

The Fugitive

Fat Joe

Coca, muah
Elephant in the room
Crills Early in the morning
Could barely feel my face
Cuttin that raw raw hammer on my waist
My baby mamma's stressin'
I'm like fuck out of my face
Feds on my ass now, 'bout to catch a case
I'm about that "makin' money" I'm allergic to poor
Shit, I done made some hoes out of the girls next door
Six in the mornin' when they kick in the door
I'm probably outside the forge gettin' brain in the Porsche
What Porsche? My Porsche yeah the GT Porsche
Of course I floss like them D.C. boys
Shit, right at club love I fucked at least three broads
In the middle of the dance floor such a sleazy whore
Now, headed fr paradise
Carlos Bengante, jazz in the background, Harry Belofante
Seagull in the clouds look honey I'm comin'
Different strokes, different folks, you guessed it, Phillip drummin
Now I'm a xxxx the xxxxx till the xxxxx get numb and, roll over naked then we kush kush puffin'
This is way too easy though
I am the magnifico
Cuban is pride, but I'm much more like easy though
If you don't believe me you can see me on your TV yo
Taylor made Versace, I'm with Khaled on that speedy boat
When it comes to latina MC's there's none bigga
Now who's gonna tell me that I can't say nigga?
Nigga nigga nigga nigga nigga xxxxx hoe
'Cause some chicks is bitches, and some chicks is hoes
Some independent ladies yeah they make a lotta doe,
So they get nuthin but love and respect from Fat Joe
I remember when I stepped in the game yo
Army fatigue with grey nikes, that flow joe
You gotta flow Joe, you gotta flow Joe, you gotta gotta gotta let 'em know Joe
You gotta flow Joe, you gotta flow joe, you gotta gotta gotta let 'em know
I'm borricua till I die mother fuckers, yes I will detach you
I'll leave holes you can't cover with tattoos
All you lame souls keep prayin' to them statues, when I'm the ghetto god, I'll bless you, 'achoo'

The one spitta, the can't get ridda, major label dropped me what I do?
I got richa
Eighties babies terror on the corner, I'm the pitcha
Got a new connect and what I do?
I got richa
[?] the wop bam boo
Guess what, America we love you
And I'm a stay reppin' that ts crew
And show ya mother fuckers how the bx do
Shit, every time I rock wild, it's more like a zoo
Blinds wrapped around the corner if your too late your blue
In that new white phantom, call it "milk on wheels"
Niggas willin' like Joe jus oded off pills
I oded of crills, I oded of mills
You monopoly guys, haulin' in no billz,
Shit, niggas keep askin "how come he so real? "
6'1", light skin, got them green eyes, 'teal'
Haha, it's the fugitive
Coca
I'm on the run, and I'm eatin' bitch
Street runna on this one, bitch
We'd like to welcome you, "elephant in the room" (thank you, thank you)
Bitch
Top of my game right now, can't nobody see me man
We use different forms of transportation nigga
I'm on different planets than ya'll niggas right now
You can deny all you want nigga
Coca's spittin that shit, these streets is mine
Oh, I get on some pun shit
What u want? that hardcore, commercial shit?
What u wanna dance? crills mania, nigga
Bxts!
I owns this shit!

Songwriters

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