

## F.A.L.A.

Gang Starr

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die  
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"You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

Word to Joe Frazier, got ta do what pays ya  
Give a nigga pain, like displasure  
But close your hips in, nigga you can't win  
I walk around, with a scowl and a grin  
Parties try to rock me, chicks try to clock me  
Niggaz try to block me, but they can't stop me  
I'm a bad man, understand where I come from  
Treatin niggaz dumb, as I drink my rum  
I'm a mad man, I get respect with the Tec  
Put punks in check, Shug's on the set  
I'm the one with the game, the twelve round  
CRACK to the concrete, from the underground  
I'm a bad nigga, how do you figure to take me  
You cannot break me, so don't mistake me  
for your brother, I'm not a punk motherfucker see  
I did my time, and now I'm FREE  
I'm a dope one, ready to rip and wreck shop  
I will not stop, I won't be dropped by the cops  
I'm bad, understand me with the game I kick  
I got crazy bitches like a Trojan on my dick

Yo Hobb we got more rep than Lucky Luciano  
Suckers we wet to the sound of the dope piano  
This is something you can't handle, here's one example  
I got your head as a trophy up on the mantle  
Each and every sect we wreck, the crowd's electrified  
Mystified, you get dissed, when you try, you die  
Fish niggaz, they get fried upon my skillet  
I kill it, fuck it, my shit is on hit  
and hittin you blaow (BLAOW) so what you wanna do now?  
You stepped up, I whacked ya, you crept up, I smacked ya  
Got infinite length, with the strength of a real master  
If you don't bow down now you'll get plowed down now  
You know, like POW

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Word to Mike Tyson, hit you quick like lightnin  
Swing my left jab first, and then come in with the right  
Cold deck ya, nah I could never respect a  
punk like you, you get dropped like one two  
and you're out son, just like a one round bout son  
The outcome, is that you'll get that ass hung  
Easily, swiftly, you'ew stupid you can't get with me

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Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die  
I said Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die

Fumin! HEAAAAH, I'm boomin down on niggaz  
I figure, how could they take out a big nigga  
They don't know, so I don't never give em a clue  
That's you and you and you, and oh yeah you  
You can't get with this or take me down  
I'm always laughin HA HA cause you punks are clowns  
Since I'm passin emcees, with my skill  
I'm up on the hill, and I force them dudes to chill  
Rippin up shit as I do, because I'm violent  
That's why when I walk in the room, punks are silent  
My name is Shug, as if you didn't know  
I'm pimpin hard, and punks are just a hoe

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Yea yea that's Shug for ninety-three  
I wanna say whattup to all my people, yaknowwhatI'msayin?  
We got the Guru in the house, and my man Lil' Dap  
Showin motherfuckers where we're truly at  
I wanna say whattup to my homegirl, my main girl and my kids  
Whassup Kerry, Marie and Lisa how y'all chillin?  
I know y'all in the motherfuckin house too, yea!  
I like to say whattup also, to all the peoples back home  
that know what time it is, and the niggaz tryin to get real  
And on that note, right  
I'ma get the fuck up out of here

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