

Swear to God (feat. Kent Jones)

Fat Joe & Remy Ma

[Intro: Dre]

This is, this is...

[Hook: Kent Jones]

Anybody got a problem, had a problem
Look at me funny, owe me money, nigga

I swear to God

I swear to God

But he ain't gon' save ya

Not even your neighbors

Run off with that dough

I put that bread on your head, nigga

I put that bread on your head

Boy, run off with my dough

I put that bread on your head

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]

Don't anybody make real shit anymore?

Guns so big, shit drag on the floor

Press that elevator, got at least three floors

With at least three whores

When I leave, these yours, okay

That's why I call you José

'Cause you do whatever these hoes say

I bring so much heat that the block, they call me Whiteside

They drivin' D's up the wall

Dark Knights ride

Heron Joe

Could you compare? Um, no?

Roll my green in that red leaf, Tor-on-to

My Mexicana mami say USA

Global Joe, move the foreign off the new estate

Put that bread on your head

They be moppin' the street

Horse head on your bed

This is mafia beef

Uh, I just might give you a fifty pack

And tell 'em bring FJ560 back

[Hook: Kent Jones]

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I swear to God

I swear to God
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Not even your neighbors
Run off with that dough
I put that bread on your head, nigga
I put that bread on your head
Boy, run off with my dough
I put that bread on your head

[Verse 2: Remy Ma]

Now if I liked your man's face, I would have sat on it
Put some bread on your head, empty the TEC on it
I ain't talkin' 'bout cash, I put a check on it
You thought we was alright, I went left on it
In that number one spot, bitch, you dead on it
Baby when you say my name, put some respek on it
Yeah, you had a nice run but now
The question is , Y'all finished or y'all done?
And ya been sayin' somethin', said somethin'
Or mentioned my name, ho
Put a bullet in the brain of the man on your Polo
You can get this work for free, it's pro bono
I put funds on your bundles, mad dough on your afro
Guap on your top, green on your bean
Dubs on your mug, a new bag on your doo-rag
I put them ends on your edges, bitch
I swear to God I drop some bands on your nappy extensions, bitch

[Hook: Kent Jones]

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Look at me funny, owe me money, nigga
I swear to God
I swear to God
But he ain't gon' save ya
Not even your neighbors
Run off with that dough
I put that bread on your head, nigga
I put that bread on your head
Boy, run off with my dough
I put that bread on your head (2x)

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