

# Loyalty

## Fat Joe

Cool an' Dre, uh  
Terror Squad, motherfuckers  
They're all gonna laugh at ya, haha  
They're all gonna laugh at ya  
Yeah, uh, haha  
(Yo, oh, God)  
Haha  
(Feedin' you, feedin' you)  
Yo  
(Feedin' you, feedin' you)  
Yo, uh, yo, call me the JV artist  
That means I own two joint ventures an' two different labels  
Niggas that pay me homage  
Been in this game for nine seasons  
That's nine reasons why I'm expired the rhyme beefin'  
Y'all niggas is rappin' ass backwards  
I left twenty spots since beginnin' this rap shit  
All yo papi lo que pasa contigo  
Mad 'cause I'm the only nigga reppin' our people  
When I came in this game, no one wanted the job  
All of a sudden, niggas actin' like they wanna go hard  
Spittin' venom 'bout the Squad, try an' shittin' the God  
This ain't no 'Scarface' shit, blow up your kids in the car  
An' since you wanna act like you livin' a movie  
I'll hit you with more shots than Bruce Lee got  
In a 'Fist of Fury'  
Bitch niggas, nothin' but snitch niggas  
Today you on my dick, tomorrow you on his nigga  
Got deported from the Squad, can't afford another car  
Where's your house at? I heard you're livin' with your moms  
(Livin' with your moms)  
Blane nigga, better stay in your place  
Keep talkin', burst a flame in your face, motherfucker  
Yo, yo, with this comparison, the Geddy is God  
'Cause even though you never seen me  
I been put fear in your hearts  
An' I'm smooth like a Mulo, it theme  
Skip bullets of your Coogi beam before you knew you were seen  
Yeah, I'm nice an' I don't care if you know

'Cause all you really need to understand is  
How hard I'm rulin' with Joe  
An' the streets is no place for late bloomers  
Just gangsta niggas, snakes an' bitches  
That meant to spread rumors  
Listen, I'm from the Bronx were the gun shoot rabid  
Front if you want but don't think we don't shoot rapids  
I'm what some might consider a ghost  
'Cause I move at night  
Plus I'm the type to play a live nigga close  
I'm the ultimate, high consulted, rhyme vocalist  
I write dope, spit dust an' shit cocoa bricks  
This is what you dicks need to act, knowledge  
Or get the shit smacked outta ya fat cabbage  
Don't ask why we act violent  
We just killas an' thugs  
Niggas wit mad talent that still dabble in drugs  
I only rap now to speak to the streets  
They say the Squad gotta feed 'em the beef  
So we gonna feed 'em the beef  
My nine milly blaze an' hit hard like Willy Mays  
Since my kiddy days  
Grew up with thugs who were really crazed  
Ain't no silly games, right here be the truth  
150 proof, whoever, I'm talkin' to you  
They call me Prospect, I'm one in a mil'  
One of the real, I rap but I still put a gun in your grill  
I'm the reason why I catch you when your car breezin' by  
With your Iceberg team  
You look when the light turns green  
You're scared to death, don't make me have to air at ya chest  
Or tear ya flesh for actin' like I carin' whats left  
Anyone can get it in a minute, give it some time  
I'm livin' this rhyme  
Let my nine get in your spine, sit an' recline  
Get so mad, forget an' rewind  
So I can see what I did again an' just slide  
To the next level, hop on the bike an' just pedal  
Bustin' at your best rebel, who runnin' to test medal  
Let me get settled, lay my mom down in this game  
For niggas kinda refrain, I push 'em down in the train  
'Bout it the same, my three cousins up in the Benz  
Big, G Psycho an' E, y'all know what this is  
Yo, yo, it's the T E a R, a, a R, a O, R Squad  
So you know I gotta be that bitch Remy Mar

With Armageddon an' your nigga Joe, the God  
Tony Sunshine an' motherfuckin' Prospect  
Straight out the projects  
A forest, where they kill for mil's an' they blast the steel  
But I'm from murda murda Castle Hill  
I got a big ass burner but I'll slash your grill  
Yo' don't got no status, don't want no static  
They knew you was loco toto an' I don't no Spanish  
All I know is how to cock back an' aim for the cabbage  
An' keep on bustin' 'til the bitch brain splatter  
Aan' the kids won't matter when the crib's on fire  
What you spit don't matter 'cause this bitch on fire  
An' I won't stop rockin' 'til I retire  
Any bitch disagree is a goddamn liar  
Yeah, uh, infamous Terror Squad, nigga  
Loyalty, what does it mean to you  
How many a y'all niggas is loyal?  
All these Benedict Arnold niggas  
Switch sidin' niggas, ya heard?  
Nigga, I throw this whole rap shit out the window  
In a sec, ya heard? Joe Crack, the Don Diggler  
The savior, Caesar, the streets is mine, nigga  
We ride, who wanna test the record launcher, ya see 'em?  
Uh, haha, feedin' you, feedin' you, feedin' you  
Make your move, baby, c'mon  
Step up, baby, they're all gonna laugh at ya  
Woo, BX

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