

## **Fear Lyrics by Front 242**

### **"N.F.L"**

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Masta Ace:

Yeah, Yeah....Check it...

(Verse One)

All yall niggas better Jet cuz I'm a Giant  
rap supplying, nigga that's raw like a Lion  
I come from Brooklyn, land of robbers and Steelers  
and drug dealers, that's more truck than eighteen  
wheelers  
and last week this nigga named Ben, this drug Chief  
from Brownsville that got stuck up and now it's beef  
cuz words out, that it was Shaquan from Cypress Hills  
who came off, with two hundred thou in small bills  
But he forgot a Cardinal rule of the street  
you do dirt, you keep your mouth shut, or feel the heat  
stupid! The very next day he bought a Benz  
and came back 'round the way waving to his friends  
his brand new 420 was milked like a Cow-  
Boy, screaming, "How ya'll like me now?"  
but you know how niggas is, they see and they Hawk  
they get jealous when you pop shit, and then they talk  
and Ben got hoes on the streets as well  
one of Ben Gal's overheard this kid Latrell  
and he was saying, that he was down with Shaquan  
and if he didn't get a green Jaguar, then it was on  
he was mad, cuz his man, was living larger  
and he was still driving 'round his mom's dodge  
Charger  
with no rims and beat up timbs, he played us  
sayin he'd hold the dough, the feds could Raidas  
and in two weeks, everybody'd get they cut  
when Ben found out it was them he said "what?"  
he got on the phone and called his little gun Packers  
cuz they dressed like Black Panthers and drive geo  
trackers  
and Broncos, with big ass tires and dark tint  
and they all carried dessert Eagles, that's how it went

(Verse Two)

It's sunday night and my team just lost

plus the Dolphins got blown out by Randy Moss  
and the Vikings, I'm inside the food spot on new lots  
gettin some chicken, that's spicy hot  
with french fries, "Give me the combo, number 3"  
I hear \*car horn\* I look outside and who I see?  
I see Shaquan, pushing his Benz, it's pearl white  
with white leather, he four deep, and looking tight  
in his new whip, he's with these cats I've never seen  
I can tell, they ain't no Saints, they lookin' mean  
he pulls up, in front of this weed spot, disguised  
and jumps out, drinking his Colt 45  
in a tall can, he go the the door and start breakin'  
on Red, who run the spot, this old Jamaican  
like forty-nine or fifty years old, he's making ends  
and Shaquan be fuckin with, one of Red's Kins  
named Keisha, but anyway, they arguing  
these three jeeps roll pass fast in unison  
they make u-turns, and I'm like "Yo, not being rude  
but word up, hurry the fuck up with my food"  
but it's too late, the first jeep, the one in the lead  
Rams the back of the benz at full speed  
and all I could do is whistle  
and watch bullets fly through the windshield like Patriot  
missiles  
the other two jeeps, jet black as Falcons pull up  
screeching  
but Shaquan ain't reaching  
four or five cats jump out, holding heat  
and check on the niggas dead up in the back seat  
Red the Jamaican thows his hands in the air  
he like, "Bloodclot...whats all of this Buccaneer?"  
but niggas ain't care if he was down with them or not  
wrong place, wrong time, and they both got shot (gun  
blast)  
thirty minutes later, police is everywhere  
the murder scene is way to grizzly for me to Bear  
so for players, better peep this song  
when you on top, feeling yourself, its Not For Long  
(echo to fade)

Yeah...to all my beats and rhymes niggas  
...yeah...M.A....J-Love

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