

Fat Lady Sings

Raekwon

{I'm tired of them muthafuckas down the block
Every time I come outside, them niggas -}
Aiyo, some major station radio {aiyo, come on, hurry up}
Get the joint, {hurry up, son}, kill all those niggas man
We going Ricky Retardo on them niggas
{Everybody just shut the fuck up
I'm tired of using this muthafucking grenade right now}
What you seen stupid?
You don't even know what you talking bout, man
You fabricating the wrong shit, man
Both of them niggas were stand up niggas, man
Niggas went to war! You know how it go
In order to be a general, nigga, you still gotta be a soldier (
Gotta
Kill ya bloodclot)
Speak about what happened then, man, for real, fuck it, aiyo -
Check this out, man, what niggas is doing over here, man?
(Why you think ya gangsta?) Yo Dred, man, word up, man
(Why ya'll don't know nothing) This is ours, man, we own all th
is right here, man
(Who you? Who ya talk about?) Straight up, man, we know how rea
l it could get
(Who ya talk to to?) But it's gon' be repercussions

Punch broke the Dred's jaw, pulled the four out
And went off, told him that he can't sling his raw
When he fell, yo, he broke his wrist, his bangles flew off
His Balley's was scuffed, then he blew a kiss
Bleeding out the side of his ear, niggas was staring
And the silk shirt was ripped off, Punch cut his hair
Razors was bloody, he kept hitting, Dred grabbed his shirt
Showing his stomach, the kid had zippers on him
Bitches was flipping, they grabbed Tasha, caught her for a Loui
s
Snatched her titties right up out the bitch bra
No selling over here, Jack, heard the Dred mumble
'You be dead in a week' then he stumbled back
Little young Keyon rushed him, yeah, shorty was a vet
Gillette soldiers, shorty hit the neck
Blood squirted, look like laundry detergent, the Dred fell out
Right from there, he gon' need a surgeon
You ain't dead yet?

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