

MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Fabolous "B.K. Style"

Visit "B.K. Style" on MotoLyrics.com

Yea, its 'bout to get real hard for these niggas to move man

Somebody get these niggas some wheelchairs or somethin'

Goin' to war is still a scary issue

But in my hood they train to kill wit every pistol

Like a military issue

Guess you a star if you sell a million every disc two

Catch a gun case an' bounce, still they'll barely frisk

Cuz, I proved I move the retail

Make the smoothest grooves wit female

And I remove the rules on V12's

You never ain't never seen it move this smooth on Sprewell's

I'm a hustler, he's just a middle man to me

The way I pass the rock, could make Jason Kidd a fan of me

Just cop one joint, I'm a one point somethin'

Still I had you at gunpoint, with one joint dumpin'

So watch what you say to them, crackers

I'll put a couple g's on yer head, like you play for the packers

I'm rap's Labron James, I quickly see baskets

These scrubs wouldn't make it to the Mickey-D's classics

You got some sticky weed, pass it

If not put it out, I'm pushin' it before they put it out

Wit the dash, wooded out, Shaq O'Neal, footed out Blastin' a do-did-it, first before they put it out, clue

Maybe wouldn't be a million kids wit they faces on

containers

If cops pursue the same way they chase us entertainers

In the hood, a few big faces and a chain-a

Get metal in ya mouth, like braces and retainers

Even the young bucks be scheming on somebody change

Tryin' a sell somebody 'cain, before they even potty trained

You can smooth talk your way into a hottie brain

Have her suckin' long enough to leave a nigga body drained

I wasn't taught, I learned from watchin' stupid people
That'll run up shootin' in front of a group of people
I lay in a cut, the same way the troopers peep you
Ride up on yer Coupe creep you
Why you let a groupie deep you?
'Cuz even if you reppin' like a man of steel
You gon' still need a weapon when you land a deal
One for watch you slippin' like you steppin' on banana
peels

Think a nigga ain't gon' pull a weapon cuz you scanned a mil'?

I crept in and got handed meals

Now the white and black rides look like salt, pepper on a bannon grill

Think I wouldn't hold a Pepsi in my hand for mil's? You must be fuckin' stupid, nigga

Yeah

Brooklyn stand the fucker
Every project, rebourse, Kings Borough
Push wig, for grain
Fill it in, brown fill
Lengston you, LG
Linda, bandi, steflo, Brooklyn
All believe, Glym wall
Abyss fill, faragay
Mossly
Talkin' stumlo, Guonas
Rosawell

I'm just the project nigga myself

Visit <u>Fabolous</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.