

Fabulous "Lullaby"

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Verse 1

And I ain't gotta tell y'all who I be,
Because these 100 dollar bills are like baller ID.
And I get under n*****s skin,
They should call me IV.
But if you try me n****r,
I will be your caller ID.
And that means I got your number.
Please don't make me dial it,
That could land your fly ass on the ground just like a
pilot.
So just do me a solid.
Y'all stay in pocket like wallets,
'Cos you can't see me.
Close eye-lids.
Huh, nitey nite.
I'm with a model chick.
Tyrah thick, Heidi's height,
Body suits, body tight.
Yeah... I clean up nice.
Catch me on a tidy night,
Might be gucci'd down to the tidy whites.
Ok it's Loso,
Everybody knows so.
My son is the heir to the thrown,
Prince Joso.
So daddy need money,
Mummy need new true-ies.
Baby needs new shoes,
Preferably the new lueys.
The swaggers in his jeans,
He was born fly.
Them Phily b*****s say the ball keep his jaunt fly.
Then Reggie Kush shot us up in Californi.

Chorus

La La La La La La La.

Sing them a lullaby,
Sing them a lullaby,

Sing them a lullaby,
Sing them a lullaby.

Rock-a-by baby...
Rock-a-by baby...
Rock-a-by baby...
Rock-a-by baby...

La La La La La La,
La La La La La.

Verse 2

Hush little lame n*****s don't say a word,
Y'all don't know the half, not even a third.
Put a dick in your ear and fuck what you heard.
She tried to pull my fly south,
I aint want the bird.
Because I been killin these hoes,
These n*****s just drop dead.
In the drop head,
All we do is bop heads.
To the side,
Like Busta in the Pepsi add.
With my Columbiana mamma,
Yep she bad. (She Bad)
She in the lastest shoe that Guiseppe had.
Blow game like the late dizzy Gillespie had.
That's some good jaw.
Pop quiz,
Good score.
She call her pussy mediene,
That good raw.
For you little cheap fucks,
Hood whores.
You n*****s soft in the middle,
Call them hood smalls.
Everybody on the block going cuckoo.
Phantom doors open like the clock that goes cuckoo.
Birds poppin' out.
Sittin on the hood,
Check my bird droppings out.
I'm shittin' on the hood.
Sleepin' time, n*****s.
The hand that rocks the cradle for you nursery rhyme
n*****s.
It's bed time.
Niceeeeeee...

