

## **Fabulous "This Is Family"**

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Where the \*\*\*\*\* all these \*\*\*\*\* damn, Ran' isn't hot  
I damage the block  
I scramble like Randall with rocks  
I'm that \*\*\*\*\* in the gambling spot

Cracking jokes and drinking liquor  
You still gotta hand me your watch  
I'm in the kitchen with the pans and the pots  
Razor on the plate, trying to figure out how many  
grams I'm a chop

Family or not, some \*\*\*\*\* making plans with the cops  
Trying to figure how to make this animal stop  
Who these \*\*\*\*\* trying to take down?  
Break down, tray pound, eight rounds

He ain't feeling nothing from the waist down  
Hit up, lit up, he never gonna get up  
There's only one legend alive  
The rest you gotta dig up

You acting like it's hard roast ya  
I'll creep in your crib, and put your brains on you  
Barkley posters  
Got no time to be boxing around  
I got the ox and the pound

I'll leave you in the box in the ground  
Got the keys to the game, and we locking this down  
Underwater with the sharks, and we not gonna drown  
Got the order from the narcs, they still watching the  
town  
I'm copping a pound, they ain't no stopping us now, my  
\*\*\*\*\*

Hey, look, you could trip, clip spit, get your strip wet  
I got the rubber grip Smith and my rich sweats  
Player haters talking 'bout they gonna get Freck  
I'm in the Lamb' sunk lower than the shipwreck

They call me bar-for-bar 'cause I spit the better lines  
The white \*\*\*\*\* got me rich like Federline

\*\*\*\*\*a G-pack, I'll show you how to read \*\*\*\*\*  
You get it soft, then you rock it like T-Mac

The \*\*\*\*\* good price, plus it smoke so speci  
Three thousand full pound of some Dro pesci  
Y'all \*\*\*\*\*only talkers  
I'll let my homies spark ya

We in the spurs, that's faster than Tony Parker  
This is family, don't ever cross my brother  
Like Big Worm, \*\*\*\*\* rather cross their mother  
Mention names in my family tree  
This \*\*\*\*\* talking crazy like insanity plea

I, swear to god, the next I \*\*\*\*\* give it to  
Is going to a place FedEx can't deliver to  
I'm West Philly Freck, yeah, I get dirty  
I'm the best, hands down, like six thirty

Look like Michael J. Fox, I got family ties  
Posing us can't be wise, swept across the family dies  
Something small as a look, can bring about a man's  
demise  
And whoever he stands beside, hit him where he can't  
survive

Throw the drop, or slip an object, if not then missing  
Nine shot, pop a clip in, pine box the opposition  
Put him in formal dress, right hand across the left  
No autopsy necessary, determined the cause of death

Six shots across the chest should explain his loss of  
breath  
Skin peeled off your flesh, I know you wish you wore a  
vest  
That's a no brainer, I'm coming with both flamers  
Spray 'em, but I'm no painter to this here, I'm no  
stranger

It's obvious, you no bangers, you dudes pose no  
danger  
Your whole crew chumps, in the closet like coat  
hangers  
Like purple broke up in the dutch leave you broke up on  
a crush  
That's what happens when shooters choke up in the  
clutch

We gonna body you, and have to hook your wife to an  
I.V. too  
Put both of your parents side by side in I.C.U

Closed casket so they can't have a proper wake  
Don't interfere with family business, that's how we  
operate

Yo, \*\*\*\*\* is letting birds turn the tables on they squad  
Need help with a jump, got some cables in the car  
'Cause they all become nondescript  
When something bright is on your wrist

Like you repping the bionic six  
Who wanna fire? When guns fire, your lungs tire  
I'm an idol, \*\*\*\*\* this Sanjaya, now who wanna try us  
That four, five will spit, I'll slump you in the driver seat  
And make you really ghost ride the whip

It's real talk, shade \*\*\*\*\* couldn't get a tan from me  
'Cause I get in the ring for that Vince McMahon money  
Soon as his un-tuck BAM, talking about you touch  
grams  
I'm coming through your window something like,  
Brother Man

It's just who we are, if I see yar, it's E.R  
Vacay in D.R., shirt and jeans, g-star, tell me how they  
gonna manage  
Letting off Virginia Tech's now, dudes ain't even safe  
on campus  
Gotta spaz on cowards

Every twenty four, every half hour, \*\*\*\*\* be trying to be  
Jack Bauer  
So, let fam' keep talking  
And you won't need 'A Weekend At Bernie's'  
If you trying to see a 'Dead Man Walking'

I guess it's left to me, the popcorn slinger, to pop off  
\*\*\*\*\*

Callouses on my pop finger, pop off \*\*\*\*\*  
Pop through, throw the drop, kick the lock off dump  
'Fore them bodies drop out, six glocks in the trunk

Chef boy supplying, whip whop is drying  
When they move that, more whip whop arriving  
And my connect from Phoenix, the connect named  
Phoenix  
Still keep the iron like my right hand anemic

For for the family, I'll be squeezing, no reason  
Blood work, nobody leaving this \*\*\*\*\* breathing  
\*\*\*\*\* on the low, kidnapped my flow  
Coulda asked for it, I woulda gift wrapped my flow

Don't gotta ask for it, I'm gonna sit back the fo'  
Flip it around, let the handle crack ya jaw  
East side, west side, I'll be in my Converse  
This a convict rapping, it's a con's verse

Arm and Hammer mis-man, 'Los, Joey, or Ris-am  
All they gotta do is chirp and them things are gonna  
blis-am  
Shake down, fiz-am straight from the Brooklyn borough  
That never riz-an, block-ay block-ay

Now if they get me on wire traces  
I'm gonna die in comstaat  
I got prior cases from riding with firearms cocked  
Fire bomb box, set up by your mom's block

Go off on time, 'cause it's wired by alarm clock  
I get his legs, you grab him by arms ock  
We gonna go this liar harm while his crying moms  
watch  
Last seen in Brooklyn, they found in a Bronx lot

Rifles on the roof, yeah, we got him by a long shot  
We don't fire warning shots, \*\*\*\*\* fire on swat  
And if they get me, Brooklyn gonna riot on spot  
I'm from the hood, so I'm supplying bomb rock

'Round here that's better than buying some Viacom  
stock  
Look, you can't hold nothing, but I got a shell to give  
I'll make his relative show me where the fella live  
Ain't that his baby sis', get up in this Mayby' miss

Before I pull this curb and start swerving like baby sis  
If he heard yet, bet that get the word buzzing  
You send a message when you kill a \*\*\*\*\* third cousin  
Niece, nephew, they gonna need Tef' too

This'll a go in and out they chest like a breath do  
You Clay Aiken-soft, you playing games until this red  
light's on ya  
It's like the Playstation's off, Smith and Wesson work,  
Luger nine labor  
Professional like they did me on majors

This is family, do not cross the brothers  
I'll put you in the box, one hand across the other  
A small price to pay, son, it might cost your mother  
One of your grandparents, even your baby brother

'Cause everybody knows, everybody goes  
I want them in coffins, everybody's closed  
Related by the streets, this is family beef  
So better not touch a branch on this family tree  
\*\*\*\*\*

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