

## Fat Amy

### "C2G"

Visit "[C2G](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(featuring Youngn' Restless)

Its the illness going on  
Yo Shatek hit me  
Y-Young  
Youngn' Restless  
Joe Crack  
Strong Armin', T.S  
Patterson, B-X  
Hold UP!

[Chorus]

Boy, look what you done started now  
Ain't no stopping this or calming it down  
Don't let me catch one of you fools out of pound  
Heart is cold, be in war from the motherfucking cradle  
to the grave  
Man, look what you done started now  
Ain't no stopping this or calming it down  
Don't let me catch one of you fools out of pound  
Heart is cold, be in war from the motherfucking cradle  
to the grave

[Verse 1]

Cowards en traced all this anger and hatred  
Gon' make me damage abrasion my attitude is very  
impatient  
Nigga crossed me, first thing I wanna do is erase him  
Yea he used to be my dog, but fuck a relation  
Once he get money and fame, everybody starts aging  
Shit ain't no longer the same, your own niggaz be hatin'  
Can't see another brother succeed  
So you backstab 'em just to see how long he'll bleed  
But I'm a strong man, pops always told me never fear  
no man  
That's why I'm scarred up on both hands  
And never love a bitch, hell naw I can't trust a bitch  
Fuck 'em and leave 'em, that's the way you thug a bitch  
It's how a nigga was raised, with a heart full of rage  
And I'm just too stuck in my ways (You hear me?)  
Its how a nigga was raised, with a heart full of rage

And I'm just too stuck in my ways (So fuck y'all)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Dog I came here to prove your wackness  
Bunch of useless bastards always frontin', moving  
backwards  
This is hardcore, ain't no acoustic classic  
Nigga swift for anything reserving using a ratchet  
Competition stand 'em in line, cause without  
permission  
I'm handling mine, occupation scramble and grind  
Stop your facing, shank you with knives  
You're missing a born soldier, operation declined  
I'm like a optician, with a vision to shine  
A hundred steps ahead of y'all, ain't no getting behind  
Say what I choose 'cause I done payed my dues  
Came from an error of pain and terror, a lot of rainy  
weather  
I learned to survive through the hatred and lies  
That's why from far away, I can spot a snake in  
disguise  
And believe me dog we ain't scared, hope you came  
prepared  
Straight Strong-Armin, nigga we don't play fair

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Fat Joe]

B-X, T.S  
Ya heard me?  
Youngn' Rest  
Uh, yo, yo  
Gear up, you need to fear us  
One false move and get paw-pierced up  
Drinking like one high loop, man I bang you in the club  
Drain the henny out your stomach and replace it with  
blood  
You wish us to hell 'cause we too real  
Selling two mills and still ain't afraid to pull steal  
Ready Rock ain't concerned with y'all  
I'm too big too strong for y'all  
And I came too long for y'all, ya heard Pun  
Takes years to earn a pair of Terror Squad balls  
Heard you niggaz want it with us, a fatal mistake  
Been blazing the game since niggaz fourth-aides  
Crack is king, man the city is mine  
And I ain't got no problem with bidding with +Shyne+  
Here's the real deal homie, stakes is high  
Look at the mirror man I bet you hate your life

(Mu'fucker)

[Chorus]

Visit [Fat Amy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.