

# Walk On By

## Fat Joe

Yes indeed, what the deal?  
This is the world famous Kid Capri  
Up here with my man Joey Crack  
Joey Crack got this new joint coming out  
Yo Joey, tell 'em what the name of this joint is  
This is for the hoes and bitches  
A-yo what about all the young ladies  
The positive young ladies  
Like I said, this is dedicated to the hoes and bitches  
Speak on it man  
This ain't for the intelligent civilized divas  
For all the hoes and bitches who swallow nut by the liters  
Two months pregnant madd dick pokin' the fetus  
But she don't give a damn still suckin' dick for sneakers  
You know the type, damn dirty is right  
She even did it with dice and made a dildo of ice  
A-yo it's like the hiest move ya phat ass to gain  
And if you love me baby girl, give my friends some entertainment  
(Yo that's foul Joe)  
Hey yo, I treat 'em how they act yo  
Behave like a hooker and played like a mad hoe  
Rumor has it that you take it in the asshole  
And wrap ya lips around my dick like a lasso  
I love the way you hold that Joe Crack Bozak  
While niggas bone that, my stomach's where ya nose at  
Just another hoe in the midst  
That does more than kiss when we start pourin' the 'cris  
All you bitches be fuckin' for money  
Playin' niggas but they can't get shit from me  
You ain't smokin' my lye, pushin' my ride  
And if you ain't fuckin' just walk on by  
All you bitches just walk on by  
I once knew a girl by the name of Savannah  
Met her backstage at a show in Atlanta  
Seemed like a nice girl, class and well-mannered  
When I took her to the hotel the bitch went bananas  
Did my eyes decieve me, was she suckin' three pee-pee's?  
Caught it all on tape so I could watch it late on TV  
Couldn't wait to beep me, started in the car

Shorty caught the quick train from the Trinity stars  
Big Joe'll railroad, any frail hoe  
Have a bitch scream and yell throwin' elbows  
Now who the hell knows, why these girls fuck for cell phones  
Turnin' tricks for material shit  
Now bust it, you wanna hit it, gotta pay top dollar  
These chics is hot rodders, with grips like Rottwilers  
But why bother, picture me payin' a fee  
I'll just play like Akinyle and fuck these hoes for free  
All you bitches be fuckin' for money  
Playin' niggas but they can't get shit from me  
You ain't smokin' my lye, pushin' my ride  
And if you ain't fuckin' just walk on by  
All you bitches just walk on by  
Picture B, more on the floor on all fours  
Mind must've lost yours, never been tossed  
Tour, that's what I do for ones, not whore  
Baby that's what I do for fun  
Now I dread that I gave you head  
All because them four double A duracells went dead  
My vibrator, huh, playa hatin' on me  
Thinking you can hit this and get away scott free  
Now you boomeranged, all wanted was some action  
Brought my own Brenton, got my own mansion  
Now you off tryin' to front to yo niggas  
'Cuz I blew ya back out and got my own figgas  
Please, you was just something to do  
Had a camcorder too, how you like that boo?  
You mad? 'Cuz I hit that and vanished  
Or 'cuz you on tape screamin' 'Charli Baltimore' in Spanish  
All you bitches be fuckin' for money  
Playin' niggas but they can't get shit from me  
You ain't smokin' my lye, pushin' my ride  
And if you ain't fuckin' just walk on by  
All you bitches just walk on by  
Just walk on by  
See ya later, yeah  
You scandalous hoe

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