

# Part Deux

## Fat Joe

How many emcees must get dissed?  
How many motherfuckin' mics I got to rip? 'Til you  
Are considerate, illegitimate, rap motherfuckers  
Stop talkin' your shit, yeah Fat Joe, Jealous One's Envy  
Steppin' to the jam niggaz actin' all friendly  
Smilin' in my face and all the whiles they wanna  
Take my fuckin' place, them back-stabbers, them back-stabbers I got some shit for your whole damn crew  
How the fuck you gon' face a Mac-11 with a twenty-two?  
And then deliver, I'll shake your shiver  
And shatter your bones, the modern day Al Capone Step into my zone and get blown  
He who claims to wear the crown'll get the throne, check it  
There's many emcees in this world of rap  
But not too many emcees can fuck with Joey Crack In fact, yo, I be the realest you know  
With the illest of flows, bustin' caps at po-po's You gotta flow Joe, all these niggaz know the time  
When I come through, I shine with these genuine rhymes  
Let 'em know Joe, what you mean they don't know?  
I'm representin' right now like I represented befo' You gotta flow Joe, all these niggaz know the time  
When I come through, I shine with these genuine rhymes  
Let 'em know Joe, what you mean they don't know?  
What you mean they don't know? What you mean they don't know? Many thought it couldn't happen, Joe was  
never rappin'  
He was always gettin' loot off the crack and  
Fuckin' with them heavyweights, who had shit sewn in every state  
The very sight'll make the average man defecate Livin' the life of stock, bonds and cars, word bond  
When I be gone I'll be worshiped like Nicky Barnes  
It's on, you don't want no confrontation  
Killer communication, I suffer from multiple lacerations Take a look at Joey Gambino  
Spilled your chips in the casinos while feastin' on shrimp scallapino  
Niggaz don't want it, word to mother  
I be that catchin' body else that'll leave that ass six feet under Rappers wonder, where I been since The Real  
I been plannin' my strategy for the next kill  
Ninety-five for the real live  
Only the strong survive, that's why I pack a four-five We got, all these actors playin' characters and killers  
Wanna be hammer cockers, but, shit is realer than they think  
Fuck around and get them clothes rentin'  
Many believe Fat Joe will be the cause of Armageddon You gotta flow Joe, all these niggaz know the time  
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