

Bronx Tale

Fat Joe

Music please, yes, welcome to 'Jealous One's Envy'
We'd like to thank you in advance for purchasing this product
It is a 'Relativity Records' product, artist, Fat Joe, my name is KRS-One
And of course we're gonna bring the noise, 'cause we can never be toys
Yes, I am the ultimate, uttering ultimatum's for the fun of it
It appears to me you don't know who you fuckin' with
You can't see this with bifocals cause you're local
Can't hang with my vocals, better you fuck with Sonny Bono
Or Yoko Ono, but KRS, oh, no, no
You might think you a ROTC, but I don't give a fuck though
I'm rolling hard like God for the squad black
Packin' them poppers bitch, where that money be at?
Aiyyo I be the show stopper, as I shine like gold
Other rappers dull like copper, the certified fake nigga dropper
Which borough, is the thorough
I know, do you know, let me know I'm sayin' though
The coke connector, sweating leather with reflectors
Don't get caught up in my sector, or I'ma haveta inject ya
With a slab of this lyrical dope shit
Fake MC's and wannabe's best to quote this
Fat Joe the true and living will prevail
Kingpin like Sonny up in Bronx Tale
Will I fail? I doubt it
I'm the nigga catchin' bodies, while other niggaz fantasize about it
True indeed, behind my back MC's claim they can serve me
In my face they screaming, "We're not worthy"
Youse a has been, actually you ain't been
I be touring, while you be home taping
So what punk, you could battle in a second
Frankly the bottom line, is where's your hit record
You claim I'm jocking, claim I'm on your dick, where's your witnesses?
If I'm on your dick my name has got to be syphillis
If you're feeling lucky duck, then press your luck
Up, up, up and away 'cuz I don't play clown
If you're feeling lucky duck, then press your luck
Buck, buck, buck take that witcha on the way down
As we proceed to lock it down, don't get it fucked up
We be the kings of the Boogie Down
All we do is spark izm and get cash

Tortuing MC's like that warden up in Alcatraz
(Bo, bo, bo, bo)
It's Fat Joe, yo, you know my steelo
Get so much love, I'm payin' sixteen on a kilo
Sendin' niggaz outta town, still got control of the Boogie Down
Now how the fuck you sound?
(Yeah)
Ain't no army that could harm me or bomb me
C'mon G, you clowns ain't got a fucking thing on me
I'm flashy like white linen
(Tell 'em)
Your rap is under pressure like two outs tied score in the ninth inning
I'm down with Kris and ain't no stopping me
I'm out for Bronx and Monopoly with chicks on top of me
It's my philosophy, but for now it's in the corridor
Slappin' caps like a ball, hittin' hard to my labrador
These motherfuckers don't want it
(Word to mother Joe, these niggaz don't want it)
If you're feeling lucky duck, then press your luck
Up, up, up and away 'cuz I don't play clown
If you're feeling lucky duck, then press your luck
Buck, buck, buck, take that witcha on the way down
Merrrcy, you wanna serve me but you ain't worthy
My style is too curvy, what you tellin' me
But your flimsy ass will go home after the battle and find I'm your boss
With KRS-One up in your memory
I know your kind, you rap write
You're Mr. John Gotti, the Don, but you're just another bwotty mon
Telecro bwotty mon, how you collect
Rap magazine dating back to, Tougher than Leather
The only reason you got, such an extensive rap collection
'Cuz most of your rap mags are all stuck together
Watch what you sayin', watch what you say
When your skull gets cracked, whatcha gonna say crackhead?
Your file is dead, kneel to the rap God in bed
'Fore I slap you way back in the dayz like Ahmad
Don't get me fed up or vexed up 'cuz you'll get set up
My crew don't let up, I be dead up in this piece
(Tell 'em)
Recognize it's BlastMaster KRS-One
For ten years, Fat Joe, chillin' on the East

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