

# Spaghetti (feat. Kent Jones)

## Fat Joe & Remy Ma

[Hook: Remy Ma]

Flashing fetti and jewels, they slurping on spaghetti  
Up at Vito's with noodles, they slurping on spaghetti  
Stash the work in the Buick, they slurping on spaghetti  
In the back of that Uber, they smoking on spaghetti  
Flashing fetti and jewels, they slurping on spaghetti  
Up at Vito's with noodles, they slurping on spaghetti  
Stash the work in the Buick, they slurping on spaghetti  
In the back of that Uber, they smoking on spaghetti

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]

Nah come on P, who'da thought I'd make it?  
When the cops used to strip us naked  
Now they got the name on the street sign  
It may be famous  
And fuck boys can't help but hate it  
But I know Pun love it  
Just caught a lick last weekend  
I know he was above it, blessing from the sky  
And the nigga just recovered, long nights at LIV  
Grubman in my ears as we floating through the kitchen  
Million dollar deals while you focus on the bitches  
Signing big contracts on the backs of strippers  
It ain't a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the proof  
Since "Turn Out the Light"  
From the World Class Wreckin' Cru  
I'm back at it, crack mules in back alleys  
Crack addicts, serving them is a bad habit  
Maybe I been watching too much Narcos  
'Cause lately I been feeling like I'm Pablo

[Hook: Remy Ma]

Flashing fetti and jewels, they slurping on spaghetti  
Up at Vito's with noodles, they slurping on spaghetti  
Stash the work in the Buick, they slurping on spaghetti  
In the back of that Uber, they smoking on spaghetti  
Flashing fetti and jewels, they slurping on spaghetti  
Up at Vito's with noodles, they slurping on spaghetti  
Stash the work in the Buick, they slurping on spaghetti  
In the back of that Uber, they smoking on spaghetti

[Verse 2: Remy Ma]

Y'all bitches got fat while we starved

Shots in your ass, pads in your bras  
Y'all some liars it ain't no facts in your songs  
And yeah that crown is coming back to the Bronx  
Take away they stylist, they don't know what style is  
I've been fly since junior high, bitch  
You the biggest bird on Sesame Street  
And I'ma scramble ya egg, keep running your beak  
I keep my gat, my strap, my gun, my heat  
I love my raps, my Pap, my son, my weed  
Y'all hoes below, behind, under, beneath  
Not near, not none, not one could fuck with me  
See when it comes to this rap shit, Rem's fantastic  
I'm good money, yeah, paper or plastic?  
My shit tight, spandex, elastic  
Your shit "Shaggy," Mr. Boombastic

[Hook: Remy Ma]

Flashing fetti and jewels, they slurping on spaghetti  
Up at Vito's with noodles, they slurping on spaghetti  
Stash the work in the Buick, they slurping on spaghetti  
In the back of that Uber, they smoking on spaghetti  
Flashing fetti and jewels, they slurping on spaghetti  
Up at Vito's with noodles, they slurping on spaghetti  
Stash the work in the Buick, they slurping on spaghetti  
In the back of that Uber, they smoking on spaghetti

[Verse 3: Kent Jones]

This ain't the shit you been used to  
Your shit is not accepted  
I don't condone what you doing  
And nor do I respect it  
I'm here at Vito's with noodles  
She slurping my spaghetti  
After we fuck, tell her write her name down  
I might forget it  
Call collect, she never been a cheap broad  
Slurping that spaghetti  
That's why every man she meet bawls  
Niggas keep drawing conclusions  
But all they do is doodle  
If you think this is a new me  
The old me never knew you  
Tired hearing 'bout  
Who run the East, West and the South  
Only thing I see you niggas running?  
Is your fucking mouth  
Like who are you?  
Really who the fuck are you?  
See you with the team

Still don't know what the fuck you do  
I like that fettuccine  
And my spaghetti Rotelle  
Got bologna on my bread  
Every delivery starts with deli  
Commas, this is DJ, DJ  
Just a condiment, I never relish  
Plan on winning every accomplishment  
I let you tell it

[Hook: Remy Ma]

Flashing fetti and jewels, they slurping on spaghetti  
Up at Vito's with noodles, they slurping on spaghetti  
Stash the work in the Buick, they slurping on spaghetti  
In the back of that Uber, they smoking on spaghetti  
Flashing fetti and jewels, they slurping on spaghetti  
Up at Vito's with noodles, they slurping on spaghetti  
Stash the work in the Buick, they slurping on spaghetti  
In the back of that Uber, they smoking on spaghetti

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>