

Fabulous

"Sickalicious Ft. Missy Elliott"

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Uh, uh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, uh, uh, yeah, uh, uh

They call me G H E T T O
Get Black Star power, like B E T shows
I'm usually pullin' up in the G T slow
Flashing my ring finger with the E T glow

I'm that nucca, act rucka
Certified plat nucca
Semi-auto, gat bucca
Take that fucka, lay flat sucka

I'm the Negro, amigo
Get every bay from Tampa to Montigo
They say I got the lifestyle, and the E glow
I'm in the blow range, no matter where he go

I'm that homie , gat on me
I'm the kid not that phony
Anybody that know me
Knows I'm here to get that money, yeah

Hey, now get that money, keep them rims spichey
24 shoes on my Hummer
And they fitting tight, Fabolous and Missy, Sickalicious
right?
If you a hater make my gun go, blacka, blacka, blacka,
blacka

They call me F A B O L O U S
You just lay down slow, nigga
Know this before this, trey pound blow
Spit game, get dames to lay down low

I'm da poppy cholo
The cops say the tops on the drops is to low
I shop till I drop, when I'm coppin' new clothes
Bop in the hop but don't stop to use hoes

I'm that new dude, that include
Making sure silencers in the gat is screwed

With an, 'It Don't Even Matter' mood
And a, 'Fuck You, Pay Me', attitude

I'm that young boy, that slung boy
That'll have 'em saying, where you get that from, boy?
I'm still leaving niggas, at one choice
So, run when you hear, that gun noise, blat

You say you rich, then come and talk that shit to me
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)
Buy your DVD's and TV's but I like shoes on my Jeep
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)

24-inch wheels and a good gold grill in the front
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)
Gotta closet made for big clothes
Gotta do more then treat me to lunch, uh huh

Hey, now get that money, keep them rims spichey
24 shoes on my Hummer
And they fitting tight, Fabolous and Missy, Sickalicious
right?
If you a hater make my gun go, blacka, blacka, blacka,
blacka

They call me William H period Bonnie
I ride in a seven series with Tommie's
I make another on of America's hotties
And I'm that serious, Mommy

I'm the one like the Jet Li flick, the private jet ski's sick
The motors on the jet ski's quick
The clips in the sets be thick
And I done slipped more shots in then Gretzky's stick

I'm the one like Penny Hardaway's number
That's why dudes say it's hard to keep my broad away
from ya
Once your bitch, get the god 2-way number
It'll be hard to get a 'Happy Father's Day' from ya

I'm the one, like the piece that's on Nelly chain
You can't reach me, I'm out of your celly range
Bitch, I'll even put canary's up in your belly chain
And just to beat the traffic, hop in a helly main

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