

Papoose "A Fair One (Fat Joe Diss)"

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That's why I punched you in your face you fat
motherfucker
Brooklyn
Papoose
Papoose

East coast tell Joe to shoot me a fair one
West coast tell Joe to shoot me a fair one
Down South tell Joe to shoot me a fair one
Beg for mercy it's controversial
When I say shoot Pap, ya'll say a fair one
Shoot Pap (A fair one)
Shoot Pap (A fair one)
Shoot Pap (A fair one)
Shoot Pap (A fair one)
Beg for mercy it's controversial

R.I.P. to Stack Bundles, I'm sad you had to go
Instead of you dying it should have been Fat Joe
Spite ridiculous sentences, realerlist, gimmicklist,
images, infamous lyricist, and I deliver with emphasis
Scars and blemishes burn em at sizzling temperatures
Spitting this syphilis, ignorant, Joe you sensitive
A dick with impotents, prick with benefits
You quick to forget, remember this
I give head shots at high percentages,
I invented this style, so now again at this, call it the
genesis
Since you a victim and don't wanna get hit again
Put your hands up to the ceiling, then start
surrendering
Killas adrenaline, gotta get rid of the middlemen
Once to the chin, with your mans in them timberlands,
trembling
Sending them gremlins, finish em, minimum ten of
them
Getting them dividends, spitting with Eminem, Fif and
them
Niggas who sit with him, get what they get when I'm
giving em
4 fifth in them, whole clip in them, tight gripping, ice
picking him, stick it in him and enter like insulin

My answer this make them play instruments in your
remembrance
Your mens and them hemraging, injure him over the
benjamins
Duke your famine like womens son, Lil Kim and them
Killa was sending them, far from a friend of them
Not feeling him, ladies and gentlemen look how I'm
killing him

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I heard Fat Joe try to say he ain't get snuffed
Somebody put something in his mouth my zippers
stuck
His fat fingers cover the mic when he rap
So when he onstage you hear a lot of feedback
Man I hit hard as a dick, believe that
Even Fat Joe was forced to lean back
This ain't Hatton & Floyd, this ain't the Giants vs. the
Patriots
Hov & Nas, Beanie Sigel against Jadakiss
More like Obama versus Hillary, nothing
A intelligent black man against a woman
Baby your grandfather you bastard
You Lil Wayne's son, he should claim you in his taxes
Your manager macho is so arrogant and lame
You stupid ass scarecrow, he looking for some brains
Khaled can't DJ, he trash with his hands
All washed up, a rusty ass tin man
The new terror squad is too ugly for a photo
They two bitches, they like darky and toto
Punched you dead in your face, now you keep whining
Always act touch but you the cowardly lion
So tell me how you gonna try to front on a god
When you whole team pulled outta the wizard of oz
Put em up, put em up, you lookin for some courage
You should'a had Geico Insurance
In Miami they shot your car up, poor little bizitch
I guess now you need the Geico Lizard
And you got robbed for you TS chain
You tried to buy it back, ain't that some BS man
He had your chain on the internet, yea I remember it

You was calling and begging, we heard the voice
massages
When Remy Ma got cut, you ain't ride out partner
You went to Western Union and sent her 900 dollars
Talking bout your whole squad got a scar in they face
That means they were facing the person when they got
scraped
Analyze where your scars at cousin
Your scars at the back of your neck, so that mean you
was running
The jails don't respect you, they know you don't bang
Charlie Rock lost his eye defending your name
You ain't even hold him down, this nigga's a lame
No bails bond, no commissary, this shit is a shame
When the last time you visit somebody on rikers
Call yourself god and eat pork with non-cipher
You don't look out for Big Pun kids, that's bananas
You a girl, your name should be Fat Joanna
You abandoned New York, why your chain say I-95
South instead of I-95 North
Screaming Yadamean and Dade County out your
mouth
You ain't repping the South Bronx, you rep Dirty South
You don't talk like no Bronx nigga, you a ho
Shout to all my real Bronx dude, Wassup Mo
There don't call you crack cause you stashed crack
They call you crack cause your clothes young and they
show your ass crack
Bitch how much change you got in your purse
Mad cause you got exposed when I lifted your skirt
Caught you with some good blows so your chin must
hurt
I was always taught to hit the big ones first
Tried to put his lights out, let the drama get dark
Approaching Papoose I guess he was trying to get
chopped
When he got close to me I was trying to part
That nigga stinked, I wanted to ask him why did he fart
Trying to size me up, what are you some kind of retard
It ain't the size of the man, it's the size of his heart
You speaking in tones, think he better stop that tongue
play
Cause you don't want no gun play
I'm hood, hit your limousine up in a Honday
Your dudes can't even buy a sandwich on whole
months pay
This niggas a chump slay, he scared to fly
I heard he be shitting on himself on the airplane
runway
I just smoked a blunt, I'm hungry
I'm bout to eat this coward up, I got the munchies

Everyday of your life should be Big Pun day
Because before him your everyday was a bum day
And since you the biggest pig in the whole countray
I'm a speak pig latin, you fat igpay, you usspay
You give me a fair one Monday
I'll smack you into next week and whoop you ass on
Sunday
Some take beef serious, some play
Homie I'm a hunter, I want pray
Your man wearing them Clark Kent glasses
He ain't never win no fight
So I ran up on him and soon as I sent that right
Turned to Superman on me, tried to get so hyped
I calmed em down, my left hook is kryptonite
When I stoved on you, you were shaking in your Nikes
All in my face, you stepped on my Timbo twice
You mad cause you called me and I spite so nice
So I had to whoop his ass like Kimbo Slice
Listen to your interview, you take so long to get to the
point
You talk to the break of dawn
Put some bruises on your chin but they was gone
On youtube cause you had make up on
Rubbing your fat chin, talkin bout you look pretty
Then got the nerve to say you used to be skinny
You pillsbury doughboy, double neck, I've seen it
Sumo looking stup footage and not need it
Walk up one flight of stairs and ready to stop breathing
Squinting your eyes like your high, but not weeding
Keep talking bout that footage but that was irrelevant
Cause everyone can tell that footage was edited
Niggas tried to stunt on Pap
I went in my Cadillac and came back with a baseball bat
They ain't put that on the internet, I wore them out
Show me the video, I'll point them out
I hit him with the bat, I hit him with the bat
I hit him with the bat, I hit him with the bat
I hit him with the bat, that cat ran
They used to call me Papoose but you could call me
Batman
You a hoe, I'll smack you with my backhand
The beat Pap, you cats can't
Denzel Washington, Will Smith, Fat Joe the rapper
Macaulay Culkin, all of ya'll some good actors
Just take it like a man, you got beat up
Can't fight one on one, you goofy punk
The trey 8, the trey pound, what he want
Come on man, I got more treys then free lunch
Mad cause I got a street buzz
But I ain't the first rapper to snuff you, Cuban Link was
You far from a G, to me you just a joke

Real G's don't cut faces, they cut throats
You walk around with cops, I walk with wolves
I don't like no elephants in my room

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