

# Juan Gotti

## "Fear No Evil"

Visit "[Fear No Evil](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Juan Gotti talking)  
What's some matter wit'chu?  
You think I'm fucking crazy?

(2x)  
Vivir por la Raza

(Juan Gotti)  
Padre Nuestro,  
Homeboy, get your head right.  
No Te Muevas  
Tumba Puertas por libras de Hierbas  
En la Selva, what'chu call the Jungle  
Is my struggle to hustle con muscle  
Get my change right, cause grin ain't no punk fool  
I'm strap with the Mack, and I packin el Gap fool  
Only bang screw Cause I'm raised de Houston  
I'm the top gun the pop one and drop one  
Padre Nuestro que estas en los Cielos  
Please show love to my brothers and perros  
Trapped in ghettos viviendo su vida  
Everyone praise para salirte un dia  
Sangre fria cold mother fucker  
From the gutter, a mugger and gunner  
Straight Disaster, Yo Jale no pasa  
Y'all boys know yall can't fuck with my Raza

(Ronnie Spencer)  
Fear no Evil (Fear no Evil)  
My people (amigo)

They don't understand (won't chu tell me)  
My people (amigo)

Oraciones, palabras de pobres  
Pa pelones and sobres de entonces  
No te nojes venimos de montes  
Serving coke es moviendo estos jales

Kore Keys Japanese on the market  
Please mi padre me cuidas mi madre  
Se conpadre matando no vale

I'm the Pothead so drop dead con hambre  
No me sienta, that's cool you don't feel me  
Soy Hispano that's down for his family  
Acting badly with pain in my Cora  
That's my right to find change in your Bolsa  
Fuck a chota, I still gotta eat fool  
Right or wrong if your brown they gonna get chu  
No me aguito chunk duce in your sobres  
It's my pain, it's my life, mis Dolores

(Chorus)

(South Park Mexican)  
Tengo Hambre igual que el Tigre  
Say Juan Gotti let em know quien sigue  
Todos firmen no se que decir te  
But your bitch on my nuts like some chicle  
On the streets selling diamonds and nicles  
Stay strapped homeboy no te aguitas  
Quick reflex S to the P Mex  
Make you hoes extinct like the T-Rex  
I'm an Ñimal gun packing Illegal  
Con Corona y Limon pero sin sal  
La La Na Na Na Na Na  
Don't trip asi se va  
I'm high I can't explain  
I'm standing in the rain  
This song was made from pain  
So here we go again

(Chorus)

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