

Fat Joe's in Town

Fat Joe

Guess who's back?

Yeah, The Fat GangstaHere comes the nigga from the East

Who just been crowned for most hated by police

The Public Enemy, rapper at large

Who's known throughout the industry for pullin' niggaz cardsYou know the situation, Zulu Nation

Never forget the Bronx because the Bronx the foundation

Fat Joe, a.k.a. Joey Crack

Niggaz be like he's fat, bitches be like he's all thatMotherfuckers know my rep, I never fronted

Niggaz be talkin' mad shit, but they don't want it

It's the realer MC, the drug dealer MC

If a nigga fake jax, I'm gonna kill a MCYeah, you can't handle the truth

Fuck around and get thrown off the project roof

Mad lives have been lost and forgotten

Niggaz better watch they back, the Big Apple's gone rottenMicrophone check, one two one two

Shouts to the East and the West coast crew

Whatever you do, keep this hip-hop shit true

(That's all I ask of you)When I step in the jam all eyes are on me

Sold out crowds, with curiosity

Everybody wants to know, could the man still flip it?

Microphone gifted, unrealisticComin' with the bomb bass for the underground heads

Flex got the most, Serge got the land spread

Keepin' shit real, niggaz know the deal

Just through trial and comin' down on appealMicrophone Joe I own it, bitches wanna bone it

Blowin' out the tweeters in your musical component

It's your man Fat Joe, oh, is that so?

You remember me from, "You know ya got to flow"One time for your mind off the top of a dome

Never leave for home without the motherfuckin' chrome

Word to Tone, Big Daddy, I know he's chillin'

Peace to all the villains out of state makin' millions 'cause ahMicrophone check, one two one two

Shouts to the East and the West coast crew

Whatever you do, keep this hip-hop shit true

(That's all I ask of you)Microphone check, one two one two

Shouts to the East and the West coast crew

Whatever you do, keep this hip-hop shit true

(That's all I ask of you)From the Bronx to Queensbridge, on back to Redhook

Never lost a gram on any eighth that I cooked

Fat Joe, army fatigue and black chuckers

Hardcore lyrics to all my real motherfuckersI'm tryin' to see cream, in the millions, retire

And go play golf with Russell Simmons

That's the type of mission that I'm on
Aiyyo, my word is bond, I keep a army just as deep as Farra Khan You, can't, deal with the man
Who be holdin' down the fort with the gauge in his hand
I know you love the way I grab the mic and spark it
You hookers'll never get your hands inside my pockets Microphone check, one two one two
Shouts to the East and the West coast crew
Whatever you do, keep this hip-hop shit true
(That's all I ask of you) Microphone check, one two one two
Shouts to the East and the West coast crew
Whatever you do, keep this hip-hop shit true
(That's all I ask of you) Everybody knows Fat Joe's in town

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