

## **Gang Starr** "FAIA"

Visit "F.A.L.A." on MotoLyrics.com

Fuck around, lay around, do or die Fuck around, lay around, do or die Fuck around, lay around, do or die You figgedy fuck around, you lay around

Word to Joe Frazier, got ta do what pays ya Give a nigga pain, like displeasure But close your hips in, nigga you can't win I walk around, with a scowl and a grin Parties try to rock me, chicks try to clock me Niggaz try to block me, but they can't stop me I'm a bad man, understand where I come from Treatin' niggaz dumb, as I drink my rum

I'm a mad man, I get respect with the Tec Put punks in check, Shug's on the set I'm the one with the game, the twelve round Crack to the concrete, from the underground I'm a bad nigga, how do you figure to take me You cannot break me, so don't mistake me For your brother, I'm not a punk motherfucker see I did my time, and now I'm free

I'm a dope one, ready to rip and wreck shop I will not stop, I won't be dropped by the cops I'm bad, understand me with the game I kick I got crazy bitches like a Trojan on my dick

Yo Hobb, we got more rep than Lucky Luciano Suckers we wet to the sound of the dope piano This is something you can't handle, here's one example

I got your head as a trophy up on the mantle Each and every sect we wreck, the crowd's electrified Mystified, you get dissed, when you try, you die Fish niggaz, they get fried upon my skillet I kill it, fuck it, my shit is on hit

And hittin' you blow so what you wanna do now? You stepped up, I whacked ya, you crept up, I smacked ya Got infinite length, with the strength of a real master

If you don't bow down now you'll get plowed down now You know, like pow

Fuck around, lay around, do or die
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
So fuck around, lay around, do or die
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
You figgedy fuck around, you lay around

Word to Mike Tyson, hit you quick like lightnin'
Swing my left jab first, and then come in with the right
Cold deck ya, nah I could never respect a
Punk like you, you get dropped like one two
And you're out son, just like a one round bout son
The outcome, is that you'll get that ass hung
Easily, swiftly, you 'ew stupid you can't get with me

Fuck around, lay around, do or die Fuck around, lay around, do or die I said fuck around, lay around, do or die

Fumin' heahhh, I'm boomin' down on niggaz
I figure, how could they take out a big nigga
They don't know, so I don't never give 'em a clue
That's you and you and you, and oh yeah, you
You can't get with this or take me down
I'm always laughin' haha 'cause you punks are clowns
Since I'm passin' emcees, with my skill
I'm up on the hill, and I force them dudes to chill

Rippin' up shit as I do, because I'm violent That's why when I walk in the room, punks are silent My name is Shug, as if you didn't know I'm pimpin' hard, and punks are just a hoe

Fuck around, lay around, do or die
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
I said you fuck around, lay around, do or die
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
I said you fuck around, lay around, do or die
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
Fuck around, lay around, do or die
You figgedy fuck around, you lay around

Yeah yeah, that's Shug for ninety-three
I wanna say whattup to all my people,
yaknowhatl'msayin?
We got the Guru in the house, and my man Lil' Dap
Showin' motherfuckers where we're truly at

I wanna say whattup to my home girl, my main girl and my kids Whassup Kerry, Marie and Lisa how y'all chillin' I know y'all in the motherfuckin' house too, yeah

I like to say whattup also, to all the peoples back home That know what time it is, and the niggaz tryin' to get real And on that note, right I'ma get the fuck up out of here

You figgedy fuck around, you lay around You figgedy fuck around, you lay around

Visit **Gang Starr** page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.