

# Fat Joe, Say Word

Yeah, don't get it fucked up  
This shit is realer than you think  
Goin out to all them niggaz gettin cream  
Drivin them beemers, them NSX's, them Lexus  
All up in the clubs, buyin out the bars and shit  
Uhh, money man in the house  
Yeah, uhh..

Sparks are flashin from oowops blastin  
A face gets bashed in for street crews clashin  
Forever be forever great  
It's the same shit tomorrow, eulogies of sorrow  
Nonstop dramas, chumps think they hard smokin ?  
It's all for steel my son, light as a tongue  
The connections I got, I can lamp while you get done  
Remember that, I dismember cats that act  
A plain and simple fact is I react on impact  
I'm plenty versatile, wild  
Have you screamin like your head short a few vials  
No more slabs and dollar cabs  
Strictly Lexus Coupes with my troops feel the Alpine blast  
Extra dark tints, for sticky events  
Suspense makes the lead dispense  
A baby oil massage when I'm feelin intense  
Fly mami's with ki's taped to their bo-ties  
Transportin through a airport securities  
In cahoots with the San Juan authorities  
Hated by majorities, loved by minorities  
Uhh, the top dog, ??  
Hazardous to your health like smog

Chorus: Fat Joe (repeat 2X)

(Say word) Word! Fuck what you heard  
Shit is realer than you think, you niggaz must be slow  
(Say word) Word! You best to act like you know  
It's that real nigga shit from Fat Joe

[Fat Joe]  
Business chatter's over shrimp and lobster platters  
at Jimmy's Cafe, a glass of Peirier  
Chick go for celly book a room at the Holiday  
Inn, so I can get her and a friend  
Menage a trois livin the life of a star  
Overweight overpaid, pockets bustin out the seams  
While you suckers havin limousine dreams  
I got you all sized up, niggaz wise up  
A Fat Beat truck'll be pickin all you guys up  
Word to mother, shit is realer than you think  
Hit my lady with diamond rings, gold links and minks  
A nickel-plated trey-deuce, pearl handle is pink  
So there's no muggin, all you niggaz must be buggin  
The mac in the trunk's what I'm luggin  
(Say word) GEYEAH, save it for the hook  
Terror Squad's everywhere you look  
Niggaz is vexed from all the hoes I took  
From Trinity Ave all the ways down the Brook

Chorus 1.5X

[Fat Joe]  
Yeah, goin out to my nigga Big Frank  
1-7-0 Joe  
Notorious One, yeah

Uncle Dan got my back  
Charlie Rock L.D., up in Auburn, doin your time  
Swear to God when you come home you'll be on nigga  
Word is bond, Tony Montana, rest in peace