

## Fatal "Whats Ya Life Worth?"

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[Bell]

[whispers of Outlaw]

[Fatal]- Yall muthafuccaz don't wanna die  
stop all that bull shit frontin' and all that talk  
a real nigga will pick the time, to go what

Verse one

Kadafi like the lyrical father hezzy  
give me feet if your crucified, like you was Jesus  
on the floor spreadin', like diseases  
sippin' the Henny, who say cool lockin' the Semi  
Automatic, niggas jumpin' like acrobatics, when static  
erupts  
you stuck, wit no fuckin' bucket to piss in  
know all you cowards goin' miss in, heres a bitch  
name glock you blockin' me, to be kissin' (I said it)  
it's like a midnight moon, from night to  
afternoon(noon)  
get cooked up, like coke in a spoon(spoon)  
protect your body from a ? shot, from my fuckin' shooty  
layin' it down, the road dog Hussein, Kadafi  
cuttin' ya ear to ear, fittin' these niggas head gear  
like I'm county bound, wilin' from to tear to tear  
shootin' and popluting, ya atmosphere  
wit crates and waste, waitin' through the fuckin' state  
tryin' come up in this world, 'cause it's money to make  
laid to rest forever, you wanna do rap under ground?  
so maybe six feet, will make the raps better

Chorus [Fatal]

Whats ya life worth? more then a beef  
when you got heat, and til scared of the streets  
how you gonna make it wit ya body, lost and cause  
wit cha soul, departin' slow, still shootin' for the stars

Some times, I feel that I'm a dead man walkin'  
wake up and cold sweats, and see myself in a coffin  
my life is hunted, I'm confused and fond  
if my blood stop pourin', I regulate like I was born (2x)

Verse two

What the fuck you think this is? hands up everybody

spread'em  
the first muthafucker move, dirty bird gotta wet'em  
ain't nobody gettin' out alive, if I don't get that melt that  
I came for  
in plus a muthafuckin' ounce and bounce  
'cause, I'm on that type of shit, nobody be knowin'  
alias Hussein, anybody look to strange I'm blowin'

I got these thugs, and hotties knowin'  
haulin' ass, wit Daz, and money bags,  
and the ass of the shooty showin', play the ?  
I bring the heat to ya street, like Al Pachino and  
Dinero, eliminate thirty muthafuccaz to zero  
watch me, streets is black hockey  
their's rules in the game, that's never let a cop top me

Chorus

Verse three

Back to back, doin' niggas like this  
when I get pissed, the hollow point slugs rip  
Thug Life, the type to swallow a bible  
I'm a swallow clips, follow this nozle of the mack  
so I don't miss, much hesitation, not nuff retaliation  
blame ya legislation, for puttin' me on probation  
allagations facin' the nation, so poor I'm in the  
basement  
ready for cold war, but I remain pateint  
my sustained, station, name takin'  
for my rocks steady, feel ya fuckin' brain shakin'  
makin' a switch, from tricks to rich  
clips to bricks, wit slow dipps  
turn in to dough hits, look at slowly, folded  
toted an broke click, you need a light?  
I'm a type, that you can smoke dick  
rock a crew, down to ?  
like Makaveli, crack frames like Hussein  
jackin' planes, back to ?  
through the crack of the ice, I surface like a seal  
new rap without, practice, do the rap without  
nervousness and chill  
shot and spin I, wit you got is men I  
she top they droppin' did I, you got popped in the lid I  
rock fight pop hoes in ya retire, bullets scatter  
through ya crewshea, devils desire

Chorus 1/2

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