

Travis

"Da Fat Gangsta"

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[Fat Joe]

Yeah.. uh-huh..

Chill.. hah, yeah..

C'mon..

I'm comin rougher than the roughest motherfucker
could get

Playin Russian Roulette, never lost a bet yet

Bluffin, ain't my style, niggaz ain't sayin nothin

Cause I'm buckwild without frontin

Raw to the core, I grew up poor

Once I hit the door, I began to explore

Curiosity killed my cat, but not me

because I learned how to kill with agility

I grew up in the South Bronx, punch you in your mouth
punk

I know these streets like Fred Sanford knows junk

In the trunk of a car lays a body

Head decapitated, bust him with my shotty

Stabbed the mug, to make sure, he wasn't comin back

Now police, can picture that, with a Kodak.. huh!

They can't stop me with a homicide investigation

Cause if they do my crew is hittin up the station

Your best bet, is to let me jet

Cause I bring war, like a vet, when I'm upset.. huh!

I'm not the one you wanna play out in a program

Yo, you better tell them who the hell I am

"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Yeah! (2X)

"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Tell em who the hell I am

"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta"

[Fat Joe]

Now on the hip-hop tip, I'm no joke

Get live at a jam, and leave a system broke when I
spoke

MC's froze, but I never said freeze

Hopin I don't hit em like a fucked up disease

Fall up in the club, Mr. Hype for a night

Choke a rapper with a cord, hang him from the lights..
huh!

Now you do wanna mess around with the Fat Man
cause you see my face in every newsstand
Every other magazine from Billboard to Spin
Pick it up and read Fat Joe strikes again
How true, I'm not about weed and brew
I'm just another papichulo like the rest of my crew
So give me the microphone
This jam is dedicated to my main man Tone
Cause he flips, and I flip, and we flip the script
And you know, you don't wanna get your ass WHIPPED
Party over here, another in the hospital
Lincoln, Memorial, notice that's how I sent you, hah
I was the one who played the shoot 'em up games
Here's another patient, and yo what's my name?

"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Yeah! (2X)
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Tell em who the hell I am
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta"

[Fat Joe]
So I cruise around in the B-M
or in the Benz, hurtin enemies and makin new friends
They shake my hand, smile in my face
The nine's in my waist, so there won't be a chase
That's it, the situation is blown out of proportion
When you leave, you must use caution
Look over your shoulder, even on your block
When I come to visit, you know you're in shock
So don't say who is it, act like you know
Kickin down doors is the Gangsta Fat Joe
And I got no time for games
My name is goin down in the gangsta hall of fame

"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Yeah!
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta" Tell em who the hell I am
"This is Joe Da Fat Gangsta"

[Fat Joe]
Yeah.. Fat Joe Da Gangsta
Representin in ninety-three
Peace to my man Diamond D
Peace out to my man Ski
This jam is ?letido?, ha hah

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