

Shit Is Real, Pt. III

Fat Joe

Slow motion, baby
Tell you what I see through these eyes
All we do is speak the truth, yeah
Shit is realla then real, yeah
Shit is realla then real, ain't it? My true niggas walk wit me, yeah
They ride wit me
Would you cook pies wit me now, ya heard? Lord, I keep hollerin', I hope You listenin'
How come I'm still stressed an' even though the squad's glistenin'?
Why You had to take Pun, someone so young?
Had so much more to live for, as real as they come
Dead man can't talk
That's why You're hearin' one side of the story
But did they tell You how he provided for forty?
Family members, grandmas to shorties
Even my seeds ate off the big homie
How could You deceive Your kids like that
Make 'em believe they dad wasn't worth jack?
Listen to the facts as The Don pours his heart on this track
How could I just stand there an' not react? An' I'm just about sick of all you sideline niggas
You know, do anythin' for the limelight niggas
I'm defendin' your honor, my brother from anotha Momma
I never thought I'd see the day they tried to send you [Incomprehensible]
Shit is realla then you think, man, you must not know
It takes a lot to walk a day in the life of Fat Joe
The place I'm from, MTV don't wanna film
Just a simple dice game will get a muthafucka killed
The ghetto ain't a place that you wanna take lightly
Same cat that'll spill you an' end up with your wifey
I've seen it all, that's why I've picked up the pen
To keep your boy from servin' life in the pen, ya heard?
Fuck the flu season, nowadays it's sue season
Can't even go to the clubs an' show my people love
'Coz soon as shit pop off an' niggas knuckle love
Niggas accusin' me of fuckin' 'em up
I'm like, "Hold up, ain't they supposed to be dogs?"
Part time live niggas, dabbelin' drugs
See a rapper think of a lucrative deal
But you'se a bitch if you choosin' to squeal
It's more than obvious, you don't know a thing about honor
But what goes around comes around, you'll soon learn about karma
As for me I stay being the realest
Admired by politicians, street thugs an' killers
I keep feedin' the street but the street feed back
Is that police tryna see Joe back in green slacks?
But never dat, see, I keep long money
An' if you lookin' for dat

You'll never see a cent from me, muthafuckerShit is realla then you think, man, you must not know
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To keep your boy from servin' life in the pen, ya heard?Yo, I stay grindin', everybody counted me out
Now I'm rewinding' in my summer beach house

If I'm not in the studio, I'm out on tour

Bustin' my ass to make my fans' future secureNowadays everybody want somethin' for nothin'
All of a sudden niggas talkin' like, "Joey be frontin'"

The hood screamin', Crack done changed, he don't holla

I know now Big, 'Mo Money Mo Problems'Jealousy's a muthafucka
Who'd a thought the same niggas you be feedin'

Be the muthafuckaz comin' for ya?

I'm not stressin', I was born a warrior

Plus I'm too big, too wise, too strong for yaWhen it's all said an' done, I follow my dreams
Could have ended up dead or in jail given the scheme of things

To let you know I'm the reason you still walkin'

If I said somethin' it was me, not the liquor talkin', muthafuckaShit is realla then you think, man, you must not
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