

## **Fabulous "Damn"**

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Uh, it's the d-d-damn, ha ha, yea

Damn, it's the way he grabs on himself  
When he gettin' closer to them girls be like  
Damn, it's the wife beater wish you were  
The one in the droptop two seater  
Damn, I can't blame em' if he wasn't mine  
Shit I would try to claim him  
'Cuz he's so fly and I'm so fly and  
You'll play yourself if you try to deny it

I'm nothin' like the other brothers  
I got no choice but to slut her  
'Cuz I'm in a 10-6 with the vase up that  
Look somethin' like a nutta butta dutta dutta  
Mami you'll be in Saint Tropez  
Ridin' jet skis and mopeds, powderin' like dope heads  
Paparazzi snappin' pictures they must think you J.  
Lopez, biatch

Let's roast some spinach  
Find a club and just post up in it  
What you mean are we there yet  
I got lear jets that get to the westcoast in minutes  
I'm smoother than white vanilla fudge with white vanilla studs  
'Cuz if they witnessed how I'm killin' 'em out here  
These girls just might go tell the judge, I rest my case

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You could be prancin' thru ghettos in Dior pants and  
stillettos  
All you gotta do is swallow some kids  
Like that witch did in Hansel and Gretel

Who's as handsome as ghetto?  
This man's earrings look transparent  
And my Mitchell and S throwbacks be so old  
They could be somebody's grandparents and baby like

I want the kind of money athletes consume  
I have to assume, I'm no fool, but I'm so cool  
When I walk in feels like there's a draft in the room  
I'm so sick I drive 'em reverse fast, call me a nurse fast  
Shorty just lay back in the made back  
It'll make you feel like you sittin' in first class, relax

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They ask for it so I put TV's in the headrest and the  
dashboard  
And you gotta catch it on tape 'cuz when the truck stops  
The rims still look like they on fast forward  
I'm sippin' liquor the color of smurf's skin  
As long as the earth spins and you'll get sea sick  
'Cuz my waves be thick enough for them Cali dudes to  
surf in  
Cowabunga

Ya low ridin' denims look like midgets is hidin' in 'em  
They say they like it from the front, they like it from the  
back  
When the kid is slidin' in 'em they be screamin'  
The biggest dikes be  
Switchin' for dudes with figures like me  
And, um, I'm not braggin', but imagine  
That you could even fuck with a nigga like me, biatch

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Damn

