

# Hussein 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