

Pendemic (Produced By StreeRunner)

Fat Joe

Yeah, uh
I don't give a fuck, fuck you
Fuck you rappers, fuck the industry
Fuck anybody who don't fuck with me, crack!
Ha ha ha, this is the Pendemic We getting poppin', them hammers go
The spanish bro, (Crucial Conflict), I'm (Do or Die) with the flow
Joe Peschi in Casino, ya know
Poked him 40 times, hit him once more for the road
Yeah, I'm being honest your honor, I killed a man
But he was a fucking problem your honor
They say Joey's a killer, every time body shit
Every verse iller, ain't nobody hot as this
You know me, I'm a one man army
Even though millions'll follow just like Gandhi
I'm Malcolm, shit I bring it out 'em
Body on Broadway, now nobody can doubt him
Must I be a backpacker or Black Eye Pea
Or spit conscience shit just to win a Grammy?
Nah, they gonna listen to me
All of Big Pun is flowing through me
Yeah, Biggie Smalls is rolling with me
I'm way over your head, you like cre-a-tiv-ity
I'm a gangsta rapper, Lord forgive the shit I'm saying
But you'd be surprised where my music is playing
That's what they want to hear
Joey from the Bronx, I'm a pistoleer
I keep gunning for 'em, they keep running from me
I'm about my money give a fuck, I'm living comfortably
Yeah, I'm right here, middle of the ghetto
Sweatpants saggin' cause I'm packing heavy metal
Yeah I made the switch from clear tops to yellow
Mami yelling out the Window *spanish dialogue*
I hate the nigga, he makes me sick man, look at him
Soon as I get enough I'ma cuff 'em and throw the book at him
He ain't get all this shit from that fucking rap money
And every time we stop him, he thinks something's funny
Shit, heard he sells cracks on the block caught a body
Listen to his raps, he calls himself John Gotti
Officer, officer, please don't be bias

Don't you know all of us rappers are great liars?
We like to exaggerate, dream and imagine
Sensationalize bring packs 'cross state
And y'all niggas lying cause young nigga dying
Over in Iraq, yeah families are crying
Controversy like oil for food
Worldwide Pandemic now we got the bird flu
Africa's in crisis, please give aid
Must we do everything like organize for our age
Katrina, Katrina, oh Ms. Katrina
I'm looking for some benefits, tell me have you seen her Yeah, this is the Pandemic
We outta here (crack) see you next time if there is a next time
"Thanks to Joey Crack the Gangsta rapper
Do this shit my way like Frank Sinatra" crack!
Bye

Songwriters

Warwar, Nicholas M / Cartagena, Joseph Anthony Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>