## It's Nothing

## **Fat Joe**

Yeah, Joe crack the don, Ton' Sunshine, terror Terror squad, it's our time, yeah, hand it over Yo, what, yeah Yeah, mami just like that, bend down, grab ya ankles Do it for crack, damn, should be illegal how that ass so fat The way you shake yo shit make me wanna cop back Is it ya motion causing all this commotion? Forget niggaz, you even got bitches approaching Who am I? I'm just a kid from the Bronx If you love hip-hop you might have heard my shit once Or maybe twice or like thirteen thousand times I'm sick of it myself, I'm loving the shine Who else could it be but the squad's O.G? Be laid up with chicks that resemble [Incomprehensible] Half black, Japanese and something Menages, orgies, believe me, it's nothing The girls want the fact, got to feed 'em the lies Who else can have you swimming in wealth the blink of an eye? Big trucks, gee rides, we fly, twenty-fo' Won't you sit in them tires Believe me, it's nothing G-4 [Incomprehensible] just won't mix with my ride Keep a strap on my side Believe me, it's nothing [Incomprehensible] women, bad bitches, down hoes Hood rich, pitch up in Daddy's hood Believe me, it's nothing Big trucks mean rides we fly t-squad, our time Believe me, it's nothing Drop from Harlem even, more for Brooklyn Still got my name covering the walls in central Brooklyn Haters want me, they love to slut me Mad because my fat ass stay living comfy Down in D-R on the landing strip When record sales get low, we back to advancing bricks Jack of all trades, we do that too The only rapper get the Suge Knight effect when he come through When pun died, half of y'all cried

The other half wanna see my demise

"Follow the don", is all we kept telling you Once you down with the squad, you can never give up No need to get ya jewel's back, let them other crews do that It's so ironic that I'm under fire I'm like, "Mine'll get better one time", you dick blowers Big trucks, gee rides, we fly, twenty-fo' Won't you sit in them tires Believe me, it's nothing G-4 [Incomprehensible] just won't mix with my ride Keep a strap on my side Believe me, it's nothing [Incomprehensible] women, bad bitches, down hoes Hood rich, pitch up in Daddy's hood Believe me, it's nothing Big trucks mean rides we fly, t-squad, our time Believe me, it's nothing No ya, not dreaming, it's not a visage It's just another platinum plaque to add to my garage Ten years in the game and still going hard Fuck a club, we flood the studio with broads My whole life never been more focused Joes the don ask Jennifer Lopez What the hell in the world did they do to provoke this? The newspaper reported "The scene was atrocious" And still find the time to please girls Even get hit on by the chick on Cenas world We beens about it, y'all dudes is frontin' Big cars, big chips, big Kris', it's nothing Big trucks, gee rides, we fly, twenty-fo' Won't you sit in them tires Believe me, it's nothing G-4 [Incomprehensible] just won't mix with my ride Keep a strap on my side Believe me, it's nothing [Incomprehensible] women, bad bitches, down hoes Hood rich, pitch up in Daddy's hood Believe me, it's nothing Big trucks mean rides we fly, t-squad, our time

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