

Fabulous "Breathe"

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Woo, woo, woo, breathe

One and then the two, two and then the three
Three and then the four, then you gotta breathe
One and then the two, two and then the three
Three and then the four, then you gotta breathe
Then you gotta, then you gotta
(Gasp, gasp)

Yo these niggaz can't breathe when I come through,
hum too
Some shoes, gotta be 20 man, it's not even funny they
can't breathe
The choke holds too tight, the left looks too right
You know what? You right, these bitches can't breathe

Look look, they hearts racin', they start chasin'
But I'm so fast when I blow past that they can't breathe
In the presence of the man, your future looks better
than
Ya past if you present with the man, you betta breathe

You niggaz can't share my air or walk a mile in the pair
I wear
And I'm gettin' better year by year like they say wine do
Cops couldn't smell me if you brought the canines
through
And I pace myself, I know these money hungry bitches

Wanna taste my wealth but I keep em' on a diet
Embrace they health or either keep em' on a quiet
And space myself, and just take a deep breath
I got em' grabbin' they chest 'cause it's hurtin' em' to
see Fab in his best

And they in they worst, they rather see me lay in the
hearse
Than lay in the back and I ain't just layin' a verse
I'm sayin the facts, I came back with some sicka stones
That got these broke niggaz lookin' at me like they
chokin' on

A chicken bone, every chick I bone, can't leave the dick
alone

So I know it's one of them every time I flip my phone

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I see 'em on the block when I passes
Lookin' like they need oxygen mask-es
I make it hard to breathe
But I keep the glocks in the stashes

'Cause the cops wanna lock
And harass us and make it hard to breathe
They has to react like havin' a asthma attack
When they see the plasma in back

You dudes are wheezin' behind me
My flow is like a coupe, breezin' at 90
That's the reason they signed me
It's quick metaphors and hard punches on the cuts

Feels somethin' like hard punches to the gut
How I address the haters and under estimators
And ride up on them like they escalators
They shook up and hooked up to respirators

On they last breath talking to investigators
I'm a breath of fresh air and a fresh pair
Face it boo and do it till your face get blue
And then breathe

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When the crew walk in it, pop a few corks in it
As quick as a tick in a New York minute
Catch a breath, 'fore you catch a left
Even worse, catch a Tef only way you catch a F

To the A-B, it's in the maybe, rollin' with my baby
Grippin' on a toy that you won't find in 'Kay Bee'
I rhyme slick on ya, I'm a have to put the Heimlich on ya
What you know bout lettin' dimes lick on ya?

While you inhale the weed and it won't stop till they
inhale ya seed
And it don't stop I tell em' to breathe like a doctor with a
stethoscope
I don't see no fuckin' hope unless these motherfuckers
breathe

Yeah, Brooklyn gotta, Uptown gotta, the Bronx gotta
Queens gotta, Staten Isle gotta, you niggas gotta
You bitches gotta, everybody breathe

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Then you gotta, then you gotta breathe

Oh, breathe, breathe, oh, breathe, breathe
Breathe, oh, breathe, breathe

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