

Fabulous "Gotta Be A Thug"

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Come on

Yo, Fabulous strive for digits, even connive to get it
Niggas can't tell me nothin' dun, the 5 is kitted
For Dead Presidents any cat alive can get it
I walk around covered in ice like I survived a blizzard

Got enough chips to bribe you wit' it
Pay off security at clubs, get my guns and knives
admitted
I'm the type that gets tried and acquitted
If my vibes ain't wit' it I pull the four five and spit it

Then niggas run to the precinct and describe who did it
Come home and find the necks on their wives are
slitted
I got niggas on my side committed
To leave you and the driver splitted
With your brain inside your fitted

Fabulous, the only way to I.D. him is in a five BM
Puffin' sticky green 'till my eyes be slim
Operate with more chips than IBM
Fuck with me, you make the news at five PM

If ya'll see me gettin' locked it gotta be drugs
If ya'll see chrome on the truck it gotta be dubs
If I'm givin' somethin' to haters it gotta be slugs
If it's one thing it's gotta be, it's gotta be thug

No info, I'm I'm leakin' it gotta be blood
If my earlobes are hangin', it gotta be studs
If the bitch on her knees, it gotta be love
If it's one thing it's gotta be, it's gotta be thug

Niggas don't wanna play around, they see how calm I
do things
Swarm in a blue range, armed with two flames
Flex play my joints, drop bombs like Hussein
Catch a cataracts, glance at the charm and new chain

I got coke in every part of Brooknam that you name

Niggas want it, when you wave firearms their views
change
End up havin' to move they moms to Ukraine
Get ADT alarms and new names

What's come in the club, under each arm is two dames
Buyin' bottles of Dom with his loose change
Niggas hate me now 'cause I catch the eyes of dimes
Flooded the hood with Tre's the size of dimes

Ride through windows low, rims pokin' off the wheels
I'm in the game tryin' to get broken off with Mils
Shove the gun in your mouth, have you chokin' off the
steel
Niggas love the band, but the bitches open off the grill

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I'm ready to address the haters and underestimators
Hop in the truck, ride up on ya'll like escalators
Hit ya chest up, leave you hooked to respirators
Bed ridden talkin' to investigators

Now these ladies will do anything just to date us
'Cause we skate around on ice like escapaders
Dressed in Gators, in peace I'm restin' haters
When police come for me, fly West to Vegas

Ridin' or dyin', niggas know I'm ridin' with iron
Smoke compartment in the dash that I'm hidin' the lye
in
My pockets is fat, ya'll accounts is on slim fast
I'm twenty, with twenty's on a M-Class

Just gimme head it won't sweat your hairdo out
We ain't tryin' to hear you out we tryin' to air you out
Make ya'll run to the stores and clear Clue out
'Bout to put cameras in the truck, take the rearviews
out
What nigga

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