

Take a Look At My Life

Fat Joe

(Intro: Fat Joe)

Whooh. friendly day in the neighborhood
Birds is chirpin (Hi neighbor!)
Niggas walkin they dogs, ha ha, watering they flowers
That's my neighborhood. FUCK NO!
I'm from the streets of the BX Boro where niggas push packs
This is that surge shit, that full flex shit, Al Groh shit
Raul ya heard me?
Macho, Jigga Brown JD, Charlie Rock LD, Remy Ma, unh
Sound boy turn this shit up right here

(Fat Joe)

I'm your idol, your highest title, numero uno
Yes I'm Puerto Rican and I speak it so that you know
Stomp. yeah that's the idea
Leave that nigga leakin from ear ta ear
Listen here young bruh, man ya end is near
They probaly, find your body at the end of the pier
Niggas must be crazy to mistakin me for folk lore
I put the eighty to your baby man I told y'all
Fuckin wit crack's like fuckin wit Crack
What? Pull out the pipe or push your weight back
Look, ya hate that, look we stay straped
From Crook from way back done took the game back
Ya shook, remain fact top of the world, stop knockin the girl
She in the drop with already rock lock and the pearl
Fish Scale ta Heron, live well from here on
Half a mil in ya grill, of course we bare all
Niggas thinkin that this rap is just words
I pull up in they curb, pull a Desert Bird
and clear the block in no time
Get off my dick, stop focus shit and getcha own shine, muhh'fucka

(Chorus: Fat Joe)

Take a look at my life, and you can see that
I'm from the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap
Y'all need a nigga like me to point cha fingers at
So stop hating on The Don, you know ya need Crack
Take a look at my life, and you can see that
I'm from the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap
Y'all need a nigga like me to point cha fingers at
So stop hating on The Don, you know ya need Crack(Fat Joe)
First we was thuggin, then bust sluggin
My Lifestyle the shit, really had the streets buggin

Oh no he ain't come back like that
Not Crack with a platinum plaque, yo!
It's the thirteenth al spinna
Niggas use to doubt now we even made Craig Common look like a winner
Me and Diddy skippin out on bills
Just copped the house on a hill, now how that feel?
Fuck, alot of y'all niggas, you been shittin since the first song
Now we rip it down spring break with no shirt on
Ass all out, just swoonin the crowd
Same damn mean bitches wanna move in my house
You see us back to back in 'em snow white trucks
Chain hanging off the rim, you not giving a fuck
You must not be reading it right
Ice so bright, we don't need headlights at night
Yo, crack niggas, ask niggas how I smack niggas
with the mac flast cuz I am what I rap, nigga
TS throw in your hands, make 'em pack nigga
To never let another crew move his back nigga, what!(Chorus)(Outro: DJ Kay Slay)
Yeah, DJ Kay Slay a.k.a. Slap ya favorite DJ
The black Fat Joe of the motherfuckin game
Terror Squad motherfuckers, y'all know what it is
I'll buck, ooh, ooh ooh, I'll slap the shit out of one of you
motherfuckers
Y'all front on the Squad, man? Y'all know what it is, man
2003 shit, faggot ass motherfuckers, get the fuck outta here
Oh, oh, oh yeah, and most of youse owe me

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