

The Shit Is Real

Fat Joe

Yeah, this is goin' out
To all the live motherfuckers, knowwhatI'msayin'?
All the real niggaz
Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Queens, California
LaBella, Puerto Rico, wherever the fuck you from
KnowwhatI'msayin'? Yeah
This story takes place, back in the South Bronx
Where at the age of fourteen, I was already knockin' off punks
(Yeah)
And suckers were scared to death, every time I walked by
I hear them niggaz take their last breath
(Ah)
See I just didn't give a fuck and if you had a C skin
A leather bomber, you was gettin' stuck
(Word)
That was the way it was
One day I went to visit my aunt and stuck up my 'cuz
See shit was fucked up back then
No matter what the fuck I did I never had no ends
And my mom's was on welfare
Aiyyo, I knew I had a father but the nigga was never there
So what the fuck was I to do?
I'm sick and tired of bein' the bummiest nigga out the crew
I gotta get mine, I gotta get cash
I see an old man, I'm gonna rob him with the quick fast
Give me your motherfuckin' loot, papi
I'm gonna get paid and can't a damn thing stop me
See I'm tired of this poor shit and who the cops?
Well, they can suck my motherfuckin' dick
'Cause all them niggaz ever do is harass
That's why I get glad when I hear somebody smoked that ass
Just to let ya know how I feel
Word 'em up, the fuckin' shit is real
Hey yo, it's real
Aiyyo, the shit is real
Aiyyo, it's real
Word up, the shit is real
Now I'm sixteen and there's a brand new scene
I'm makin' mad loot, gettin' paid off the dope fiends

(Word)

Keep the shit in check, in order
And my main man Tone was fuckin' everybody else's daughter
See everybody knew in town
That Joe and Tone had shit locked down
And a nigga wouldn't test me
It seems like every other day the fuckin' cops arrest me
(Yeah)

But the shit will never stick
I make one phone call and be out like quick
'Cause Uncle Dan had my back
And now niggaz gettin' jealous 'cause they know I'm livin' fat
Talkin' shit around the way and on the block
But never in my face, 'cause they knew I packed a glock
And my crew is mad deep
A bunch of crazy Puerto Ricans, so aiyyo, don't sleep

(Word)

And all you bitch ass niggaz know the deal
Check it out, the fuckin' shit is real
Hey yo, it's real
Aiyyo, it's real
The fuckin' shit is real
Yeah, aiyyo, it's real
Check it out
Let me let ya know why I made this song
(Why?)
Brothers can't deal with the real, word is bond
I'm sick and tired of these fake ass niggaz
Sayin' that they catchin' bodies when they never pulled a trigga
I know your style, I've seen it before
You wear an army suit, now you think you're hardcore
Drinkin' on your forty's, smokin' on your blunts
Can't afford a chain so you wear gold fronts, yeah
You're fakin' the funk, kid
And you'll be gettin' it up the ass if you ever did a fuckin' bid
It's time to separate the real from the phony
The name is Fat Joe, punk, act like you know me
I come equipped with the ruff shit
Nowadays I can't believe the bull rappers come up with
And all ya bitch ass niggaz know the deal
Check it out, the fuckin' shit is real
Hey yo, it's real
Aiyyo, the shit is real
Aiyyo, it's real
The fuckin' shit is real

Word up
I wanna say peace to my peeps, The Beatnuts
Messengers of Funk, Strickly Roots
My man Funk Flex, Zulu Nation
Jazzy J in the house
Diamond D, the whole diggin' in the crates crew
And rest in peace to my man Tony Montana
Aiyyo, I'm out, word is bond
The shit is real, aiyyo

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