

Chris Moutas Feat. Mr. Soop

"Outlaws"

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[Fatal - talking]

O.N.S. in this mother fucker
We got The Plague in this mother fucker
The Pentagon in this mother fucker

[Verse 1 - Fatal]

Around these blocks
You know these hot glocks
Cock till you drop
All you wanna-be cops
You don't wanna see shots
I beef deep with the police
Beat what the streets do to me
Actin all new to me
I'll creep on you like puberty
You don't wanna see the bad image
Of this primace
From here to East Crems
Through every state with a sentence
Frozen weight in a couther
Six plates to soup ya
On due we always cruise
Right by the state troopers
When I'm drinkin with Sal
I start thinkin 'bout Al
Ricardi coverin my body
At the rink when I wow
I bag a hotty or two
This but a shotty for you
I got more bodies than Drew
I drink mine naughty or new
Fuck your crew
This type of shit we do for a petty hobby
Fuck the whole world
This Fatal dawg against everybody (It's on)
Better be twenty-five once this shit you never fuckin
heard
Outlaw, Outlaw, we rate these breaks
That shit we don't got be that shit we gotta take

[Verse 2 - Merciless X]

It's the merciless X
Like Malcolm
Black as a falcon
How many shots I left depressed in your chest
I wasn't countin
But your back exploded (blaw!)
I episoded, with the weapon loaded
Let the next opponent
Get possessed with this merciless omen
The coldest crome to your dome
Sewn and holdin it's own
Let the barrel announce my ferocity
Twist spacious velocities
For haters watchin me
Make your block an atrocity
Break you down microscopic
Only doctors see, what the topic be
Drama through your armor
Bustin my two through your school of piranhas
My soldiers disapprove of your honor
We close captives, no conclusions
Let the revolver solve it
Evolve in this evolution
We shootin and pollutin

[Chorus - Fatal]

Pass the heat
And let me wave it in the air (air)
Guns bust, cowards fall
Niggaz just don't care (care)
To my Lord I swear
We ain't never playin fair (fair)
On the streets you can't sleep
When the Outlawz there
I know it's rainin on your block nigga (nigga)
You can't quit it
And you're prayin for it to stop nigga (nigga)
You shouldn't of did it
On a crash course chase of death (yeah, death)
Still thuggin on the streets (yeah)
Cause we the last ones left

[Verse 3 - Mac Mall]

I take this thug shit seriously
Bought dirty gats with dope money
ATF can't fuck with me
My soldiers be
All there quiet
I'm holdin my crotch
Sippin henne nigga
You're life or you're not

Thug Life my life
It don't stop
It's never too hot
And when I die I greet haze with glocks
Young Crazy Californians
Postin bout six in the mornin
On a quest to take the breath of my opponent
Them alls can't live
My cousins invite guns in they crib
Honey I'm home
Now nigga you're gone
Your bitch sing them songs
Like baritones to the rollers
When I saw her, I dumped on her
Like I supposed to
Now tell me what's funk without a mob year
And tell me what's a shrow without a witness
I only fuck with savages, soldiers, and hogs
From C.A. to N.J. Mac Mall be outlaws

[Verse 4 - Fatal]
Vocally undestructible
Your crew ain't got enough
To go clip to clip
When we shootin out on the strip
Cause I'm untouchable
I'll blast your
Chest through your back with Kastro
Oh you ain't scared?
What the fuck you walkin so fast for?
Is you with me or against me
Don't run up on me and tempt me
To have your faggot ass bagged
Like a mother fuckin empty
And simply vengeance of dogs
We gets a real nigga
Let me borrow your bitch
And watch me go and chill with her
On a rise no lie
Go against me and die
Baby gated like a hive
On the side of me with a nine
Believe me
This shit makes circumstances much more devious
My murderous material
Got shorties livin mischievous
Smokin em is the easiest
The hard part is dealin with the fact
That I made it through rap
And gotta go back to killin
Cause broke niggaz be illin

Wantin money for a shoot or somethin
But you get nothin but murder when I be shootin
somethin

Chorus

[Fatal - Talking]

Yeah, we doubt y'all cause we Outlaws
You better know breakin it all
Tappin your pocket and your jaw
In one swing nigga
Merciless X, Fatal Hussein, nigga
This ain't no game
We re-arrange your whole frame
Word is born, all y'all niggaz better maintain
I leave a chain of blood stains
Represent, never hesitant
All we out for is fuckin dead presidents
What? Hah, what? Yeah, it ain't hard to find
Out with Nicco Storm and it's on
Droppin bombs like Vietnam
What you niggaz want?
Fatal Hussein all seven
You niggaz better know we pledgin
And that's my word, Pentagon
And I'm in this on

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