

## **Fabolous**

### **"Gettin' Money (soundsmith)"**

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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

