

# Fatal, Getto Star

[Tame One]

Wait'll niggaz hear that Tame and Fatal got down and made it straight  
from Uptown with six sacks and this track that's in the background

Stop stressin from the chest up, we messed up  
off that best stuff that fits up in yo' Dutch

Situation like this, you get blown to bits

Fuckin with this Brick lyricist, more complex than the Pyramids

Here it is, Strictly Biz like small print

In between them bong hits, we drop the strong shit

Chickenheads say, "Who him?" with fucked up Timb's

Knotty fro and baggy denims, spendin up the Benjamins

in city tenaments, the Boom Skwadron odd man

Don't give a fuck like Rodman ("What are you doing?")

With no rings like Patrick Ewing ("What?")

still I play hard regardless

Acquitted from the charges throwin darts up at the heartless

Aimin for your brain, Tame One, one of the darkest

Brown like the chocolate, poppin your metropolis

Chorus: Fatal Hussein

Around my way, all they do is shoot dice all day

Escapin secret indictments, gettin nice all day

Don't let em fold ya, Outlawz, the Getto Star soldiers

Give this letter to the President, before this shit is over

(repeat 2X)

[Fatal Hussein]

When Hussein aim, puttin they brains on walls like Tame name

Blastin these motherfuckers cause they just can't maintain

Y'all plain Jane's gel in the "Well's" county of Sing-Sing

Me and Young Noble, got em strung hold em for hostage

Lyrics verbally toxic, spit like doubled edged optics

My shit is milk, wearin silk shirts with chocolates

Y'all broke and can't cop shit, I get, physically fit

on some evil eye ready to die shit

This Thug shit, niggaz get beat down and shot up

I saw this one nigga, get stolen on and your soul got up

Stolen car, roll past the bar, toured a lot of city

Gave him an eighth and he cooked his whole product

It's a shame how you cowards change the game for narcotic

You don't get it, don't got it, the love of money get exotic

If you old you get shot at, and can't walk the streets

without gettin your lil' money hungry soft ass spot

Chorus

[Fatal Hussein]

We adapt to the system like "Eddie Bap" on mission

Get an ounce of izm, two six-packs, and kid listen

Just a dip on the task, my little niggaz on the ave

Do a bid and laugh, come home and cop a half

Hit me with twenty hundred, what you got was fronted

Now run it, I got this fuckin drug spot where I want it

So don't be dissin new, when you ain't got shit to do

Five thousand dollars, charge free, right out municipal

[Tame One]

Niggaz get played off to the left like they was southpaws

Toss you to the Outlawz, then let them shoot it out

for what you clock for -- got more than you expected

When I inject correct shit, it gets hectic

Fuckin comin up with that next shit, Thug niggaz and bugged niggaz

Luce? steel is tight, I'm straight up like midnight

We burn mics on turnpikes, we swervin through the lanes

We throw chains at bitches, it's back to New Jeru to get these riches

Chorus