

Jealousy

Fat Joe

Yo Stevie, [Incomprehensible]
Spill that shit, man, we toastin' right now
All my niggas, put your glasses up in the air right now
We gon' represent our niggas locked down
Our niggas passed away, we miss y'all
Nigga, every time you see me, man, you know you want to be me
And you can't deny the fact that this fat nigga's fly
Went from Sergio to Kenny to movin' them Lamborghinis
Got you sick to your stomach, now you ask yourself why
Nigga, Crack was the first, you seem 'em in Red Monkeys
And I bet you didn't now that they came in my size
Now it's highly controversial, if you'll find me, I'll commerce you
And you know that G-5 the only way that we fly
Now I'm feelin' like Pharrell and Snoop, the world beautiful
Brazilian, Columbian chicks, you know the usual
Them niggaz over there, please send them some bottles
'Cause they lookin' like some haters, I don't really need the problems
'Cause these niggaz here, we love to give ketchup
We bloody up the whole damn room if you let us
And I ain't tryin' to steal, I'm just tryin' to chill
And light up this kush with this hundred dollar bill, nigga
Jealousy, nigga, you're a grown man
Why you get so jealous, why you take the stand?
Jealousy, why you mad at my bitch
'Cause she wear fly shit and she push nice whips?
Jealousy, I don't owe you, man
I don't know you, man, I never sold you, man
Jealousy, jealousy, jealousy
All these niggaz jealous, please don't be mad
Don't talk to them boys, bring up my past
Don't tell 'em 'bout the Macks that I stash in the grass
And that ten mill' Terror Squad start up cash
I'm a law abidin' citizen, I barely smoke blunts now
We into real estate, we fuckin' with Donald Trump now
When you know who told them boys what
I been rappin' for years, all of a sudden I'm hot
'Cause the only time you see me is probably when I'm on TV
Smokin' the Cohiba on the deck of a yacht
Nigga, you could never be me, though I make it seem easy

Only nigga from the Bronx, though Miami's my block
Now you got us fucked up, homey, we don't rat
We don't talk to them boys, all we do it clap
All we do is spill Crys', got that on tap
Look at all the shit I accomplished, not bad for Crack

Nigga, you'se a grown man
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I'm feelin' like Christ at the Tabernacle, stones are thrown at me
Record labels is hidin', niggas disownin' Joey
And still I throw rocks at tanks
The poor people's champ, go against glocks with shanks
Yeah, I walk the middle of the streets with no bodyguards
Stick up kid, salute the hard body god
My jail niggaz, they love this shit
Yeah, they sharpen up they shanks while they bumpin' this shit
And my niggaz on the table, yeah, they listen to this
Little Coca, little soda, yeah they whippin' that shit
And I know it sounds eerie but my niggaz better hear me
If you speakin' on the phones, it won't be secret to the jury
They hit you wit that RICO, I'm not meanin' PR
I'm talkin' full scale riots, whole lotta triage
And I know you not scared but please be cautious
'Cause these jealous ass niggaz could be walkin' amongst us
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'Cause she wear fly shit and she push nice whips
Jealousy, I don't owe you, man
I don't know you, man, I never sold you, man
Jealousy, jealousy, jealousy
To my jail niggaz
To your street memories
I know you can hear me now
For the record we love you, we miss you
Yeah, to all my niggas that passed away
Joe Montana, my sister Lisa
[Incomprehensible] my brothers for life, nigga
Cali, LV, oh my God, jealousy
All 'em jealous ass niggas, man, it's Coka

Jealousy, crack, crack
Jealousy, jealousy, jealousy, jealousy

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