

## Fabulous

### "Death In The Family"

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[Fabulous (talking):]

I don't got time for all this

Just fast forward to the part where he start killing shit

Yeah like right here

Yeah (yeah)

Yeah (yeah)

[Fabulous:]

Tough times don't last but tough people do

I father n-ggas the way wayne and puff reproduce

Lil rap bastards

Running round with your snapback caps backwards

Should be in rap caskets

Who you think showed them the go hard with stunting

And who you think showed 'em that those broads was nothing

And who you think showed 'em that those cars was something

And when fathers day came I got no card or nothing

So I ain't out here trying to expose frauds for nothing

And I ain't out here pulling these hoes cards for nothing

They was bitches on deck y'all, made 'em queens

Watching sports with a chick that got ball player

dreams (swish)

I'm watching these dogs play with my old bones

I feel like n-ggas done found one of my old phones

We in the house, y'all looking to hold loans

And when the market was up, you wouldn't have sold homes

So this the foreclosure of the wannabe

If you can't be yourself, then who you gonna be?

Dad to your swag, your style was like a son to me

Your stylist got thank yous, you never sent one to me

Lets pray for 'em

Y'all repeat this one with me

"now I lay me down to sleep, I pray for those who run with me

If I die before I wake, arrest the girl I brung with me

I give the Lord my swag to take whenever God is done with me"

[Hook:]

I be saying to myself as I put on da gloves  
It hurts when you gotta kill a n-gga you love [x4]

[Paul Cain:]

Yeah

It's painful when bestfriends become ya enemies  
And you finding out that they not who they pretend to  
be (wow)

The whole time you conspired to put an end to me  
And I'm still trying to show this n-gga love, silly me  
So I might she'd tears as I put on my gloves

But I won't show emotions when I fill him with slugs  
Cause n-ggas die everyday here

And you can get hit picking ya seed up from daycare  
N-ggas don't play fair

That's why I'm straightforward, f-ck being all discrete  
If I can knock 'em off quick, f-ck beefing all for weeks  
So we was up late night hunting, y'all was sleep  
Cause we the wolves hiding in clothes, y'all the sheep  
Who taught ya the game, who showed y'all the streets?  
And who bought 'em them things they sold y'all for  
cheap?

And who came up the bill when them hoes called  
police?

Now you fronting so I gotta expose y'all to see  
Ungrateful motherf-cker, who fed you when you was  
hurting? (me)

Whenever drama came up, who was putting the work  
in? (me)

I was spitting live on hot 9

You was still rehearsing

Already my son and this was before I met you in person  
So no matter how many colorful fake chains you  
purchase

Like that bullshit you wearing

You're always gonna b worthless

You just spit it, I lived it

Who's really writing the verses

Lose put em in the casket who you think driving the  
hearses

[Hook]

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