

Fabulous "Now What"

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[ad-libs]

Uh, they call me G-H-E-T-T-O, nigga
Uh, uh, I'm back on that bullshit
Haha, who could fuck around? Huh? uh..

[verse]

I bet you look at things from a different perspective
When you see the size of the slugs, the fifth or the tech
get
A couple'll lift a detective
And make sure the legs that he used to walked with is
defective
All you niggas do is sit on blocks and jive
About who's the baddest bitch and if Pac's alive
Nigga, I'm in a aqua five
With a button that make the roof flip back like pocket
knives
I can't knock ya drive, you feelin' like Rocky
Till you get a beatin' like he got in Rocky 5
The squad'll still hold toast, and get these bitches
To open they legs wider than a field goal post
Broke niggas don't wanna stand my grind so they
knock it
Think my jeans got Mickey D's signs on my pockets
The hydro combined with, the chocolate have ya eyes

Lookin' like the tall dude who signed with the Rockets
The flow is so sick, sooner or later
These niggas gonna need barf bags bigger than golf
bags
The coke get flew on planes monthly
And cops search me for weapons harder than they do
in Hussein country
And any chick that get a view of the chain wit me
I guess that's what Jay meant by chain reactions
Bitch! It's nothin' to thumb off some notes
Fuck a dealer, I get 'em when they come off the boat,
fucka

[ad-libs]

Yeah, Ghetto...
Fab, nigga, uh..

Uh, Street Family..
Uh, pay attention, y'all..
Please, uh, yeah..
You could love Fab, hate Fab, I don't care
Send ya clothes with the check or I don't wear
Uh huh, yeah..
Uh.. uh.. yeah..
Street Dreams the mixtape, uh huh.. yeah..
Uh, let's get this money, y'all..
Let's get this money, y'all..
Uh, uh, uhhh..

[fades out]

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