

## Fabulous

### "Came For The Money"

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I heard this nigga be right here man.  
Up in some bitch crib up here man, on the third floor.  
Yeah yo, he come out this building, I'ma warm his ass  
up. This nigga playin' with the money man, what the  
fuck. This nigga been duckin' me all fuckin week man.

Verse 1:

I'm waitin' on the green, like I'm sittin' at a red light/  
This little beef nigga betta have my bread right/  
Heard if ya head right, nigga there e'ry night/  
Saw him outside, in the ride, no headlights/  
"Grammatic, Grammatic"  
I'm waitin' on the green, like I'm sittin' at a red light/  
This little beef nigga betta have my bread right/  
Heard if ya head right, nigga there e'ry night/  
Saw him outside, in the ride, no headlights/  
Got the semi nine with the red light/  
He gonna gimme mine, or he dead aight?/  
It's a dead night, no-body on the block/  
In the mornin', John-Doe body on the block/  
I went crazy on the day I got the fuckin' call/  
This nigga and his bitch, shoppin' in the fuckin' mall/  
I'm blowin' up his phone, pussy nigga duckin' calls/  
Spendin' MY money on a slut who suckin' balls/  
I be in the club, poppin' bottle after bottle/  
Have Bacardi and Desarallo have to follow/  
Can't wait to walk up, poppin' hollow after hollow/  
Pass me that shit son, here this nigga go.

Hook x8:

I came for the moneyyy, I ain't here to play wit y'all/

Verse 2:

I caught him walkin' out the buildin' slow, quickly I draw  
the toast/  
Shoulda saw his face, look like he saw a ghost/  
He kept backin' up, I'm tryina draw him close/  
He sayin' "Chill, I know what I got for ya 'Los/  
I need a little time, my nigga got jammed in jail/  
You know my fam Jermail, look like (Santa's sale? lol)/  
Got knocked with like 900 grams, a scale/

On a 75 North Alabama sale"/  
I don't know the nigga, don't give a damn as well/  
You no Negotiator, and I ain't Samuel/  
I squeezed two, then the chamber got jammed with  
shells/  
And they say life is a gamble, well/  
I guess today was his lucky day/  
He gotta move now, I know where the fuck he stay/  
Catch this little Chicken, fry it up Kentucky way/  
Bet if I flash that, she know where the stash at/

[That bitch know where that money at man. That's what  
we gonna do, we gonna lay on this bitch. This nigga  
gon' come through here. That's it. This nigga playin'  
with the money!]

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