

Fabulous "Gettin' Money"

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(Freck Billionaire. Verse 1)

Im gettin money heres my explanation
The Lambo is Milked out No expiration
and i aint ask for an estimation (soundsmith *whisper*)
i just pass the cake off, No hesitation. Ya' see im
nothing like
yall guys, i just do the stuntin' yall niggas fall guys,
And everyday i get the Benny washed, its Deja Vu' like
Denny Wash
The Budgets too big Billionaire'll hurt a label, Play it
tight spray the creed on the Purple label,
Pave' set me and Jacob got me linked up, The bentley
wag' bullet proof like a Brinks truck, CVL we dont care
wat ya homies sell
Rubberbands round' the stacks like a ponytail, I can
meet a hoe sweeter then Damita Joe, she act conceited
tho her number get deleted yo
Im not a musician but i play a instrument, The raging
bull handle any kind of incident, The Black latex D's
cant get the prints
The Flying Spur so fly i had to get the Bent.
Got initials on the door scrappy
initials on the floormats
i aint braggin' homeboy this my format, The 22's look
like they ridin' on four flats.
Young octopus i carry arms
I charter challengers wit' Cavali carry-on's, Freck
Billionaire im the one with the bling, Got canaries on
the wrist, not the one's wit the wings, Look a real hood
nigga
I got a Lavish flow
I can put you in the Theater's like Magic tho
You dont want beef, you just want rap
Ill get ya little ass smoked like a blunt wrap, CVL spray
what the fuck did you thought
I tote the Sig but i dont mean Newport, I wash my
money up the laundry way, i stay gucci'd down even on
my laundry day
The linen clean, splash of Grenadine
The double blue sixty two smash ya limousine, You can
set trip but i got the ammo' near
A bad Alibi switching up the Lambo Gears, these other

rap niggas they couldnt hold the candle near
They got it all screwed up like Chandaleirs

(Fabolous verse 2)

Im gettin' money is my Quotation
Family man so i need the Lambo-Station, Slick talk'll put
a chamber into rotation, directors style i shoot em on
location
My hoes Haitian, trini and Croatian
ass clap louder than a Oprah ovation
Double D's on her chest like Dare Devil, her shoe
games at a Nine hundred a pair level, Im in Pete Rotta
the color of Ricotta, Cheese please you cant tell me
nada
I dont share keys nor do i give her codes, I set run
through records down on river road.
Then i switched up posted on Palisade, the Denali stay
smellin like Cali grade, A couple bar number nine
squirts, Osama rich thats the hard to find shirt.
Ya' rocks keep to they self well mines flirt, They too
clean board of health couldn't find dirt
Im rich bitch and im screamin' it like Ashy Larry, they
call me brinks boy maybe its the cash i carry.
Rubberbands pop you gon' need a scrungee for me, if
she a jumpoff
bet the chick Bungee for me.
I came a long way and i still stroll the Avenue, Move in
style Louis V rolling travel, Local nigga you never been
to poland have you? so you couldnt judge me if you
was holding gavels, And i used to get the Raw from
Olivia, that was back when Raven Simone was Olivia.
I did the take out, meaning that i ran orders, I had the
transporters sittin' by the Land borders.
The Roc a Fella make you rather do a manslaughter,
they goin in juniors
comin' home wit granddaughters.
So homie if you got a weapon
Tote it, you cant jump ship niggas wont accept you
bolted.
When i was doin it for TV i kept it loaded, cause these
hatin' niggas tryna' final episode it.
A half a clip in ya hip'll make ya elvis shake you'll
wanna moan when the bones in ya' pelvis break.
Bentley drop cost two-hundred and twelve to take, red
gut, white paint, Red Velvet cake

Thanks to PaperChaser

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