

Fatal, Times Wastin'

Verse one

You can't even picture tho'
examples, and shit ya wrote
I run up on ya faggot ass fast, and slit ya throat
carry my weight like luggage, my bone is thuggish ruggish
it's on from storm, I'm wearin' the teflon vest
rest in born in rubbish, free spots, and Ez spots
rock like Holly Mzots, one of the top notches of the block
and I hardly touch my Pz knots, three point five
thirtys doin' dirty twenty five, to glit money live
I flip, tell'em shit to Nix
hang ya picture, throw'em all that
sippin' on that, you ain't hard that
ah, you fallin' to buildin'
I'm like where's ya heart at
I'm lack as communcations, to the nation I wanna talk
Cuz, bitch wuz born to hawk, won't slove ya town
and get torn apart, times wastin'

Chorus

[Singer]- It's the life that you live, when your hangin' on
bein' a thug, and you tryin' to get you shit off
how do you do it? How do you swing it? (2x)

[Fatal talkin' over chorus]

It's no way out the game
you can't see it

Verse two

The devil don't want me yet, so I pack teks
writin' out my will, wit a black cease a rep
I handle mics, like Hardaway
and never get stripped, bust ya boy shit
when he ridin' on my dick
nigga ya foulin' out, hackin' me wit the wack rhymes
grabin' ya nine, shootin' scared tryin' snatch mine
I murder niggaz, like you on the humble tip
and use murderin' Al, cuz he don't bull shit
they scared of me, so they ran and got they homies
thinkin' the tendaroonies, Fatal dog, I'll lonely
fuck me, just stuck me like you wanna love
I play every co'na , and ain't a damn nigga stuck me
I'm fresh out of jail, and caught a body on a hoe
beatin' down slow, cuz you niggaz, don't know

Chorus (2x)

Verse three

Immortal outlaw, come hold a mack eleven, south board
my clout board, i'm clockin' spots down south soar
I'm bad company, these cats be huntin' me
frontin', and say they dumped at me
but scared to smoke a blunt, I dump on three and act quick
have shit, in ma jacket, bullet burn like acid
when I fire, and rapid, you can take it from the block
I'll be glockin' till I drop, a deuce deuce
on my boots, wit the chocolate, on top
I can't be stoped, wiled like al, named Kadafi
nigga watch me, told me these streets iz black hockey
told me I'll play the goalie, wit the four four caliber
slipt ya mellon like galier, when i rip this bumpin up out of ya
leaven hotter then scorns, hot spots and co'nas
don't say I ain't wanted, when you be got you'll be co'ned
these streets ain't half steppin', they got weapons for ain't shady
if you ain't shelled, lately, they got places for public safety, times wastin'

Chorus (4.5x)