

# Fabulous

## "F You Too"

Visit "[F You Too](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah, Desert Storm niggaz, Cain  
Ghetto, I got these niggaz man  
Clue, I'm the first line of defense  
(Yeah)  
(Yeah)  
And I'ma show 'em what that means  
(Yeah)

I know these niggaz hoped I wouldn't make it, fuck you  
Your hatred only made me wanna cake ya, fuck you  
Wherever I see you nigga I'ma buck you  
And put a hole in your chest that's big enough to drive  
a truck through

I bring the drama back where you lives, flatter your wiz  
Reload and then point the Mag at your kids  
So what I sound remorse, the records I still peep guns  
on me  
But the difference now is only Deserts

If I talk it's gonna be reckless, I'm ready to die  
So when I apply pressure, niggaz gon' respect it  
Tote guns to rob niggaz, I told 'em to use  
And leave enemies of friends that like broken and  
bruised

They ain't crazy, they just broke and confused, cross  
me  
And they'll be talks of how they found the man smoked  
on the news  
I'ma career crook they used a mug shot from my  
graduation picture  
And my junior high school yearbook

Paul Cain never appear shook  
Yeah, I might talk to my enemies but never police  
You wanna converse it better be brief, you ain't gotta  
say much  
Show me the money and the cheddar'll speak

If it ain't involvin' bread, I ain't with it  
I don't need D's on me, I'm already dodgin' Feds

When the shots from the revolver spread  
Duck, I don't discriminate, leave CEO's and artists dead

Make slugs a part of his head  
Vanish then pop up in a SL double nickel, scarlet red  
Fuck you I'm tryna get my cash right  
All my niggaz flip birds and blast pipes, addicted to the  
fast life

Live everyday like my last night, od'in or X  
When I got signed like Len Bias on draft night  
(Yeah)  
Niggaz  
Street Dreams  
(Yeah, yeah)

I see ya faggot ass schemin', fuck you  
Bitch you don't wanna swallow semen, fuck you  
No you hate the way I'm street dreamin', fuck you  
That's why I ridin', clappin', wit the .40 Cal screamin',  
fuck you

When I pulled the 5 out, I kinda expected  
For the back stabbers, to be standin' behind me, wit  
they knives out  
Then the Range, wit the fins drove in  
I wasn't shocked to see my foes, dressed in friends  
clothin'

But I still pull through the sty, wit handguns  
As big as the one, Robocop pulled from his thigh  
You prolly heard about the bullets I buy and how it look  
like  
I'm throwin' batteries, when the bullets shoot by

So what, you wear a vest, why would I care  
If I aim for ya chest, that be a good idea  
Nigga, it's nothing to clap ya but I'm more worried  
Bout the groupie cops, who wanna put they cuffs on a  
rappa

That's why I'm limpin' off wit a freak and a lawyer  
Who woulda got O.J. Simpson off in a week  
I could show you how to blow up on ya own in a Benz  
That'll hit a buck and make the windows go up on they  
own

Wit a stash box compartment for a handgun  
That make holes the size of peep holes, on apartment  
doors  
My closet look like department stores and you wonder

why

Ya girl's comin' home, wit a cigar sip for

'Cause I just dump the light Dutch, mash the guts  
You won't believe how much ass I touch  
Who else struts pass the sluts, and a chain wit so much  
Ash and cuts, that it hangs much pass the nuts

That's why I get followed by broads wit deeper throats  
Then the people at the circus, that be swallowin' swords  
Y'all hopin' that the Don fall off but my money's long  
enough  
To keep shootin' ya bank until, ya arms fall off

I'm eatin', and I ain't have to use someone's utensels  
And when you clean as me, you know that every bum is  
against you  
But please don't let someone convince you to test the  
kid  
And get hit wit slugs as long, as a No. 2 Pencil, fucka

I see ya faggot ass schemin', fuck you  
Bitch you don't wanna swallow semen, fuck you  
No you hate the way I'm street dreamin', fuck you  
That's why I ridin', clappin', wit the .40 Cal screamin',  
fuck you

I see ya faggot ass schemin', fuck you  
Bitch you don't wanna swallow semen, fuck you  
No you hate the way I'm street dreamin', fuck you  
That's why I ridin', clappin', wit the .40 Cal screamin',  
fuck you

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.