

## Joan Osborne

### "Loyalty"

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[Intro - Fat Joe talking]

Cool & Dre, uh

Terror Squad motherfuckers

They're all gonna laugh at ya, haha

They're all gonna laugh at ya

Yeah, (YO), uh, (oh God), haha

Haha (feedin you, feedin you)

Yo (feedin you, feedin you)

[Fat Joe]

Yo, uh, yo, call me the JV artist

That means I own two joint ventures and two different labels, niggas that pay me homage

Been in this game for nine seasons

That's nine reasons why I'm expired the rhyme beefin

Ya'll niggas is rappin ass backwards

I left twenty spots since beginnin this rap shit

All yo papi lo que pasa contigo

Mad cause I'm the only nigga reppin our people

When I came in this game, no one wanted the job

All of a sudden niggas actin like they wanna go hard

Spittin venom 'bout the Squad, try and shittin the God

This ain't no "Scarface" shit, blow up your kids in the car

And since you wanna act like you livin a movie

I'll hit you with more shots than Bruce Lee got in a "Fist of Fury"

Bitch niggas, nothin but snitch niggas

Today you on my dick, tomorrow you on his nigga

Got deported from the Squad, can't afford another car

Where's your house at? I heard your livin with your moms (livin with your moms)

Blane nigga better stay in your place

Keep talkin, burst a flame in your face, motherfucker

[Armageddon]

Yo, yo, with this comparison the Geddy is God

Cause even though you never seen me, I been put fear in your hearts

And I'm smooth like a Mulo it theme

Skip bullets of your Coogi beam

Before you knew you were seen  
Yeah I'm nice and I don't care if you know  
Cause all you really need to understand is how hard I'm  
rulin with Joe  
And the streets is no place for late bloomers  
Just gangsta niggas, snakes and bitches that meant to  
spread rumors  
Listen, I'm from the Bronx were the gun shoot rabid  
Front if you want, but don't think we don't shoot rapids  
I'm what some might consider a ghost  
Cause I move at night, plus I'm the type to play a live  
nigga close  
I'm the ultimate, high consulted, rhyme vocalist  
I write dope, spit dust and shit cocoa bricks  
This is what you dicks need to act-knowledge  
Or get the shit smacked outta ya fat cabbage  
Don't ask why we act violent  
We just killas and thugs  
Niggas wit mad talent, that still dabble in drugs  
I only rap now to speak to the streets  
They say the Squad gotta feed 'em the beef  
So we gonna feed 'em the beef

[Prospect]

My nine milly blaze, and hit hard like Willy Mays  
Since my kiddy days, grew up with thugs who were  
really crazed  
Ain't no silly games, right here be the truth  
150 proof, whoever, I'm talkin to you  
They call me Prospect, I'm one in a mil  
One of the real, I rap but I still put a gun in your grill  
I'm the reason why I catch you when your car breezin  
by, with your Iceberg team  
You look when the light turns green  
Your scared to death, don't make me have to air at ya  
chest  
Or tear ya flesh, for actin like I carin whats left  
Anyone can get it in a minute give it some time, I'm  
livin this rhyme  
Let my nine get in your spine, sit and recline  
Get so mad, forget and rewind  
So I can see what I did again and just slide  
To the next level, hop on the bike and just pedal  
Bustin at your best rebel, who runnin to test medal  
Let me get settled, lay my mom down in this game  
For niggas kinda refrain, I push 'em down in the train  
Bout it the same, my three cousins up in the Benz  
Big, G Psycho and E, ya'll know what this is

[Remy Martin]

Yo, yo, It's the T, E, a R a, a R a, O, R Squad

So you know I gotta be that bitch Remy Mar  
With Armageddon and your nigga Joe The God  
Tony Sunshine and motherfuckin Prospect  
Straight out the projects  
A forest, where they kill for mils and they blast the steel  
But I'm from murda murda Castle Hill  
I got a big ass burner, but I'll slash your grill  
Yo don't got no status, don't want no static  
They knew you was loco toto, and I don't no Spanish  
All I know is how to cock back and aim for the cabbage  
And keep on bustin 'til the bitch brain splatter  
And the kids won't matter, when the crib's on fire  
What you spit don't matter, cause this bitch on fire  
And I won't stop rockin 'til I retire  
Any bitch disagree is a god damn liar

[Outro - Fat Joe talking]

Yeah, uh infamous Terror Squad nigga  
Loyalty, what does it mean to you  
How many a ya'll niggas is loyal?  
All these Benedict Arnold niggas  
Switch sidin niggas, ya heard?  
Nigga I throw this whole rap shit out the window in a  
sec, ya heard?  
Joe Crack the Don Diggle  
The savior, Caesar, the streets is mine nigga  
We ride, who wanna test the record launcher, ya see  
'em?  
Uh, haha, feedin you, feedin you, feedin you  
Make your move baby, c'mon  
Step up baby  
They're all gonna laugh at ya  
(\*laughing\*), woo, BX

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