

Fabulous

"Up On Things Ft. Snoop Dogg"

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Yeah
Walk with me west coast
Yeah
It's the coast to coast G on the check in
Yeah, ride ride ride

If you ain't up on things
Fabulous is the name, street fam is the game
Screamin' 718 while them hammers bang
Like bludda ludda lacca, bludda ludda lacca

Kick game like I know a little bit of socca
Spic, dames, ass and a little bit of knockas
Give them nick names and a little bit of vodka
Then I'm game change, a very freaky girl

You know who got the gold like the kid from the last
dragon
You know who got the low on the spokes and the ass
saggin'
You know who got the gold that'll have your ass
gaggin'
You know who got the boat that'll have the task naggin'

But I fuck bitches, and get money
My truck switches like
You got to duck bitches when you get twenties
And plug switches that make you sit funny, I'm a rider

If you ain't up on things, don't come close to me
Unless you ride like you supposed to be
If you ain't up on things, don't come close to me
Unless you pimpin' like you supposed to be

If you ain't up on things, don't come close to me
Unless you banging like you supposed to be
If you ain't up on things, don't come close to me
Unless you gangsta like you supposed to be

C'mon, you know its g's up C.O.'s down
If I freeze up its kilos now, pick trees up its 3-4 pounds
Fill the bees up 'til these bro's drown

I snatch a few G's up and flea those towns

Busta's freeze up when my V slow down
I ease up with these 4 pounds, squeeze up to 3-4
rounds
I pick these up its G code now
Y'all better call the D's up before I reload now

I'm the boss something like Springsteen
I got something that bring green that look something
like string beans
I make sure the hustlers keep something to sling the
fiends
White, yellow, and a little something that bling green

We going to blast if we going I been doing
This since Jabbar was hooking off the glass in the
forum, ghetto
Your grandparents has to assume
'Cuz the face look like a magnifying glass on the poem,
oh boy

If you ain't up on things, don't come close to me
Unless you ride like you supposed to be
If you ain't up on things, don't come close to me
Unless you pimpin' like you supposed to be

So my niggas, they get money
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all niggas scream, oh yeah

And all my bitches, they get money
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all bitches scream, oh yeah

It's the kid with the D. O. double G
After blowing 3-4 dubs of trees, my eyes are below
double G's
After sipping pin-o bubbly skee-o rubbing me
We'll probably go below publically

I'm a coast to coast G I keep the toast to mostly
For those who pose to closely, backup
Keep a piece in the vest that's how we ride
From the north to the south to the east to the west

So my niggas, they get money
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck

Let me hear y'all niggas scream oh yeah

And all my bitches, they get money
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all bitches scream oh yeah

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