

## Fatal "Outlaws"

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

[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 creams  
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

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