

Fabulous

"Sit Em Sideways"

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Chorus:

I sit 'em sideways
With the A.K.'s
Sit 'em sideways when we hit 'em with them strays
Sit 'em sideways
With the A.K.'s
Sit 'em sideways when we hit 'em with them strays

Fabulous (Verse 1)-

Wat it do
I got them coppa toppas flyin on the top of choppas
And I dont even give a fuck if the coppas stop us
They aint catch the PAC or the BIG poppa droppa
They act funny
We might have to pop a coppa
I'm lookin for them niggas talkin kinda wreckless
How they want this 100 carat sparklin diamond
necklace
Sit 'em sideways like they talkin bout in Texas
Spray the car have em white chalkin out yo Lexus
Get down and lay down rule
You know its on
You wanna take yo kids to the playground cool
Imma teach yo son a lesson they dont say 'round
school
And fix his daddy up with this tre pound tool
I trust a nigga no further then I can see him
Thats why I keep the gloves and the burnas up in the
B.M.
You know Im killin them and them 6-4 pound
The yellow light from the chain makes them chicks slow
down

Chorus (2x):

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Fabulous (Verse 2)-

Wat it do

Keep talkin

You gon' dig yo self in a deeper whole

And find out how many the street sweeper hold I keep a roll

Pretty chick that can deep a pole

Some bomb as weed, that put you in a sleeper hold

On 24's, thats how all my people roll

Similar to T.I.P.

I do it B.I.G.

Hang out with the thang out

Thats the kinda G' I be

Cuz Im ready to let it bang out, in V.I.P.

Better duck at the bar, your truck is too far

Gamble with yo life and see how lucky you are

The tre pound is silver

My girlfriend will kill ya

I skilled her, same way Leon did Matilda (Damn is that an Auto ma?)

Yeah I know you like the watch

Put yo hands on it, Imma chop it up like Michael Watts

Cuz they stare mine when I wear it shines

I'll send you to hell on A.K. airlines

Chorus (2x):

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Paul Wall-

Wat it do

I'm in the Aston and its crip blue

And Im holdin on two fifths who, really want it with blue

Im up in Brooklyn bankin' blocks with my Street Fam

Got the heckla anystesie one touch and grab it then blam

You fucks Know who I am, showin up at Summer Jam

Bout a million 'round my neck

Flossin I dont give a damn

Im spendin money it aint nuttin homey

And I keep a choppa ready to buck

Dont try to touch me homey

Cuz Im from off the block

Where they sell that quarter rock

Pust it up, up to an ounce

No sleepin, up in the spot

You can tell im a chip getta

D.A. A hit straight game bangin rip nigga Get you
issues if you trip nigga
Runnin yo mouth I have them bullets bustin chasin
down you lips nigga
Make em flip when we hit em with the gauge
And we spin'em sideways with the strays

Chorus (2x):

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