

# He's Not Real (feat. Prospect & Remy)

## Fat Joe

Uh! Bringin It Back To The BX!  
Wit my nigga Fat Joe, long side my nigga Prospect  
    Holdin the BX down  
Bronx Burrough... Terror Squad[Verse 1-Fat Joe]  
    Yo, everybody talkin gats, really don't pack em  
        98% of these rapper's is all actor's  
    Stay frontin, like you wild and'll spray somethin  
    Come to find out, you ain't never slanged nothin  
        Think it's the game, gon lose the sport  
        I seen dude's get bruised through fort  
        Then choose the court, a new's report  
        They just pursed the court  
If you even think of bustin, they ass'll sooth your thoughts  
A damn shame, I'm from the streets where it's fair game  
    Nigga's will ift you off your feet wit the Can-yan  
        Three in the chest and one in the part  
For disrespect you, get left right in front of ya moms  
Joe is the Don, you clean, then show me your arm's  
For these track's, I'ma fiend like a soldier in 'Nam  
    Only the Bronx will blow your ass outta ya Lugz  
    Fuck love, here we believe in nothin but slugs  
    [Chrous-Prospect&Fat Joe][Prospect]  
Always you see him in the club frontin wit the ice grill...  
    [Fat Joe]  
    Be like, he's alright, but he's not real  
    [Prospect]  
Actin like he got a money, cause he never hold steel...  
    [Fat Joe]  
    Be like, he's alright, but he's not real  
    [Prospect]  
Always see him wit bodyguards around like he kill  
    [Fat Joe]  
    Be like, he's alright, but he's not real  
    [Prospect]  
So if the feds after indictment's, we know he gon squeal...  
    [Fat Joe]  
    Be like, he's alright, but he's not real  
    [Verse 2-Prospect]  
Yo, I squeeze of gats and spit facts when I breath on tracks  
    Got that hot shit, that make you ease on back  
I'll make you leave the game like Ma\$, and get ya name erased  
    Walk threw from place to place, and change the chase

I'm givin him terror, for the new millenium era  
Automatic Semi's wit the fully clip and the leather  
Poppin champagne like we celebrating whatever  
Switch to the chin, shoot top, hair and a feather  
Versatile, walking threw the aisle, hurtin the crowd  
Even got the god in the cloud, observing this style  
He love the way I do this, leavin nigga's clueless  
It's Prospect, it's off wit ya head, you should've knew this  
My twin?, cock and squeeze, we stoppin G's  
You better follow up, these nigga's can't rock wit these  
Straight up, I speak life threw the mic though  
Sprayin the town, and layin it down like whoa! [Chrous-Prospect, Fat Joe&Remi  
Martin][Prospect]

Always see him in the club, frontin wit the ice grill...

[Fat Joe]

Be like, he's alright, but he's not real

[Prospect]

Actin like he got a honey, cause he never hold steel...

[Fat Joe]

Be like, he's alright, but he's not real

[Prospect]

Always see him wit bodyguards around like he kill

[Fat Joe]

He's alright, but he's not real

[Prospect]

So if the feds after indictment, you know he gon squeaul...

[Remi Martin]

Be like, she's alright, but she's not real [Verse 3-Fat Joe]

Yo, ayo I'm lookin for the perfect mami to ride wit me

Only wear she like to rock is 560

Swear to her mom's if it's on, she'll die wit me

Puff blunts, like to get high just like Whitney

Thug type, "Set It Off", like Jada

And this chick go both ways, don't hate her

Back in the block, they use to try to play her

Till the Don out her to the qualities much greater

Net Worth, put the tool in the skirt

Which you fools know about gettin head in reverse

About, clockin grips, and coppin whips

You muthafucker's stay frontin, stop poppin shit

Let's not forget, who be gettin robbed wit the choker

Man, I'm still rockin my same chains from "Flow Joe"

And you know Joe stay wit tha mack

You hatin the fact, you can't do nathan to crack

YA HEARD! [Chorus Till Fade]\*Intro to Prodigy's "Keep It Thoro"\*"Oh y'all nigga's killa's  
now?"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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