

# Joey Don't Do It

## Fat Joe

[Chorus]

[Jimi Hendrix]

"Hey Joe, now where you goin with that  
gun in yo' hand?" Yeah, yeahhh, AOWWWW! Yeah  
Just when you thought it was, s-s-s-s-safe  
I ran up in the crib and cleared the motherfuckin safe  
Got crates full of bass, got pills, got ones  
And everybody knows that, Joey got a gun  
I got that ch-ch-ch-ch-chopper, yes I'm a hustler  
A to the K with the motherfuckin muffler  
Heed when the God speak, when I squeeze my palm squeak  
Drop more shells on your block than Palm Beach  
Don't do it, don't do it, shit Joey don't do it  
I said fuck it I'ma push this shit back to the future  
Niggaz call me German so I hit 'em with the Ruger  
Bullets like Easy Pass, they run right through ya  
Got the supersoaker for superjokers to supertorch ya  
Stupid is what stupid does, now move it Coka  
I'ma prove it's over, you ain't got a chance  
And I don't even need a gun, I know how to dance [Chorus] Yeah, uh  
Joey got a gun, and everybody know  
that black kitted car stash box where it go  
Fo'-fo' long, told Curtis he could hold that  
Run in your hotel room, and take yo' gat  
Got old guns for new niggaz, my throwback  
And I ain't talkin 'bout music, get your soul clapped  
Canons so big, bounce, they exit  
Play Superman, fuck around, get your S split  
42 shots to the chest, where your vest went?  
No more passes for niggaz, no exceptions  
Got the goons with me and them niggaz kinda desperate  
Give a nigga a job like Tony, do reception  
Pounding, ran the chain on the man's border  
Taliban style, blow his brains on the camcorder  
You can hear death in my voice, call it manslaughter  
Pistol whip the shit out this bitch, put my hands on her [Chorus]

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