

Fabulous

"Young OG"

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[Intro]

Nigga, don't tell me what niggas say about me
Tell me why they feel comfortable telling you

[Verse 1]

The saddest stories comes from those who once had
the glory
Had the foreigners, diamond watches and the baddest
shorties
Now they in their latter 40s, bunch of kids, scatted
shorties
No respect from the neglect, they call they daddy
Corey
I'm from a different cloth, that ain't the pattern for me
It's levels to this shit, it's different categorize
Can't be like them niggas out here looking fat and gory
They ain't never won no rings but be mad at Horry
Talkin bout, "man that nigga don't deserve that shit"
Like "I was really in these streets, I used to serve that
shit"
We started from the bottom, had to topsy-turn that shit
Get it while the gettings good after that preserve that
shit
My ex texted me last night, but I curve that shit
Coulda end up hitting it, be too late to swerve that shit
That's a young mistake, Lord knows I made me some
I love getting brain, that never made me dumb
All that did was made me cum
Swear these hoes made me numb
Only feelings for this bitch
You been shoulda gave me some
I knew niggas who had some bread never gave me
crumbs
Drink the whole fucking juice and never saved me
some
I know how young niggas feel, I had to live through shit
See the world as constipated, nobody gon give you shit
I learned that niggas gon be niggas, yeah we shouldn't
do it
But hoes gon be hoes, they just ain't admitting to it
Where I been? Getting to it

Going through and getting through it
Running round killing shit
And telling cops I didn't do it
That's why they call me "Young OG"
And ima spit this dope shit until my tongue o.d.
I flew my shorty in from Cali and she brung OG
She got me chillin in my city but my lungs o.t.
And fuck them niggas online, reply why?
Broke niggas talking cause it's free wifi

[Outro: Ving Rhames]

You know the problem with you lil niggas?
You think you know everything about the damn world
You don't know shit
Well I see you got yourself a lil business going
Well that's good, that's good
You make that paper
When you making, paper you gotta learn some rules
too
You gotta learn the difference between guns and
butter
It's two types of niggas in this world
Niggas with guns and niggas with butter
Now what are guns?
The guns, that's the realist thing
It's stocks and bonds
Artwork
What you know the shit I appreciate with value
What's the butter?
Cars, clothes, jewelry
All that other bullshit
They don't mean shit after you buy it
That is what it's all about
Guns and butter baby
Lil dumb motherfuckers

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