

# Envy

## Fat Joe

Yo, this is going out to all my peeps locked down  
Charlie rock LD all my peeps who passed away, yeah I remember when we used to chill on a hill  
When Forest Projects used to be Godsville  
Brothers was wilin' others was cool  
Some hit the island some smoked fools Me I chose the life of crime since day one  
13 years old already trying to cop a gun  
I never understood why my pops would beat me  
No matter what I did, yo he'd still mistreat me That's why, I never listened to a thing he said  
And I wasn't just mad when I used to wish him dead  
Instead, me and Ma Dukes kept tight  
Promised that one day everything would be alright 14 years old, cutting mad classes  
Puffing on a bone, breaking car glasses  
Nothing but dreams of cream on my mind  
Shook motherfuckers on the block droppin' dime Everybody knew Joey Crack represented  
And if I told then I'd take your life  
Hey yo, I meant it that's the way it goes  
When you deal with the real fake jacks  
And get your cap peeled Hey Joey, let's just get this money  
Brothas just be wilin'  
Hey Joey, you can't trust nobody  
Brothas they been triflin' Yeah, momma never said life would be so hard  
Sometimes I find myself alone just praying to God  
Hoping that today won't be the last  
I mean, just the other day this kid I knew got blasted Say word, word, it wasn't over no cash  
It was over some broad who liked to auction off the ass  
He was a cool kid, although we lost him big  
If he was a real nigga, then he wouldn't have got did Life's trife and then you die  
Nobody dies of old age, but in the hands of another guy  
That's why I keeps an alibi  
Juliani wants to see a brother fry So I maintain to keep my mind peace focused  
Keep the gat there in 'case a nigga wanna smoke this  
Times are difficult on the streets of New York  
It's kinda hard trying to hope for and not get caught Blue eyes is on my back, with intentions of arresting me  
But they won't get the best of me  
'Cause riches are my destiny Hey Joey, let's just get this money  
Brothas just be wilin'  
Hey Joey, you can't trust nobody  
Brothas they been triflin' No one expected me to blow like this  
What was once hand me downs

Is now the best of ? Atanovich?  
Yukon Jeeps creepin' through the streetsCatching the eye of every big booty cheek freak  
Daten rims so shiny you can see your reflection  
Green plush interior, under the seat  
The heat for protectionMomma look at me now  
Got a house in Long Isle for my spouse and my child  
D E L condos for first impression hoes  
No more holes in my gibrosStrictly denim and clothes  
Airwaves blasting my latest single  
All up in the Mecca Club  
Making Lucci while I mingleJingle jewels in the face of past enemies  
Eat your heart out son, you never was a friend to meHey Joey, let's just get this money  
Brothas just be wilin'  
Hey Joey, you can't trust nobody  
Brothas they been triflin'Big Joe, South Bronx  
Represent

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>