

# Fuck 50

## Fat Joe

Yeah, that'll do it, yeah, I love hip hop  
I love this muthafucking hip hop game  
This nigga here is a real nigga man  
Stay in your motherfucking lane nigga  
You fucking with the Don nigga crack follow me Fifty meet, Fifty, he's the fakest thug you've ever seen  
Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how come you can never ever be seen  
Once I got you, Imma give you my, my, fo fo fo fo fo  
My, my, fo fo fo fo fo, my, my, fo fo fo fo fo  
Imma give it to you baby, nice and slow Fifty you goin to end up dead when you fucking with crack  
Talk about your girl pop off, where the fuck you be at  
I see MJ in the hood more than Curtis  
Matter of fact, this beef shit is making niggaz nervous It's gonna be families grieving every Sunday service  
End up with your head popped off thanks to Curtis  
But he dont care, he's still locked up in his house and shit  
Steroid up and he won't come about that bitch Is it me or does candy shop sound like magic stick?  
In the video, this nigga fifty bout to strip  
Shaking his ass, what the fuck is wrong with this nigga  
Fifty don't make me, brap Oh yeah, you got sixty-five niggaz on your team  
And they're not from South side Jamaica, Queens  
They're the boys in blue, and I'm just speaking the truth  
Yeah we all see the bitch in you, follow me Fifty meet, Fifty, he's the fakest thug you've ever seen  
(It's crack)  
Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how come you can never ever be seen  
Once I got you, Imma give you my, my, fo fo fo fo fo  
(Shit all on you niggas)  
My, my, fo fo fo fo fo  
(Mofucker)  
My, my, fo fo fo fo fo  
(It's crack, it's crack, it's crack)  
Brp  
Imma give it to you baby, nice and slow Now let's take it back to Vibe awards  
Where that nigga disrespect and then snuffed your balls  
A minute ago, all I heard was G-G-G-G-Unit  
Fifty niggaz ran and they didn't even do shit That's a shame, I was sitting right in the front  
Waiting for you niggaz to dunk  
Where are all your guns and them Teflon vests?  
We them terror squad boys You should know not to test us hate it or love it, the game's on top  
Now you jealous of him, when your shit going to stop?  
You's CB4, you's a bitch nigga straight out of low cash

LA don't believe him, this nigga is so ass  
You dissed lean back, said my shit was a dud

Now tell me, have you ever seen 'em up in the club?

Nop, nop, nop shawty

That's right, you singin' more than you rappin'

Now Fifty that ain't right  
Fifty, meet Fifty, he's the fakest thug you've ever seen

Curtis, Curtis Jackson, how come you can never ever be seen

Once I got you, I'mma give you

My, my, fo fo fo fo fo

(They say motherfucking movie nigga)

My, my, fo fo fo fo fo

(It's crack bitch)

My, my, fo fo fo fo fo

I'mma give it to you baby, nice and slow  
New York I know what y'all thinkin' man y'all thinkin' JD gonna slam  
lyrically

This nigga be crazy for dissin' Fat Joe man he really crazy tho

This nigga be walkin' around with twenty cops talking shit on records

And never be comin' out of his house feel like he can't get touched man

I'm gonna respond one time, one time only  
It ain't gonna be more songs to me man

This is for all the mutha fuckers who doubted crack

Trust me, nigga can respond ten thousand times

I ain't talkin' back to that nigga one thing I will real promise you

I won't get you I'm a get your family that's it man crack bitch

It's gonna be a real ugly summer man

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