

# My Lifestyle

Fat Joe

Ya'll wanna live my lifestyle  
Never seen a brick, never seen a crackhouse  
Wanna a war with the Don have your techs out  
Bring it on, and I'm a show you gangsta  
Yo, yo, I stand alone in this cold world, could you believe that?  
I've seen some good men get blown over G-packs  
In the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap  
And live niggaz get it on with the D-techs  
Shit, my life's legendary  
If I wrote it all down in a book it would be very scary  
What you know 16 BM'ers and Benzes  
Rope chains down to my dick, the beef looks tremendous  
Me and my niggaz flip holes in bitches  
Back then, when I wouldn't even pose for bitches  
A-YO, you can ask Dapper Dan, who was the man?  
Back in 88, every other week tricked 30 grand  
Even my bitches wore Gucci and Louie  
My peeps already in the crowd lookin' for groupies to screw me  
Exit the club, about to cruise up the block now  
With the Taj, stay frontin' with top down  
See me in that new thing with my fiancée  
Ass so fat, makin' you say, "Muchos Grande"  
Don't blame me, blame them, the white folk  
For givin' me ten mil, for possessin' the tight flow, whoa  
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Bring it on, and I'm a show you gangsta  
Blow half your head off, leave you with brain damage  
He got his shit rocked 'cause he didn't pay homage  
It's the Don of this rap shit, go on with that wack shit  
Heard you walked the dorm in a thong on your last bid  
Joey Crack is, the most official  
Toke the pistol for those who oppose the issue

I hope I convinced you to back up, really you acted up  
Believe me I could easily get your ass touched  
And that sucks, ain't nobody fuckin' with this  
Bullet shook could make you take a bucket of piss  
For runnin' your lips, got the fifth stuck in your ribs  
Don't make me splash your lungs right in front of your kids  
I'm a basket case, don't ever give this bastard space  
Or I'ma have your ass erased, I'm from the Bronx amongst corrupt cops  
We mothered this rap shit but still don't get enough props  
All I hear is 'Gangsta', you ain't built like that  
Don't make me have to pull a tool and really tilt your cap  
I'm from crills to crack, you've been dealin' with rap  
You ain't never run the streets, now I'm revealin' your act  
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