

Fatal "Getto Star"

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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
Chicken heads say, "Who him?" with fucked up Timb's
Knotty fro and baggy denims, spendin' up the
Benjamins
In city tenements, the Boom Squadron 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

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

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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

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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

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

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