

# Dopeman

## Fat Joe

[Fat Joe] Trying to cut the top off the Porsche  
Put a bitch in the front  
Better yet hundred sticks for the niggas that front  
I got a steel in them packs, got em right in the trunk  
Shoot the snap back off your muthaf-ckin head if you want  
I got a guardian angel, yea she stay in the hood  
And she pop up whenever I touch the grain on the wood  
I got a bitch from Atlanta, she remind me of Pebbles  
Got a hell of an ass, this redbone is a devil  
She call me Marty McFly, Nike Back To The Future  
10 racks on my feet, but that's something I'm used to  
I put my team on the map, you other niggas is fake  
Worse than Oregon, you switch a different jersey a day  
I'm in the beach somewhere foreign, I'm in your bitch while you snoring  
A million cash off the tour, then I'm back in the morning  
I'm f-ckin sick of you niggas, I'm about to throw up a million  
Doctor oz in the kitchen: cook a perfect prescription  
[Hook] Go prez, go prez, rolling in Bugatti  
I got that Ringo Starr  
I'm slingin' Paul McCartney  
Bitch I'm in the kitchen with that Arm & Hammer  
Whipping George Harrison, John Lennon  
Dopeman! Dopeman!  
Dopeman bitch, I'm the dopeman  
Bitch I'm in the kitchen with that Arm & Hammer  
Whipping George Harrison, John Lennon  
[Jadakiss] Of course I could get em  
But do you know what to do with em?  
60 for the brick even if you cop a few of 'em  
Talking about that diesel: the root of all evil  
You could use your nostrils, or you could use a needle  
  
I need a hundred more, and I want it pure  
Cause when somebody die off it  
Then they want it more!  
The hustlers we surrounded by niggas that hold the hammers  
Oxys got generic, they switched it to old  
When you give em a 9 or better they go bananas  
Make a million dollars a month: that's what the plan was

Now to catch the morning shift  
Cause they need that morning sniff  
Thousand bundles finished by 11, then I'm blowing spliffs  
Show you how to get right, crib right, whip right  
Ten dollars a bag, but it's 20 after midnight  
Pill man, weed man, stove man, coke man  
You know who I am muthaf-cka: I'm the dopeman  
[Hook] Cut the man off the middle, I want it all off the top  
Bout to yacht me a nigga, run him off of the block  
I'm taking all of the profit, purchasing more of the product  
Invest in killers and dealers to take my company public  
I got a thing for them strippers  
Got a pole in the mansion  
White ho, Marilyn Manson  
This for all of my niggas doing time up in prison  
For getting caught with the burner, you know a rider's ambition  
I'm 'bout to gamble with life, take a trip out to Vegas  
I'm 'bout a Zionist mic praying the Lord to forsake us  
Remember times I was broke, how it run in your pocket  
Spend my money on dope, then I tripled my profit  
Now I'm a multi-millionaire, head off in the Lear  
Take bitches on the private, than set off in the air  
?What you say nigga??  
?I said I'll suck yo dick!?  
[Hook]

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