

# Watch The Sound

## Fat Joe

Ninety-three it's time man  
(All out yo, because youknowwhatI'msayin')  
A Grand Puba, Diamond D  
Fat Joe, it's time to get the dough  
Grand Puba,Diamond D  
Fat Joe, it's time to get the dough  
Boom bip, BAM, here I am  
Even fans in Japan, be tellin' me I'm the man  
Fat Joe, a.k.a. the woman fucker  
Beat you down to the ground, stomp your face with my Chucker  
So niggaz back up, yo, I'ma set it  
Fuckin' with me, you won't live to regret it  
I don't fake moves, I break peeps  
I'm takin' niggaz gold chains, they cash and the Jeeps  
See, I don't give a fuck about a niggaz rep  
We can go glock for glock or tec for tec, sheeeeyit  
I heard a motherfucker wants to turn snitch  
I cut the niggaz head off and sent it to his fuckin' bitch  
I ain't lettin' a nigga take the stand  
Play Sammy the Bull, be one dead man  
See suckers can't hang with the slang  
And if they bring the whole gang  
Well, then they'll all catch a bang-bang  
I come from the Bronx and not the Boogie down  
Niggaz don't ever come and front in my part of town  
See everybody knows my pedigree  
There ain't another motherfuckers that's better than me  
I could make em pump, I could make 'em jump  
But I'm mostly known for givin' other niggaz lumps  
So niggaz better chill and maintain  
I'm blowin' motherfuckers out the frame  
And if a nigga try to flex  
Fuck around and catch a motherfuckin' suplex  
I'm a motherfucker like a shower  
Don't test the Puerto Rican power  
Fat Joe in the year of ninety-three  
Peace to Grand Pu' and my man Diamond D  
So punks jump up to get beat down  
Yeah, but for now watch the sound

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Check it, yo Fat Joe, it's time to fuckin' flow  
Niggaz know the game  
It's time to blow the bitch-ass niggaz out the frame  
Guess who comes to represent?  
If you motherfuckers don't know, well, here's a hint  
It's the God and I still bag chicks  
Make the girls feel hot, be like a faggot with the bag of dicks  
So come on cause I'm comin' for the basket  
Say goodbye to your friends and start headin' for the casket  
So Doogie make the daquiris and light the chocolate  
That you got from Willy Wonka in the Chocolate Factory  
Let's squeeze a trigger for the nigga  
See I flipped to the 'lo, cause I'm through with the Hilfiger  
'Cause I flips the flavor-loo  
It's good for a fuck or two, you couldn't see this  
No matter what the fuck you do  
I smash that ass like a block of hash  
Then I rob you for cash, you little bitch ass  
Watch de sound when I timber  
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Watch de sound when I timber  
Niggaz know the flav, I don't have to take a step  
I earn my respect then quiet as kept  
Yeah, guard your grill if you try to catch wreck  
Smack the back of your neck, and take your Youth Core check  
I make more dough than Gregory Peck  
Never have to raise a fist, I keep my stunts in check  
I play a nigga out, like a Las Vegas dealer  
Living in the light, just like Karen Wheeler  
So back up and take a good look because you should look  
At what a good cook, can do without a fuckin' cookbook  
I don't sniff coke and I don't smoke coolies  
Even Italians say I'm one cool moolie  
But niggaz call me JoJo  
I'm quick to stick a chick, 'cause I kick the Willie BoBo  
On the Northside, on the Southside, on the Westside

You can't budge me nigga, even the best tried  
To pull a fast one, but you know what happened to the last one?  
He got his motherfuckin' ass done  
So step up, front, I'm not a bitch-ass chump  
Chicks by the clicks, 'cause my pockets got the mumps  
See, I'm the wrong nigga to fuck with  
Don't try to play yourself, 'cause you'll be stuck with  
A motherfuckin' ice pick right through the cheek  
I'm leavin' crab niggaz, layin' in the street  
I won't 'fess, walk around with a vest  
Knockin' niggaz off, 'cause I could care less  
You want a fair one, forget it  
And your girlfriend, yo, I let my man hit it  
So save the bluff, you know you ain't tough  
I pull your card 'cause you're soft like fluff kid  
I never ever did a bid  
I punch a nigga down a Row named Skid  
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