

## Fabulous "Gotta Be 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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