

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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