

The Shit Is Real

Fat Joe

Yeah, this is goin' out
To all the live motherfuckers, knowhatImsayin'?
 All the real niggaz
Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Queens, California
LaBella, Puerto Rico, wherever the fuck you from
 KnowhatImsayin'? 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 tricca

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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