peck
Never have to raise a fist, I keep my stunts in check
I play a nigga out, like a Las Vegas dealer
Living in the light, just like Karen Wheeler

So back up and take a good look because you should
look
At what a good cook, can do without a fuckin' cookbook
I don't sniff coke and I don't smoke coolies
Even Italians say I'm one cool moolie

But niggaz call me JoJo
I'm quick to stick a chick, 'cause I kick the Willie BoBo
On the Northside, on the Southside, on the Westside
You can't budge me nigga, even the best tried
To pull a fast one, but you know what happened to the
last one?

He got his motherfuckin' ass done
So step up, front, I'm not a bitch-ass chump
Chicks by the clicks, 'cause my pockets got the mumps
See, I'm the wrong nigga to fuck with
Don't try to play yourself, 'cause you'll be stuck with

A motherfuckin' ice pick right through the cheek
I'm leavin' crab niggaz, layin' in the street
I won't 'fess, walk around with a vest
Knockin' niggaz off, 'cause I could care less

You want a fair one, forget it
And your girlfriend, yo, I let my man hit it
So save the bluff, you know you ain't tough
I pull your card 'cause you're soft like fluff kid
I never ever did a bid
I punch a nigga down a Row named Skid

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