

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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