

# Fatal, Intro \*

[After about a minute of mixing]

[Bomb explosions, gun shots]

(You know what you be?)

[Fatal]

You be like the type that come at me

And shoot one at me,

Tryna set it,

Then get another nigga to dead it

Outlaws we 'trol heat

Ya cold feet remain frozen

As Hussein show thieves

That got our own name stolen

I'm Hussein,

Flyin' down 95 in two lanes

Wearin' fitted and blue chain

The one out of these two thangs

Hustle or be hustled,

Tussle and these tough

They sheaths hunt you down

When you around and ya knees buckle

Popped up, whopped up, glock cocked up

An' got ya cop shot up,

Came to shook shop up

I took money, gave 'em horror

Recruit crooks for me

Keep my finger on strap,

'Til the gat looked ugly

I mash fast illy

G-packers get bagged silly

We pack mac millis

You know the science for that

These niggas tryna rap

When I spit it like I'm committed

Wid triple and double digits

Bag whatever bubble wid it

All y'all gon' do is be talkin' while I walk

Wid the war you ball way

Either way you playin' ya partner

Watch me bop down ya block

Wid my suit and chocolates

On some Deathrow Pac shit

Outlaw Khadaf shit, I got this,

I let you know you playin' yourself

Ain't seein' a damn bit ah coke

You might be bangin' yaself

Talk that crew shit,

I'm knowin' already who ain't gon' do shit,

Pack one nasty new wid, a lil' bit of blue shit

Confucious, run deep from Jerz,

Right off clue shit

Makaveli shit still bangin'

Y'all shoulda knew this

Y'all niggas gon' ride or die