

Nas F/ Nature

"The Fatha Figure"

Visit "[The Fatha Figure](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hustlas, ballers, players
Yeah, uh
The father figure
It don't stop, it don't stop
Uh, it don't stop
One love, one love

[J.T. The Bigga Figga]
I was raised in the inner city by ballers with diamonds
Climbin the Benzes, rollin Philles, we younger minors
Me, I be the one that's only 12 years old
Crankin off the hook from cousin, let me sport his gold
And I was told to put it down, and keep it real
Like 3X Krazy young player about the scrill
In this California lifestyle that I live
Them playas is havin money man in plushed out cribs
Survivin in the city is a serious task
Didn't know the (?) wanted, didn't have time to ask
Cuz I'm Bout It Bout It like the TRU
One love to real hustlers, straight dollars for two

[Hook:]
Gangstas, ballers, and hustlers too
Baby youngsters wanna be like you
You're the father figure of today
We need to find a better way

[J.T. The Bigga Figga]
We at the afterparty chillin cuz we ain't no punks
Some cats is in the back with macks and gold fronts
With sacks they post up, you know we be watchin
Thinkin they got it crankin, playa we got it poppin
Now bitin over dirty work, that ain't cool
With cats in drop 'Vettes in mobs and old schools
We rob them old fools, won't you amount your scratch
Respect them young G's, they the ones that's strapped,
ya know

[Snoop Doggy Dogg]
Dogg Pound, that's the sound, check around, we hold it
down

It's the super duper, yes the Snoop-a
Comin through, in all gray and blue
Kickin the game to the playas from the bay
All over the world and out the UK
Everybody around they love Snoop D-O double to the G
Cuz I'm what they love, you see
I'll break em, shake em and I make em and I take em
To the whale, leave em in a spell
And I got a little story to tell
For all my homies that's locked up in jail
I kick it to ya give it to ya for real
Cuz I know y'all dealin with the reals every day and
To get killed ain't nothin to laugh about
But some niggas goin out so sideways make me wanna
get me a
bulletproof
Hoo ride and slide around town in
But yet and still, if I get peeled
My niggas gon ride forver and that's real
Ain't no stoppin we ain't coppin no pleas
We spit game for all the real G's
Feel up the (?) they love to have it
They love to take it to the dome, yeah it's on

[J.T. The Bigga Figga]
Meanwhile back in the lab
Paper was gettin stacked, hatas was gettin mad
Confidential information exchanged up on the regular
One dead head, two steps a my competitor
Catch em slippin cuz they just been bought
Got directions to the house and the keys to the vault
Well let me open up this bundle of money, each off a
half
Pullin capers with cousin Snoop, Kurrupt and young Daz
In for the cash
Man this gang is thick
If one caught up in the track we can all get sick
And have em shook
The four O crook didn't leave a clue
Snoop D-O double G tell em what you gon do

[Snoop Doggy Dogg] (Both)
I'll keep doin what I'm gon do
With my (nigga J.T.) the Bigga Figga, that's my nigga
Representin (Frisco, in case you didn't know)
(We blow by like Jerry Rice
Come back with styles that are oh so nice)
Snoop D-O double to the G from the LBC
You gots to have (cash) to make it these days
You could make it at least a hundred different (ways)
I go the man and I get a (8 track)

Make me a beat, (smoke me a sack)
Roll up some fat ass uh uh uh
Blaze with my homies and it's (on like that y'all)

[Hook] X 3

Visit [Nas F/ Nature](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.