

## **Fabulous "Lord Knows"**

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[verse 1]

your worst nightmare be this verse right here  
but good, that's what you niggas get for sleeping on  
me  
i put your favorite rapper in a hearse right there  
and i bet his weeping homies won't do shit but call  
them peoples on me  
hard to keep it real when everybody keep it phony  
i'mma keep it sosa while these niggas keep it tony  
you gotta watch the picture that you painting with your  
verses  
we go in niggas' mouths, i don't know bout bitches'  
purses  
and what's up with this, "i'm just sayin'" shit?  
fuck asked you? you shouldn't be saying shit  
problem is, assholes always saying shit  
but money talks "€" you ain't got it, then you shouldn't  
be saying shit  
like plaxi-ho, oops, i mean plaxico  
talking bout we get 'em robbed -shut the fuck up,  
cheddar bob  
you know the story, nigga come home, set it sob  
gonna be a hater cause he can't find a better job  
nigga at home, feeling like he out of town  
nigga on the field, feeling like he out of bounds  
welcome to my city, emphasis on my city  
that just my opinion, but who really fucking with me,  
huh?  
why give a fuck it makes no sense to give  
that ray j shit got me so sensitive  
big bad wolf dressed in a granny disguise  
bitch nigga, i see through your tranny disguise  
your jeans sagging too low, or your panties too high  
you can't touch me, you waiting for your mani to dry  
and you don't want them niggas in your house though  
trying to see if you got indo'/outdo'  
i ain't one to put no info out, yo

you start shit, i end shit "€" intro/outro  
you under the influence, i'm over the bullshit  
you on a empty tank, i got a full clip  
you got the drool dripping from the wolves' lips

don't have that man talking bout you from the pulpit  
blahsay blah, blahsay blah  
yeah, death comes in threes like menage a trois  
mase-qua, that's the four-door 'rati  
my aston martin, made that a four-door body  
double pipes, that's my four-door shotty  
sitting but i'm shitting, that's my four-door potty  
ain't too many ride like me, literally  
this what separates the majors from the little league  
little me, just trying to be the bigger person  
dr. bruce banner, but the nigga version  
and you don't want to see me angry  
you won't like it when i'm angry  
my condolences from the boss  
all i could say, sorry for your loss

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