

Lyric F/ Loon

"Time to Check My Fetty"

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[Master P]

Huh, it's like this here player.
Ain't no rules in the ghetto.
It aint really bout the dollar value.
It's bout the principle.
A life ain't worth nothing.
Any nigga come shizzout on mine.
Ya hear what I'm saying?
I'm gonna handle that.
I'm gonna show these motherfuckers I ain't playing.
That's the american way.
I mean I'm kicking up crack houses
knocking motherfucking doors in cause I gotta get
mine

[Chorus x2]

Time to get your fetty
Get your paper
Come short with the cream we goin take you

[Master P]

Went half on a key with my partner Mr. Serv-On
Eighteen oz's add up, nigga that's half home
Open up shop on six and berone street
The fiends walking around, every nigga out there know
me
Hear them on the beeper, nigga it's on

[Mr. Serv-On]

I done sold sixteen, I'm on my way home
Two came up short, somebody must be smoking
P grabbed that age k, nigga we aint joking

[Master P]

Bullets got no disname, a pound and back of that good
cain
1997, ?????????????? the dope game

[Mr. Serv-On]

Some call me Frank Nitty, cause I aint taking no shorts

I'm aiming that beam at your motherfucking heart

[Master P]

Let the windows down on my green Eddie Bauer
A 187 for this crystal white powder
So Serv-On, cut those lights off and creep
That's when we put them cockroaches to sleep
Cruise up drive to erata to the 3rd ward
Professional execution, fuck a murder charge

[Chorus x4]

[Master P]

I'm paranoid, I can't sleep, I think my phone tapped
Rest in peace little Jacob in the calliop got kidnapped
Now I'm trippin on shit, I aint slippin on shit
We carry gats and shit, bulletproof vests incase niggas
talkin shit
Wanna creep up on us killers, drug dealers
Ghetto millionare where niggas and bitches feel us

[Mr. Serv-On]

Fake niggas step back, jackers meet my chrome gat
They kill my cousin fulling ghosts his never come back
It's an eye for an eye in this dope game
Niggas are losing thier life living that heroin and cocain
I trust nobody but my nickel plated nino
Have you seen her, fuck with my greens nigga you goin
meet her

[Master P]

Meet your maker, one way ticket to Jamaica
Now your bitch with me, and I'm a fuck her, then break
her
Ain't no rules in this dope game
But don't get high on your own supplies man
But if you fuck with soldiers you coo coo for cocoa
puffs
Cause niggas in my hood losing thier life for furl and
cooked rocks

[Chorus x2]

[Mr. Serv-On]

Hit the block in the purple caddy, got you bitches
calling me daddy
Got some mountains in the trunk, nigga they goin
faster so what the fuck you want
Slanging them green birds and lemon drops
Pop a pound of that cali green serving fiends
Got em fat like fifties

Which one of you niggas trying to short me
Big Mo take me to the calliop so I can see Slim
Hit the desert eagle and pay these bitches like a candy
painted reagle
Now I'm ready to set shop like Buggsy Seagel
On the parkway you bitches gonna die my way
Call my nigga cujo, it's goin down
Check my fatty nigga

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