

Pendemic

Fat Joe

Yeah, I don't give a fuck
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you too
Fuck you rappers, fuck the industry
Fuck anybody who don't fuck with me
This is the Pendemic, yo
Yeah, we get it poppin', them hammers go, the Spanish bro
'Crucial Conflict', I'm 'Do or Die' with the flow, yeah
Joe Pesci in 'Casino', you know
Poked him 40 times, hit him once more for the road
Yeah, I'm bein' honest, your honor, I killed the man
But he was a fuckin' problem, your honor
They say Joey's a killer, every time body shit
Every verse iller, ain't nobody's 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 consciousness just to win a Grammy?
Nah, Big L listen me
The soul of Big Pun is flowin' through me
Yeah, Biggie Smalls is rollin' with me
I'm way over your head, you like creativity?
I'm a gangsta rapper, Lord, forgive the shit I'm sayin'
But You'd be surprised where my music be playin'
Yeah, that's what they wanna hear
Shit, Joey from the Bronx, I'm a pistoleer
I keep gunnin' for 'em, they keep runnin' from me

I'm about my money, give a fuck, I'm livin' comfortably, yeah
Yeah, I'm right here, middle of the ghetto
Sweatpants saggin' 'cause I'm packin' heavy metal
Yeah, I made the switch from clear top to yellow
Mami yellin' out the window 'Oye, dejate con eso'
I hate that nigga, get me sick, man, look at him
Soon as I get enough, I'ma cuff and throw the book at him
He ain't get all this shit from this fuckin' rap money
And every time we stop him, nigga think he something funny
Shit, heard he sell cracks on the block, caught a body

Listen to his raps, he call himself John Gotti
Officer, officer, please don't be biased
Don't you know all of us rappers are great liars?
We like to exaggerate, dream and imagine
Sensationalize bringin' packs 'cross state
And y'all niggaz lyin' 'cause young niggas dyin'
Over in Iraq, yeah, families are cryin'
Controversies like 'Oil for food'
Worldwide Pendemics, now we got the bird flu
Africa's in crisis, please give aid
Must we do everything like organize Live Aid?
Shit, Katrina, Katrina, oh, Ms. Katrina
I'm lookin' for some benefits, tell me have you seen her?
Yeah, this is the Pandemic, we outta here
See you next time if it is a next time, yeah
Thanks to Joey Crack the gangsta rapper
Do this shit 'My Way' like Frank Sinatra, you know, bye

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