

Fabulous**"Remember The Titans"**

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Yeah, yeah

These niggas losing their minds
You find that there's no reward
They say they already home
It's really clear they abroad

They sound like they boxed in
It's not just where they record
There's a cost to be the boss
They can't clearly afford

Swear to the Lord, there's guns like the audience
You put on a show, my 40 clearly applauds
Sittin' fifth row, I might appear to be bored
Plotting on a Kanye but screaming where's my award

Ballin' out of control, never won an ESPY
'Bout to buy a black ghost and call that shit SP
Glow outta this world, I'm coming for my Moon man
You niggas slide back like that walkin' on the moon
dance

No glitter glean, handgun with a beam
Have some boys follow you, street fam, twitter team
Like you could fuck with me, oh, did it seem
Dr King and Def Jam ain't the only ones with a dream

I'm a grown ass man, this kid a teen
You're a spoof of me like if hip hop did a Scream
Audi Coupe, looking good so I went and copped it
Got that TT poppin' like a trending topic

My ride is matte black, my pride is that jack
It might get ya dog shot, even a cat smacked
Anyway though, styles don't apply to me
Jeff Goldblum couldn't be more fly to me

Shorty say right after the suck fuck proof
You hit it on the head girl, duck duck goose
You shoulda got the message that I chuck up deuce

Break 'em off and leave it, you seen my fucked up
tooth

It's fuck a bitch, there's more fish in the aquarium
I rarely hear no, like when niggas ask you to marry
them
There's no lights in the place you buy your jewelry from
Funeral fab, I'm just here to bury them

Reporting live from the beacon
Booth tired from the beatin', had foreplay all day
Prepin' the beatin' the mic for a threesome
With my vocal's bi-coastal, speakin' til their eyes
totaled

Mr. Wi-fi, out a franchise go to
Magic, standby local's
Watch the track bust
Once I show my dick size to the pro-tools

I teach you how to have models screaming get behind
me
E pills and Maybach's ain't gon' matter if your T.I.P. is
Tiny
Nevermind me, we could get knee deep in the beef
Seek me with the heat
But you'll need more to keep me on a leash

Here's a cc for the peeps that wanna see me in the
streets
Invest in Rockports and be easy on your feet

Give a few hammers, a few semi's
And a few snubs to a few crips
Couple vampire's and true bloods
Gambling in casino's, have a hunny handing me my c-
notes
The modern day gambino

I'm careful every step I take
You the nigga walk up in a shootout with some pepper
spray
That'd be the last mistake you ever make
Me I chop his head off from a rooftop
And race it downstairs just to see if I can catch his fade

Like groceries when I'm shooting at fags
Make sure the breads separated
And put the fruits in a bag
Withstand the hatred

Dudes is falling off doing all they can to save it
But everybody's run stops ask Brandon Jacobs

What y'all call swag to me is all faggotry
Fours want blatt at me, that'd equal more casualties
Abort the strategy or get attacked
With that Duracell they put in your back
Now that's assault and battery

You can keep the bitching to yourself
There's beams on every burner
These lasers, a petition wouldn't help
What good is having shooters if they the type that
miss?
Where I'm from, better be careful when you drive that
whip

Niggas, put they life at risk for pies that flip
In my town Ben Affleck wouldn't try that shit
And if he did he'd get turned around burnt down
Tell 'em new jacks, it'll be a while
'Fore they eligible to earn the crown

Acid out the baggie, this is more than dope, flawless
flow
Fuckin' off a sign, every where I scoped to wore my
robes
Strappin' up, the corner cold, critical, unquestioned
My opponents know
I shoot like Kaponi, watch me own the show

Chromatose, toasted, gettin' money while I roam the
coast
Stones and boats, mansion homes and hopes, I
deserve 'em both
Overdose, time to earn my votes, watch me turn the
volts
Voltage through a hater, this electric chair, danger

Yeah, I see ya, now make way 'fore it turn to diarrhea
Hear a microphone'll give you three of everything I
wear, yeah
Models by the pier, swear, bottles, private Lear, steer
Style that's outta here, rare, thousands by the chair,
squares

Sleep on me, you can't here, war with me is scurry
Get beat silly tryna lamp here, better bring your fury
Heat, I got a drop, Dampier, niggas try me barely
No one breathes, I need a ant's ear, pressure's
necessary

Got my mind on the cheddar, kill my haters together
Bury 'em in abundance and starve they families'
stomachs
Paper come in my thumb, it's brand new fifties and
hundreds
On point, just like the drum is I'm warnin' them baby
mothers

Got the hunger of a broke rapper
Kill you while I'm rollin' up then smoke after
Catch you at your show, snatch ya
Empty out the dough faster
Bentley off the scene, magnum Mo' splasher
Four-packer, Southside nigga spittin' coke at ya

This is for the fronters and the naysayers
I'm about to scare away the drummers and the bass
players
They say I'm out of my league on this one
So when I get done, I want you to cut your fuckin' ears
off,
Twitpic 'em

Lord, I want you to leave this vicinity
You gon' be around here 'bout long as Justin Bieber's
virginity
This is Jesus identity, mixed with weed, Hennessey,
Kennedy, King
Mixed with a kill-or-be-killed killer regime, I'll as you
seen, switch

Y'all write all that hard shit, then y'all fall right off, it's
horrible
My oracle is all I offer, so before I borrow, yo
Won't be here tomorrow flow, sorry, I will prob'ly adios
My body with somebody toast

This shit just practice, sickest rappin' Baptist, kill your
pastor
Steal your Chap Stick, after that make you kiss a cactus
Then take your hoe, make the hoe give the whole
clique fellatio
Everyone, that wasn't the whole entourage on HBO

Then after that, I tell her, I can't do much with you,
shawty
I just found out I could fly to Dubai and hire Buffy the
Body
Don't call us if the bitches ain't flawless
If they are, then we can hang, like Aretha Franklin

braless

The drunk me can box like the sober you
The sober me be more nervous
Than Waka Flocka in the votin' booth
We beef like bein' deep and dumpin' Ks
You beef like Lady Gaga and her stylist

Y'all get together to look good in front of a bunch of
gays
My Feng Shui is a pump in the desert
You'll come up shorter than an Asian
Jumpin' out of a trunk in the desert
While my wolfpack looks for strippers and cocaine

Niggas snitchin', it's a shame, we call 'em male tattlers
Fiends touchin' they noses more than URL battlers
It's hard to spit saliva when you spit fire
So I'll just pour sugar in your gas tank
Put a banana in your tailpipe
So the car can fit the driver

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