

# Hussein Fatal, Fatal Freestyle

been there, did that, crips I done shot em up  
grind more fourth down, bricks I done got em up  
dope 4 everday of the week  
I got a all night spot, I tell them bitches I dont pay em to sleep  
when niggas ask about the studio, I say Im on the block again  
theres money on the streets, I can probly make it pop again  
but they dont wanna give him no bricks  
so I just reach in my jacket, go on my waist and give em the fifth  
yea. your boys back with the proper team  
when they think Im wearing red Ima rock the green  
on a whole nother episode, cops never heard it yet  
the other side hiding down the block from the murder set  
catch him anywhere with the fifth  
when its on hot on New, he g-riding from the clare to the bricks  
so gangsta how he switched from the clare to the bricks  
niggaz hate it but there scared of the the fifth

I got a team of killers  
all murder, my team the realest  
but the others dont seem to feel us  
I give a fuck about them  
I couldnt make it with them, and Im still stuck without em  
I hit rock bottom and couldnt get nothing out em  
but he a turky now, I wanna take the stuffin out him  
friends become foes in the hardtimes, seen enough without em  
u aint thinking, crew or team, we finna wet this bitch, he under water  
yea,like the pressure cooker, man Ill stress ya  
40's hit ur front door and shake ur grand ma dresser  
hundred hours, hundred bucks for every gram I left ya  
Hussein the realest nigga breathin hot damn I betcha  
and Kadafi Im telling every Pac fan I miss ya