

## **Fatal Hussein "Times Wastin'"**

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### Verse one

You can't even picture tho'  
examples, and shit ya wrote  
I run up on ya faggot ass fast, and slit ya throat  
carry my weight like luggage, my bone is thuggish  
ruggish  
it's on from storm, I'm wearin' the teflon vest  
rest in born in rubbish, free spots, and Ez spots  
rock like Holly Mzots, one of the top notches of the  
block  
and I hardly touch my Pz knots, three point five  
thirtys doin' dirty twenty five, to glit money live  
I flip, tell'em shit to Nix  
hang ya picture, throw'em all that  
sippin' on that, you ain't hard that  
ah, you fallin' to buildin'  
I'm like where's ya heart at  
I'm lack as communcations, to the nation I wanna talk  
Cuz, bitch wuz born to hawk, won't slove ya town  
and get torn apart, times wastin'

### Chorus

[Singer]- It's the life that you live, when your hangin' on  
bein' a thug, and you tryin' to get you shit off  
how do you do it? How do you swing it? (2x)

[Fatal talkin' over chorus]

It's no way out the game  
you can't see it

### Verse two

The devil don't want me yet, so I pack teks  
writin' out my will, wit a black cease a rep  
I handle mics, like Hardaway  
and never get stripped, bust ya boy shit  
when he ridin' on my dick  
nigga ya foul'in' out, hackin' me wit the wack rhymes  
grabin' ya nine, shootin' scared tryin' snatch mine  
I murder niggaz, like you on the humble tip  
and use murderin' Al, cuz he don't bull shit  
they scared of me, so they ran and got they homies  
thinkin' the tendaroonies, Fatal dog, I'll lonely

fuck me, just stuck me like you wanna love  
I play every co'na , and ain't a damn nigga stuck me  
I'm fresh out of jail, and caught a body on a hoe  
beatin' down slow, cuz you niggaz, don't know

Chorus (2x)

Verse three

Immortal outlaw, come hold a mack eleven, south  
board  
my clout board, i'm clockin' spots down south soar  
I'm bad company, these cats be huntin' me  
frontin', and say they dumped at me  
but scared to smoke a blunt, I dump on three and act  
quick  
have shit, in ma jacket, bullet burn like acid  
when I fire, and rapid, you can take it from the block  
I'll be glockin' till I drop, a deuce deuce  
on my boots, wit the chocolate, on top  
I can't be stoped, wiled like al, named Kadafi  
nigga watch me, told me these streets iz black hockey  
told me I'll play the goalie, wit the four four caliber  
slipt ya mellon like galier, when i rip this bumpin up out  
of ya  
leaven hotter then scorns, hot spots and co'nas  
don't say I ain't wanted, when you be got you'll be  
co'ned  
these streets ain't half steppin', they got weapons for  
ain't shady  
if you ain't shelled, lately, they got places for public  
safety, times wastin'

Chorus (4.5x)

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