

fat JOE

Fat Joe

[Verse 1: B.I.G.]

I was a terror since the public school era
bathroom passes, cuttin classes, squeezin asses
smokin blunts was a daily routine since 13

A chubby nigga on the scene

I used to have the trey deuce and a deuce deuce in my bubblegoose

Now I got the mac in my knapsack Loungin black
smokin sacks up in ac's and sidekicks with my sidekicks rockin fly kicks

Honeys wanna chat but all we wanna know is where the party at

And I can bring ma GAT, if not I hope i dont get shot

Better throw my vest on ma chest cause niggaz is a mess

It dont take nothin but frontin for me to start something
buggin and buckin at niggaz like I was duck huntin

dumbin out just me and my crew

Cause all we wanna do is (The rockaway)[Chorus: Fat joe (With B.I.G. in back round)]

ma niggaz dont dance they just pull their pants and do the rockaway

Lean Back (Brooklyn)

Lean Back (Uptown)

Lean Back (Queensbridge)

Lean Back (Bronx)

say Ma niggaz dont dance they just pull up their pants and do the rockaway

Lean Back, Lean Back, Lean Back[Verse 2: B.I.G.]

Hugs from the honeys, pound from the roughnecks, seen my men sayd that I knew from the projects

Said he had beef, asked me if I had ma piece

Sure do two 22s in ma shoes

Holla if u need me luv, i'm in the house

roam and stroam, see what the honeys is about

moet poppin ho hoppin aint no stoppin big papa Im a bad boy

Niggaz wanna front who got ur back? Biggie

Niggaz wanna flex who got the GAT ? Biggie

It aint hard to tell Im an eastcoast overdoser

Nigga u scared ur supposed to

Nigga I toast ya put fear in ur heart

Fuck up the party before it even start

pissy drunk over henny and skunk

Or some brand newbian shit beating down punks[Chorus: Fat joe (With B.I.G. in back round)]

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Lean Back (Brooklyn)

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say Ma niggaz dont dance they just pull up their pants and do the rockaway
Lean Back, Lean Back, Lean Back[Verse 3: B.I.G.]
Bitch is in the back looking righteous
In a tight dress I think I might just
Hit her wit a little Biggie one-on-one
how to tote a GUN and have fun with Jamaican rum
Conversation, blunts in rotation, ma men big Jock got the GLOCK in his waist and was smokin, drinking got the
Hooker thinking
If money smell bad then this nigga BIG is stinkin
is it ma charm I got the Hookers eating out ma palm
She grabbed ma arm and said let's leave calm
Im hitting skins again
Rolled up another blunt, bought a heineken
Niggaz start to Locke out, a kid got choked out
blows was stoned and a FUCKING fight broke out
Cant we just all get along?
So I can put hickeys on her chest like lil Sean[Chorus: Fat joe (With B.I.G. in back round)]
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