

Fabulous "Sickalicious"

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Uh, huh, oh
Yeah, uh uh
Uh uh yeah, uh uh

They call me G H E T T O
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 ducked Negro, uh 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 fittin' tight
Fabulous and Missy, sickalicious right
If you a hater make my gun go
Blocka, blocka, blocka, blocka

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 too low
I shop till I drop when I'm coppin' new clothes
Bop in the hop but don't stop to use hoes

He's that new dude that include
Makin' sure silencers on 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
Block a, block a, block a, block a
Buy your dvds and TVs but I like shoes on my jeep
Block a, block a, block a, block a
24-inch wheels and a good gold grill in the front
Block a, block a, block a, block a
Gotta closet made for big clothes
Gotta do more then treat me to lunch

Hey now get that money, keep them rims spichey
24 shoes on my hummer and they fittin' tight
Fabulous and Missy, sickalicious right
If you a hater make my gun go
Block a, block a, block a, block a

They call me William H period Bonnie
I ride in the seven series with Tommie's
I make another one of America's homies
And I'm dead 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 two 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's 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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