

Fabulous**"Right Above It Triggamix"**

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She keeps telling me
You know you the shit
Ladies through your hands up
That's if you the shit
Walk up in the club
And they knew I was the shit
Shiting on everybody
That's up in this bitch
You know you the shit
You know you the shit
You know you the shit
You know you the shit
I know I'm the shit

Pledge allegiance to the the shit
Hands where your hearts are
Matter fact salute this shit
Hands were your parts are
Still make a fucking movie
Girl knows what their parts are
I get brain in the whip who needs a smart car

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Call me when it's real beef
Fuck all this .. talk
Niggas don't touch keys
Except for when they start cars
They just talking out their ass those are fart bars
I bring the toaster wherever you Pop-Tarts are
Play with funeral get your ass buried
You should shut your fruity ass up raspberry
I still got that Rolls Royce, so this black man
Got bitches chasing a ghost Miss Pack-man

I know you're listening
I trace all taps
I buy .. to match my baseball caps
White navy joint
Let's watch the Yankees
I'm getting big deposits
You getting bank fees
You little niggas just remember that you ain't me
Write your war speech and don't forget to thank me
Yea, and what am I to do now?
They try to be me on wax at Madame Tussuad

And you know I'm the shit
And you know it don't matter what you think about it
bitch
'Cus ain't nobody ain't nobody ain't nobody like me
Ladies asking question like Trigga one night please

Ain't nobody getting married
But I am the best man
I will be the greatest
I ain't except a least thing
I had 8 of em and that's just in a section
They all swallow and gobble call it digestion
Women dance on my sack call it dick onyx
Shit read lips til it's hooked on vomit
I'm a bragger shorty you know I will probably have her

I'm a born star porn star she's a ghetto gager
Rocking platinum I never got the plat
Still I drop 30 grand up in sacks
I made it out nigga you know how the hood be
I got the game sold up like some good weed
You got it all fucked up like a lace front
I got the girls getting low like a bass drum
I'm on some rich shit
You on a bitch trip
Grab your purse nigga
Heres your lipstick
I'm such a dick head
They call me arrogant
One question
What the fuck are you staring at?
I am the shit boy
You can ask your home girl
I'm a hold yours
Thats until I get my own girl

And you know I'm the shit
And you know it don't matter what you think about it
bitch

'Cus ain't nobody ain't nobody ain't nobody like me
Ladies asking question like Trigga one night please

I made em a believer
Now my head big Gina
Like em with there ass big Trina
Beat it up in private and they like it
So only I can call em Tina
Me and her friends are diking
Have ya seen em?

I swear I'm doper then these mother fuckers realize
Hit the club all black, like seal eyes
I am hell on earth
I'm trying to live in heaven
Come fly with me MJ 2K11

Look in the mirror and it's clearer then it has been
I talk shit to the homie like he my glass twin
I say don't let them get ahead of me
They want them instead of me
But I'm so much better aye

You know how it better be
I'm a sail pass niggas cruise to a better sea
Same like same night but I'm in a better V
Plus my hole hotter than a huxtable sweater be
And she talk dirty like a throw away perata be

Now come and fuck with him
And if ya don't I don't really give a fuck nigga
I'm on, so catch me if ya can
And if you aint know I don't really give a damn
Shout out to all the girls in the clubs shaking asses
Shout out to hood and the furniture with plastic
Now we carry wads of the cash and plastic
I got this whole shit mastered

And you know I'm the shit
And you know it don't matter what you think about it
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