

Fabulous "Breathe"

Visit "[Breathe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Woo, woo, woo
Breathe

One and then a
Two and then a
(Two)
Three and then a
(Three)
Four then you gotta
(Four, breathe)

One and then a
Two and then a
(Two)
Three and then a
(Three)
Four then you gotta
(Four, breathe)
Then you gotta
Then you gotta

Sure these niggas can't breathe
When I come through
Hum too, some shoes, gotta be twenty man
It's not even funny they can't
(Breathe)

The choke holds too tight
The left looks too right
You know what? You right
These bitches can't
(Breathe)

Look look, they hearts racin'
They start chasin'
But I'm so fast when I blow past
That they can't
(Breathe)

In the presence of the man
Your future looks better than ya past
If you present with the man

You betta
(Breathe)

You niggaz can't share my air
Or walk a mile in the pair I wear
And I'm gettin' better year by year
Like they say wine do

Cops couldn't smell me
If you brought the canines through
And I pace myself
I know these money hungry bitches
Wanna taste my wealth

But I keep 'em on a diet
Embrace they health
Or either keep 'em on the quiet
And space myself
And just take a deep breath

I got 'em grabbin' they chest
'Cuz it's hurtin' 'em to see Fab in his best
And they in they worst
They rather see me lay
In a hearse than lay in the bach

And I ain't just layin' a verse
I'm sayin' the facts
I came back with some sicka stones
That got these broke niggaz lookin' at me
Like they chokin' on a chicken bone

Every chick I bone
Can't leave the dick alone, so I know
It's one of them everytime I flip my phone

One and then a
Two and then a
(Two)
Three and then a
(Three)
Four then you gotta
(Four, breathe)

One and then a
Two and then a
(Two)
Three and then a
(Three)
Four then you gotta
(Four, breathe)

Then you gotta
Then you gotta

Sure these niggas can't breathe
When I come through
Hum too, some shoes, gotta be twenty man
It's not even funny they can't
(Breathe)

The choke holds too tight
The left looks too right
You know what? You right
These bitches can't
(Breathe)

Look look, they hearts racin'
They start chasin'
But I'm so fast when I blow past
That they can't
(Breathe)

In the presence of the man
Your future looks better than ya past
If you present with the man
You betta
(Breathe)

I see 'em on the block when I passes
Lookin' like they need oxygen masks
I make it hard to breathe
But I keep the glocks in the stashes

'Cuz the cops wanna lock and harass us
And make it hard to
(Breathe)
They has to react
Like havin' a asthma attack
When they see the plasma in back

You dudes are wheezin' behind me
My flow is like a coupe, breezin' at ninety
That's the reason they signed me
It's slick metaphors and hard punches on the cuts
Feels somethin' like hard punches to the gut

How I address the haters and under estimators
And ride up on them like they escalators
They shook up and hooked up to respirators
On they last breath talking to investigators

I'm a breath of fresh air in a fresh pair

Face it boo and do it till your face get blue
And then
(Breathe)

One and then a
Two and then a
(Two)
Three and then a
(Three)
Four then you gotta
(Four, breathe)

One and then a
Two and then a
(Two)
Three and then a
(Three)
Four then you gotta
(Four, breathe)
Then you gotta
Then you gotta

Sure these niggas can't breathe
When I come through
Hum too, some shoes, gotta be twenty man
It's not even funny they can't
(Breathe)

The choke holds too tight
The left looks too right
You know what? You right
These bitches can't
(Breathe)

Look look, they hearts racin'
They start chasin'
But I'm so fast when I blow past
That they can't
(Breathe)

In the presence of the man
Your future looks better than ya past
If you present with the man
You betta
(Breathe)

When the crew walk in it
Pop a few corks in it
As quick as a tick in a New York minute

Catch a breath, for you catch a left

Even worse, catch a Tef
Only way u catch a F

To the A-B, it's in the may be
Rollin' with my baby
Grippin' on a toy that you won't find in KayBee

I rhyme slick on ya
They don't have to put the Heimlich on ya
What you know 'bout lettin' dimes lick on ya?

While you inhale the weed
And it won't stop till they inhale ya seed
And it don't stop till I tell 'em to breathe

Like a doctor with a stethoscope
I don't see no fuckin' hope
Unless these motherfuckas
(Breathe)

Yeah, Brooklyn gotta
Uptown gotta
The Bronx gotta
Queens gotta
(Breathe)

Staten Isle gotta
You niggas gotta
You bitches gotta
Everybody
(Breathe)

One and then a
Two and then a
(Two)
Three and then a
(Three)

Four then you gotta
(Four)
Then you gotta
Then you gotta breathe

Visit [Fabolous](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.