

# Fat Joe, Fat Joe

[Verse 1: B.I.G.]

I was a terror since the public school era  
bathroom passes, cuttin classes, squeezin asses  
smokin blunts was a daily routine since 13  
A chubby nigga on the scene  
I used to have the trey deuce and a deuce deuce in my bubblegoose  
Now I got the mac in my knapsack Loungin black  
smokin sacks up in ac's and sidekicks with my sidekicks rockin fly kicks  
Honeys wanna chat but all we wanna know is where the party at  
And I can bring ma GAT, if not I hope i dont get shot  
Better throw my vest on ma chest cause niggaz is a mess  
It dont take nothin but frontin for me to start something  
buggin and buckin at niggaz like I was duck huntin  
dumbin out just me and my crew  
Cause all we wanna do is (The rockaway)

[Chorus: Fat joe (With B.I.G. in back round)]

ma niggaz dont dance they just pull their pants and do the rockaway  
Lean Back (Brooklyn)  
Lean Back (Uptown)  
Lean Back (Queensbridge)  
Lean Back (Bronx)  
say Ma niggaz dont dance they just pull up their pants and do the rockaway  
Lean Back, Lean Back, Lean Back

[Verse 2: B.I.G.]

Hugs from the honeys, pound from the roughnecks, seen my men sayd that I knew from the projec  
Said he had beef, asked me if I had ma piece  
Sure do two 22s in ma shoes  
Holla if u need me luv, i'm in the house  
roam and stroam, see what the honeys is about  
moet poppin ho hoppin aint no stoppin big papa Im a bad boy  
Niggaz wanna front who got ur back? Biggie  
Niggaz wanna flex who got the GAT ? Biggie  
It aint hard to tell Im an eastcoast overdoser  
Nigga u scared ur supposed to  
Nigga I toast ya put fear in ur heart  
F\*\*k up the party before it even start  
pissy drunk over henny and skunk  
Or some brand newbian shit beating down punks

[Chorus: Fat joe (With B.I.G. in back round)]

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[Verse 3: B.I.G.]

Bitch is in the back looking righteous  
In a tight dress I think I might just  
Hit her wit a little Biggie one-on-one  
how to tote a GUN and have fun with Jamaican rum  
Conversation, blunts in rotation, ma men big Jock got the GLOCK in his waist and was smokin, dri  
If money smell bad then this nigga BIG is stinkin  
is it ma charm I got the Hookers eating out ma palm  
She grabbed ma arm and said let's leave calm  
Im hittin skins again  
Rolled up another blunt, bought a heineken  
Niggaz start to Locke out, a kid got choked out  
blows was stoned and a F\*\*KING fight broke out  
Cant we just all get along?

So I can put hickeys on her chest like lil Sean

[Chorus: Fat Joe (With B.I.G. in back round)]

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