

# Fat Joe, Shit Is Real Pt. III

[Intro: Fat Joe]

Slow motion baby, unh  
Tell you what I see through these eyes  
All we do is speak the truth  
Shit is realla then real  
Shit is realla then real  
My true niggas walk wit me, yeah  
They ride wit me, cook pies wit me, ya heard?

[Fat Joe]

Lord I keep hollering, I hope you listening  
How come I'm still stressed and even though the squad's glistening?  
Why you had to take Pun, someone so young  
Had so much more to live for, as real as they come  
Dead man can't talk that's why your hearing one side of the story  
But did they tell you how he provided for forty  
family members, grandmas to shorties  
Even my seeds ate off the big homie  
How could you deceive your kids like that?  
Make 'em believe they dad wasn't worth jack  
Listen to the facts as The Don pours his heart on this track  
How could I jus stand there and not react?  
And I'm jus about sick of all you side line niggas  
You know, do anything for the lime light niggas  
I'm defending your honor, my brother from anotha momma  
I never thought I'd see the day they tried to send you byna

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Shit is realla then you think, man you must not know  
It takes a lot to walk a day in the life of Fat Joe  
The place I'm from, MTV don't wanna film  
Jus a simple dice game will get a muthafucka killed  
The ghetto ain't a place that you wanna take lightly  
Same cat that'll spill you, will end up with your wifey  
I've seen it all that's why I've picked up the pen  
To keep your boy from serving life in the pen, ya heard?

[Fat Joe]

Fuck, the flu season, nowadays it's sue season  
Can't even go to the clubs and show my people love  
Cuz soon as shit pop off niggas knuckle love  
Niggas accusing me of fuckin 'em up!  
I'm like "hold up, ain't they supposed to be dogs?"  
Part time live niggas dabbling drugs  
See a rapper think of a lucrative deal  
But youse a bitch if you choosing to squeel  
It's more than obvious you don't know a thing about honor  
But what goes around comes around, you'll soon learn about comma  
As for me I stay being the realest  
Admired by politicians, street thugs and killers  
I keep feeding the street but the street feed back  
Is that police tryna see Joe back in green slacks  
But never dat, see I keep long money  
and if you looking for dat you'll never see a cent from me

[Chorus]

[Fat Joe]

Yo, unh, I stay grinding, everybody counted me out  
Now I'm rewinding in my summer beach house  
If I'm not in the studio I'm out on tour  
Busting my ass to make my fans future secure  
Nowadays everybody want somethin for nothin  
All of a sudden niggas talkin like "Joey be frontin";

The hood screaming Crack done changed, he don't holla  
I know now Big, Mo Money Mo Problems  
Jealousy's a muthafucka  
Who'd a thought the same niggas you be feeding be the muthafuckaz coming for ya  
I'm not stressin, I was born a warrior  
Plus I'm too big, too strong, too wise for ya  
When it's all said and done I follow my dreams  
Could have ended up dead or in jail given the scheme of things  
To let chu know I'm the reason you still walkin  
If I said something it was me, not the liquor talkin

[Chorus]