

Envy

Fat Joe

Yo This is going out to all my peeps locked down

Charlie Rock LD

All my peeps who passed away yeah

Verse 1:

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

CHORUS:

Hey Joey, let's just get this money

Brothas just be wilin

Hey Joey, you can't trust nobody

Brothas they been triflin

Verse 2:

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 want to 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

CHORUS

Verse 3:

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 streets
Catching 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 protection
Momma 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 gibros
Strictly denim and clothes
Airwaves blasting my latest single
All up in the Mecca Club
Making Lucci while I mingle
Jingle jewels in the face of past enemies
Eat your heart out son, you never was a friend to me

CHORUS

Big Joe, South Bronx
Represeeeeeent

Songwriters

Brown, Odell Elliott / Ritz, David / Gaye, Marvin P / Lewis, Lashan / Cartagena, Joseph Anthony
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