

## Chris De Burg

### "I'm An Outlaw"

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Fatal (Talking):

Hey, hey, you ain't no Outlaw  
Get em'!  
Ya'll niggaz is hoes

Chorus: Fatal and (Young Noble) (repeat 8x)

Is you an Outlaw? (I'm an Outlaw)

(Fatal)

I went from Dirty Bruce man to Hussein, Its a two game  
table  
Fatal i'll run up with my gun up, try to shoot tanks nigga  
You dont want it when i cock the pump, cock and dump  
Let off at ya shots and lump, I gots to dump  
Shoot from jail, block ya bump  
If I fell off, I caught on and forgot to jump  
Sheech ya man, he'll never speak again  
Greet ya fam, ice grill heat in hand  
Whats the deal?, real niggaz tuck the steal  
Bust to kill, big bends is up the hill  
Locks it down, take it when i cock the pound  
Rock ya town, and roll when the top is down  
Is Pac around? I dont know, Kadaf was found  
One in the head, dead on the project ground  
If its on then its on, we rape beat breaks  
Outlawz! they wanna be us on a fake we takes

Chorus (Repeat 8x)

(Young Noble)

Apply pressure like pliers, whatever my kind desires  
It ain't hard to find us, we even started as minors  
Put the bullshit behind us, we movin forward  
Eat cheese and get you killed, and whoever you wasn't  
caught with  
Signing statments, now i'm flying places  
Denying that you hating, thats the way that ya go  
How did i know?  
Look at what the game done to me

mother-fuck the world cuz we grew up (???), trust me  
I stay dusty like i live down in New, I'm used to  
Fell off the block now we're selling out stores  
Yelling Outlaw when we riding down you street  
Niggaz think that Pac gone that it ain't no beef  
You fuckin dickhead, Outlawz spit lead  
And tonight, when you come home i'm gon be laying in  
your bed  
So when you put your key in the lock, make sure your  
heat cocked  
You was scared when he was alive, but now you gotta  
face Pac, its on

Chorus (Repeat 8x)

Sicker than same faces, Hussein case is not to  
Be forgot, nigga ask Pac who shot you  
Last block i got you, burnt it up on ya'll  
Can i stop you?, c'mon dogg, I turn it up on ya'll  
Little homo thugs and thats word to Kadafi  
I spit at Mobb Deep, had to holla at Junior Mafia  
Toured with Yak, watching fake niggaz spit out  
Ignored the eyes, told them jake niggaz "get outta  
here"  
Hit em with that, I diss ya'll and stand in the jects  
Handling techs, lick off and hit your man in the neck  
And you was next, you ran so i spit on your back  
My daughter a firebug, so she sit on the mac  
Stop with your job, I cock and put my glock in ya eyes  
You think I'd be sitting in the county if Pac was alive  
I'm illa than that, Outlawz is realer than that  
If ya wifey be feeling Hussein, then i'm feeling her back  
You ain't no Outlaw

(Fatal talking)

Watered down ass nigga, Bitch made nigga  
Suck a dick!

Chorus (Repeat 8x)

(Fatal talking)

uh, Outlaw!  
Operating Under Thug Laws As Warriors!  
What? ya'll niggaz thought we forgot!  
We still together! Outlawz forever!  
This is ressurection shit!  
We gonna keep on riding!  
Get down!  
Liutenant will mash on you fake ass niggaz!  
Where you want it?!  
Wherever you go, you got it comin, its smothered!

We got the game in check!

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