

# Intro

## Fatal & Rico

(You know what you be?)  
[Fatal] You be like the type that come at me  
And shoot one at me,  
Tryna set it,  
Then get another nigga to dead it  
Outlaws we 'trol heat  
Ya cold feet remain frozen  
As Hussein show thieves  
That got our own name stolen  
I'm Hussein,  
Flyin' down 95 in two lanes  
Wearin' fitted and blue chain  
The one out of these two thangs  
Hustle or be hustled,  
Tussle and these tough  
They sheaths hunt you down  
When you around and ya knees buckle  
Popped up, whopped up, glock cocked up  
An' got ya cop shot up,  
Came to shook shop up  
I took money, gave 'em horror  
Recruit crooks for me  
Keep my finger on strap,  
'Til the gat looked ugly  
I mash fast illy  
G-packers get bagged silly  
We pack mac millis  
You know the science for that  
These niggas tryna rap  
When I spit it like I'm committed  
Wid triple and double digits  
Bag whatever bubble wid it  
All y'all gon' do is be talkin' while I walk  
Wid the war you ball way  
Either way you playin' ya partner  
Watch me bop down ya block  
Wid my suit and chocolates  
On some Deathrow Pac shit  
Outlaw Khadaf shit, I got this,

I let you know you playin' yourself  
Ain't seein' a damn bit ah coke  
You might be bangin' yaself  
Talk that crew shit,  
I'm knowin' already who ain't gon' do shit,  
Pack one nasty new wid, a lil' bit of blue shit  
Confucious, run deep from Jerz,  
Right off clue shit  
Makaveli shit still bangin'  
Y'all shoulda knew this Y'all niggas gon' ride or die  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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