

# Fat Joe, Temptation Pt. 1

(Beat Novacane!)

[Chorus 2X: Fat Joe]

Lord forgive me temptation to kill  
But I gotta give these crackheads the definition of real  
Motherfucker die - don't look in my eye  
Take this wit'cha nigga, tell the devil I sent ya

[Fat Joe]

Yup! Death ain't sweet man  
But it's a fact that one day ya breath gon' cease  
Some niggaz get cremated, others rest in peace  
You can get shot tomorrow if you test these streets  
Go against Crack - hehehe - that's a problem  
I'm a driveby, stabbin, napalm kinda problem  
Choose one, the AK or revolver  
I'll leave your body leakin layin on the carpet  
Yeah, this nigga don't care  
Have your head spinnin like that chick Linda Blair  
I'm the Exorcist, niggaz don't know when they exit is  
But I keep a K that cause a mass exo-dus  
You don't want no problems, problems  
Fuckin with these frauders {?}  
I had the ambulance racin the street  
Have your poor momma raisin the sheets, muh'fucker

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Let me tell you 'bout myself, you can find me alone  
On the streets of the Bronx, that's the county I own  
Well at least that's the one I'm claimin  
You know a muh'fucker that's realer then name him  
Damn near a decade done passed and we still on top  
My nigga Pun died, niggaz thought the shit gon' stop  
I'm not concerned with the rumors and the small talk  
Thought a nigga learned when he caught it and he walked off  
Shoulda put the burn to a nigga so he'd slow down  
Niggaz won't be thinkin, that's it rap, when it go down  
In L.A. we got Bloods and Crips, in Chi-Town the Kings  
Got other mob bosses kissin my ring  
Don't confuse me wit'cha favorite MC  
Difference is this mans'll kill him as a favor for me  
Until then it's just...

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Yo - wake up in a cold sweat  
5:15 in the mornin, hear my phone ring  
It's my nigga Ant speedin, slow down dog  
You actin like the po-po chasin ya, be easy  
He tellin me, "Crack where the fuck is you at?"  
I'm at the hotel Radisson, hour ago  
I did a show out in Patterson, took the bitch home  
Nigga you know she was the baddest one, as was the Fattest one  
This nigga Ant yell, "Crack what's her name?"  
Carmen, why you stallin, why the fuck you callin  
He said, "Joe they tryin to set you up  
Put you six feet deep tryin to wet you up  
You know that nigga Pablo from... Ave  
Now he push pounds of blow, niggaz swear he bad"  
Yeah, Mr. Friendly, he's pussy I bet'cha  
Nah he sent his sister to the club to come get'cha  
DAMN! Wake up ma  
I'm sho' gon' miss ya purty face suckin my DICK bitch!  
{click-click, BLAM}