

Fat Joe, Shit Is Real Pt. III

[Intro: Fat Joe]

Slow motion baby, unh
Tell you what I see through these eyes
All we do is speak the truth
Shit is realla then real
Shit is realla then real
My true niggas walk wit me, yeah
They ride wit me, cook pies wit me, ya heard?

[Fat Joe]

Lord I keep hollering, I hope you listening
How come I'm still stressed and even though the squad's glistening?
Why you had to take Pun, someone so young
Had so much more to live for, as real as they come
Dead man can't talk that's why your hearing one side of the story
But did they tell you how he provided for forty
family members, grandmas to shorties
Even my seeds ate off the big homie
How could you deceive your kids like that?
Make 'em believe they dad wasn't worth jack
Listen to the facts as The Don pours his heart on this track
How could I jus stand there and not react?
And I'm jus about sick of all you side line niggas
You know, do anything for the lime light niggas
I'm defending your honor, my brother from anotha momma
I never thought I'd see the day they tried to send you byna

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Shit is realla then you think, man you must not know
It takes a lot to walk a day in the life of Fat Joe
The place I'm from, MTV don't wanna film
Jus a simple dice game will get a muthafucka killed
The ghetto ain't a place that you wanna take lightly
Same cat that'll spill you, will end up with your wifey
I've seen it all that's why I've picked up the pen
To keep your boy from serving life in the pen, ya heard?

[Fat Joe]

Fuck, the flu season, nowadays it's sue season
Can't even go to the clubs and show my people love
Cuz soon as shit pop off niggas knuckle love
Niggas accusing me of fuckin 'em up!
I'm like "hold up, ain't they supposed to be dogs?"
Part time live niggas dabbeling drugs
See a rapper think of a lucrative deal
But youse a bitch if you choosing to squeel
It's more than obvious you don't know a thing about honor
But what goes around comes around, you'll soon learn about comma
As for me I stay being the realest
Admired by politicians, street thugs and killers
I keep feeding the street but the street feed back
Is that police tryna see Joe back in green slacks
But never dat, see I keep long money
and if you looking for dat you'll never see a cent from me

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Yo, unh, I stay grinding, everybody counted me out
Now I'm rewinding in my summer beach house
If I'm not in the studio I'm out on tour
Busting my ass to make my fans future secure
Nowadays everybody want somethin for nothin
All of a sudden niggas talkin like "Joey be frontin";

The hood screaming Crack done changed, he don't holla
I know now Big, Mo Money Mo Problems
Jealousy's a muthafucka
Who'd a thought the same niggas you be feeding be the muthafuckaz coming for ya
I'm not stressin, I was born a warrior
Plus I'm too big, too strong, too wise for ya
When it's all said and done I follow my dreams
Could have ended up dead or in jail given the scheme of things
To let chu know I'm the reason you still walkin
If I said something it was me, not the liquor talkin

[Chorus]