

My Conscience

Fat Joe

I don't give a fuck...no
I don't give a fuck...no
Sex-money-murder we call this the hit em' up flow
Barely fifteen got my first triple beam
Tryna get with Fat Cat and Pappy to do my thing
I'm jus a kid with ambitions and visions of gettin' cream
Ronald Reagan told me "yo Joey jus do ya thing"
Now I'm lookin back man I ain't have no conscience
Slap a nigga silly 'til them niggaz fell unconscience
Speakin' of my conscience
Now it would be fuckin' with me so called activist tryna diss me publicly
And they don't even kno' where my heart at heart at and I don't even know where to start at start at But this ya
conscience speakin' no time for cryin' and weepin'
You tryna climb you reachin' up to ya prime you eatin'
You ripped a rhyme last weekend you cleared a mill no cheatin'
Who gives a fuck wat dey speak jus keep movin' leadin'
You from da place of dem heedins cops need to see dem
For no reason young hustler in da streets bleedin'
Moms greivin' Joe you came up from all dat
Fuck dat you taught how to survive crack[Chorus:]
My mind [x3]
Is playin' tricks on me
Am I dreamin' or they tryna put da fix on me
Reminiscein' wen I used to have dem breaks on me
My mind [x3]
Is playin' tricks on me Would da critics come at you if you was Arnold Schwarzenager
Killin' cops in movies promotin' graphic anger
You should run for governor Republicans be lovin' yea Yea wave da confederate flag like sum southners
Nah I rather b on da block like a hustler guns with da mufflaz
D's put da cuffs on us hes an mc and dese streets put they trust in us Yea Joey crack but dey also put dey lust in
us
Dey fuss with us ain't nobzody helpin' 'em one minute
Dey cheerin us next minute dey cussin us Fuck em [x5]
Dats dat nigga bitch hoe shit I don't even trust my conscience
Says no I want to hit him with a nine
Dese are sum thoughts re-occurin on my mind now[Chorus:] Is dis my conscience speakin' sounds like my
mentor Yep you guessed it how else could I enter it's been a couple of years since we rocked the joint venture
you ain't been callin' me lately you don't rememba Shit who you think I got my whole style from dem live shows
Before da twenty thousand seat arenas, before cocaine

You Scott Laroc back to back in dem Beamers
I was just a youngin' on da corner
I'm a slinga you was on ya album cover finger on da nina flip
Da 360 man you da teacher
Self destruction damn you da leader Joe let's take it back to Don Carter gena you and Big Pun
Had da whole Bronx demeanor 560 gear
Dat boricua pride did burners with da tats crew on da 2'5 and 5'5
Ya was with relativity I was jive all dat bull shit you been through how you survive KRS dat's why I am da
greatest of all time Joe I'm da best u must be out ya fuckin' mind [Chorus:]

Songwriters

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