Fat Joe, Fat Joe's In Town

{*DJ cuts "Guess who's back?"*}

[Fat Joe]
Yeah..
The Fat Gangsta..

Here comes the nigga from the East
who just been crowned for most hated by police
The public enemy, rapper at large
who's known throughout the industry for pullin niggaz cards
You know the situation, Zulu Nation
Never forget the Bronx because the Bronx the foundation
Fat Joe, a.k.a. Joey Crack
Niggaz be like he's fat, bitches be like he's all that
Motherfuckers know my rep, I never fronted
Niggaz be talkin mad shit, but they don't want it
It's the realer MC, the drug dealer MC
If a nigga fake jax, I'm gonna kill a MC
Yeah, you can't handle the truth
Fuck around and get thrown off the project roof
Mad lives have been lost and forgotten
Niggaz better watch they back, the Big Apple's gone rotten

Microphone check, one two one two
Shouts to the East and the West coast crew
Whatever you do, keep this hip-hop shit true
{"That's all I ask of you.."}

When I step in the jam all eyes are on me
Sold out crowds, with curiosity
Everybody wants to know, could the man still flip it?
Microphone gifted, unrealistic
Comin with the bomb bass for the underground heads
Flex got the most, Serge got the landspread
Keepin shit real, niggaz know the deal
Just through trial and comin down on appeal
Microphone Joe I own it, bitches wanna bone it
Blowin out the tweeters in your musical component
It's your man Fat Joe, oh, is that so?
You remember me from, "You know ya got to Flow"
One time for your mind off the top of a dome
Never leave for home without the motherfuckin chrome
Word to Tone, Big Daddy, I know he's chillin
Peace to all the villains out of state makin millions cause ah

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From the Bronx to Queensbridge, on back to Redhook
Never lost a gram on any eighth that I cooked
Fat Joe, army fatigue and black chuckers
Hardcore lyrics to all my real motherfuckers
I'm tryin to see cream, in the millions, retire
and go play golf with Russell Simmons
That's the type of mission that I'm on
Aiyyo my word is bond, I keep a army just as deep as Farrakhan
You.. can't.. deal with the man
who be holdin down the fort with the gauge in his hand

I know you love the way I grab the mic and spark it
You hookers'll NEVER get your hands inside my pockets

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{*"Everybody knows Fat Joe's in town.."*}