

**Lena Andersson****"Paper Chase"**

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Chorus x 2

[Fatal]

When it's on then it's on  
It can't be erased  
Tear Da Club Up Thugs and Fatal  
On a Paper Chase

When it's on then it's on  
It can't be erased  
Tear Da Club Up Thugs and Fatal  
We on a Paper Chase

Verse 1

[Fatal]

Never wastin' em  
Had a slug bug chasin' em  
Spin em before they spun  
The M-1, close-casin' em  
Defacin em like county property  
He'd die for me  
Spittin' on your whole image, I rob you and make a  
mockery  
Yo ya see that party by Haus Cucasimenas  
Trife on that ass  
Who better hit the ground fizast  
Fuck that financially  
Fatal stable satanically  
Mash on your little stash niggaz testin' the family  
Play the eddie cane with your petty game  
Breakin' ya un-ready friend when you fuck with who-  
freddy sein  
Nigga dip off blood, I get that back and let the free fall  
Hit ya with six shots, let you in bail ass hits off  
Fatal Hussein, from the cradle to the grave  
Token' like big Suge till every label know my name  
And they ask 'Whats up with Yak and who shot Pac?  
And who rode on you tryin' to test the block'

Chorus x 2

Verse 2

[DJ Paul]

What the fuck!

Those niggaz bailin out of range rovers

Lucky Louisiana, lucky as a fuckin fully clothed camera  
boy

The cast there, hangin mother fucker sat there

Sayin now she was a tear da little homies at chess  
game

Dodge all my life, these niggaz no good the trigger  
man

Fatal flaw man from another hood doin yeah

Those are the rules in this mafia race

Tear Da Club up Thugs mash down on a g-string...

Verse 3

[Juicy J]

When we drop

Always keep it comin'

Make em think tough

On the block

Niggaz never stop

Tryin' to run const

Out the hood, Niggaz no good

Ridin' in the wood

With the game fatal hussein

Gonna bring the pain

Put the coo to your 40 brew

Brothers on the loose

Nothing new cuz we let em out

If we fight or shoot

All you hoes weak

And I know do you wanna roll

With these thugs livins

In the blood ghetto hesito foo

[Lord Infamous]

Break out our jewelery hide the mother fuckin' product

Break out our jewelery hide the mother fuckin' product

Chorus

Verse 4

[Juicy J]

Now it is time to get rough with the drama

Bitches you cannot escape from the heart-a

Evil scarecrow

Devil spells go

Deep in my soul

Put on my clothes

I scrip little hands and I must squeeze the whelpin'

Listen to sounds of the lit when we step in

F from us comes from the south territory  
Listen to some of my d-money poetry  
Circles a trip, plus it's me smokin' ganja  
Rich almost ripped tear by these on the furniture  
So many soldiers are coming to destroy you  
Six million sinister satanic warriors  
Ill still feel drill will kill ninni-milli flama philly  
I will fill the enemy with up by twenty slugs  
To the mug, four more tricks in the mud quick  
I want all my tear da club thugs to rip this shit

Chorus (fades out)

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