

# Fight Club (feat. M.O.P. & Petey Pablo)

## Fat Joe

Ch, ch, ch, ch, yeah  
Terror Squad, First Family  
Ahh!  
(Yeah!)  
You see them diamonds glisterin' off that three quarterla  
That them there polyester  
(Uh, nigga)  
Ya heard me?  
(What the fuck, what the fuck, huh?)  
(Terror Squad, First Family)  
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!  
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!  
Yeah, yeah uh  
Yo it's that motherfuckin' Bronx nigga Don shit  
Run up in yo' mom's crib  
Ship stacked biddomb shit, gun up in the palm shit  
Nobody moves, nobody get whacked with the contract  
Yo' shot at they concert, it's locked on the concrete  
I'm Stone Cold, I mean I slap then stomp  
Then what's to stop my .40 glock from rumblin' your calm streets? I'm troubled when I on deep,  
loco enough for Dolo  
Blow holes in ya car seat and roll over ya Rover  
Fuck this role model shit, I'm finna blow out ya wig  
Bitch! Throw bottles to kid and get 'em thrown at ya crib  
It's the return of the worst shit that ever happened  
Reborn like what's crackin', we formed with raw plastic  
Blastin' off ya doors with an awful passion  
Forcin' the walls to crash in  
You see them kids, I'll make 'em all bastards  
Joey Crack keep it gully, known to clap keep a fully  
Automatic mack whodie on my lap doin' thirty  
Drivin' through the Heights tryin' a find these cats that did me dirty  
Shot me on the Ave, now I gotta blast until them pearlies  
We the realest niggaz ever touch the mic  
(Blah)  
And we love to fight  
(Blah)  
You heard my niggaz give up the fuckin' knife!  
(Ante up) We gonna  
Break  
(Break)  
Mash

(Mash)  
Brawl  
(Brawl)  
Clash  
(Clash)

Fight up in them clubs, got no love for yo' ass

(Get yo' ass up nigga)

Show me where you at

(Get yo' ass up nigga)

Open up his back We gonna

Break

(Break)

Mash

(Mash)

Brawl

(Brawl)

Clash

(Clash)

Fight up in them clubs, got no love for yo' ass

(Get yo' ass up nigga)

Show me where you at

(Get yo' ass up nigga)

Open up his back Yo who that husky-ass nigga with the flow so dumb

Comin' up outta Brooklyn lookin' like Mighty Joe Young

(Face down)

Know we real, got this motherfucker

Crackin' and buzzin' with my Latin cousin Joey Grills

(We international)

151 proof

Letcha cold run loose, I give 'em a sunroof

For cotton-ass pretty boy talkin' 'bout drama

With that nasty ass Coogi suit, lookin' like pyjamas (Somebody gon' get hurt today)

So be it

We the first fam, you see it

(First family)

Put some trouble in ya voice homeboy 'fore ya get whacked in

Calm down, Get back!

(Calm down) For you niggaz that wanna trap me I make families unhappy

I'm tied into the same shit as Boy George and Papi

(E'rybody know)

Everybody wanna clap me

Tonight I'm with my Spanish homie Joey

So get at me with the ghetto issued .45, semi-automatic

I spit with intentions to rip Put-put pieces out yo' cabbage bitch

Trained on the Hill, aim at niggaz faces

Push his hat back seven paces, leave him standin' still

Cobra ass nigga you beg me to kill

(Huh, yeah)

When I cock glocks and pop, you beg me to chill

(Chill)

(Y'all remember Bill?)

Y'all remember the motherfuckin' deal

You will get yo' ass zipped up, how this feel nigga? We gonna

Break

(Break)

Mash

(Mash)

Brawl

(Brawl)

Clash

(Clash)

Fight up in them clubs, got no love for yo' ass

(Get yo' ass up nigga)

Show me where you at

(Get yo' ass up nigga)

Open up his back We gonna

Break

(Break)

Mash

(Mash)

Brawl

(Brawl)

Clash

(Clash)

Fight up in them clubs, got no love for yo' ass

(Get yo' ass up nigga)

Show me where you at

(Get yo' ass up nigga)

Open up his back Oh motherfucker uh uh, y'all ain't seen nothin' yet

Got a call from the Bronx Best, bitch, and I was right there

Duck tape, grip ply, havogee, turpentine

Two nickel nine, MacDonald, cup of richie wine

Wish a motherfucker would look and he shall find

Ten million ways to die!

I'm the thickest of the fire

Ain't too many niggaz round with the rumble

With the rawest in the jungle, blicky, bloaw, bloaw! Bitch I break 'em down with Terror Squad

now

(Down)

Ya pretty bad, clumsy mouth, sit down, get up, get out

Hottest thang they got in the south

(Petey Pablo)

If ya don't know now ya know

Holla at 'em Joe! Fight club! Fight club!

Fight club! Fight club!

Fight club! Fight club!

Holla at 'em Joe! We gonna

Break

(Break)  
Mash  
(Mash)  
Brawl  
(Brawl)  
Clash  
(Clash)

Fight up in them clubs, got no love for yo' ass  
(Get yo' ass up nigga)  
Show me where you at  
(Get yo' ass up nigga)  
Open up his backWe gonna

Break  
(Break)  
Mash  
(Mash)  
Brawl  
(Brawl)  
Clash  
(Clash)

Fight up in them clubs, got no love for yo' ass  
(Get yo' ass up nigga)  
Show me where you at  
(Get yo' ass up nigga)  
Open up his backYeah, huh, yeah, huh?  
First Family, Terror Squad

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>