

## Fat Joe

### "Ya'meen"

Visit "[Ya'meen](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yo, I'm 'bout to hit you with this ya'meen  
On top of the ya'meen, with a lil' bit of ya'meen mixed  
in  
Ya'meen? Yeah, yeah, yo

How should I get it started, f\*\*\* it, just get it started?  
These trash talking artists is nothing, n\*\*\*\*z is  
garbage  
When Meth strike his target, leave it dearly departed  
His flow is clearly the hardest, y'all gon' feel me  
regardless

Might break a promise but never breaking the code  
Some get popped and call for they mamma, when the  
drama unfolds  
My block, hot as a sauna, n\*\*\*\* w\*\*\* u\* a\*\* j\*\*\*  
C\*\*\*\* deals on every corner, fiends wanna foam you  
with soap

And, if life's a b\*\*\*\*, then I bet she bitter and cold  
Every time she thinking I fold, seven figures get sold  
Meth, all in your chest or inhale it all in your nose  
Cops don't know about this Method but smell it all in his  
clothes

Yup, I'm still intact, how real is that, I'm back  
With enough, fits a million, to figure vanilla wraps up  
New York, New York, Rock Tube socks and Timberlands  
'Cause hip hop ain't feeling them flip-flops, they  
feminine

I'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, it's the top billing, the block feeling like  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, f\*\*\* with me, yeah, f\*\*\* with me  
(Ya'meen, ya'meen)  
Yeah, if you not for squealing and for spilling the  
(Ya'meen)

The streets is watching the apple rotten like

(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, plus the B.B. hot and the towers dropping like  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, f\*\*\* with me, yeah, f\*\*\* with me  
(Ya'meen, ya'meen)  
Yeah, if you get it popping or get to popping 'em  
(Ya'meen)

You know the haters diss you, let's deal with bigger  
issues  
You know New York is dying after all the shit we been  
through  
And we done lost B.I.G., we done lost Pun  
Homey, you can't live, gotta go and get them g\*\*\*

You know the hammers'll lose your cabbage, them  
dudes do damage  
Send Zulu Nation through Reaganomics, we move  
them package  
We pushing rain pain, gotta go and get that money  
Y'all going, "Hey, hey", but don't that pen look lovely

You must not know who y'all n\*\*\*\*z is f\*\*\*ing with  
I can take life n\*\* just for the f\*\*\* of it  
Crack's crazy, that n\*\*\*\*'ll smack babies  
Clap ladies for yackin' you gon' catch shady

Call it a mass shower, the way them hollow's drizzle  
Mr. Potato Head, you know them things can't miss you  
The Average Joe, with an average flow  
Me and Meth bringing back New York, n\*\*\*\*

I'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, it's the top billing, the block feeling like  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, f\*\*\* with me, yeah, f\*\*\* with me  
(Ya'meen, ya'meen)  
Yeah, if you not for squealing and for spilling the  
(Ya'meen)

The streets is watching the apple rotten like  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, plus the B.B. hot and the towers dropping like  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, f\*\*\* with me, yeah, f\*\*\* with me  
(Ya'meen, ya'meen)  
Yeah, if you get it popping or get to popping 'em  
(Ya'meen)

You don't like me, you can get what's right above the

testicles  
S.P., turn your top five into vegetables  
You don't believe me, get 'em all in a room  
And the next five, I plan to getting all of them soon

Y'all can meet me at the table that's round or get ya  
place in the ground  
That's what you get when you facing me, clown  
Who got the crown, I'm piss on it now while you wearing  
it  
Nobody nicer than Ghost, I ain't hearing it

Been Nike Airing it, white tee out  
Stick-up kid season when the dice be out  
I'm a thug or star investing in living, n\*\*\*\*z sippin'  
soup  
Ghost rapper, knocking out your icy mouth

N\*\*\*\*z in the East wanna unite, not me  
If you ain't sayin' I'm the best, you ain't come to be  
right  
Know what I mean? If you don't, then you not of being  
Your four-four, knock little pieces off of your spleen,  
n\*\*\*\*

I'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, it's the top billing, the block feeling like  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, f\*\*\* with me, yeah, f\*\*\* with me  
(Ya'meen, ya'meen)  
Yeah, if you not for squealing and for spilling the  
(Ya'meen)

The streets is watching the apple rotten like  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, plus the B.B. hot and the towers dropping like  
(Ya'meen)  
Yeah, f\*\*\* with me, yeah, f\*\*\* with me  
(Ya'meen, ya'meen)  
Yeah, if you get it popping or get to popping 'em  
(Ya'meen)

Visit [Fat Joe](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.