

# 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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