

Mistah Fab

"Cry"

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Have me politickin bout the politicians
What the fuck was you rap for 40000 fake ups
And I ain't even talk about the war
And all the storer hoods that I got love for
And I'm in and out of lanes tryina switch all 6
But I'm steady on the gas, cause some things I can't
fix
But look, nigga know the caper close
Stack paper so I turn the beamer to a ghost
I guess I'm still on that nigga shit
Chains and whip gonn tain a nigga bitch
Have you all sick of a foolish shit
A lot of niggas talk it, but few really do that shit
Hah, fab know I'm really on it
My style gangster and shit, cause I really done it
You got a problem with menace
Well you can tell him...stacking up,
Just minding my bizness, I'm 8 ballin, wassup

Long nights in the lab, writing bout my past
Body full of tats, niggas that past
Nike box full of letter from my comrades
My cousin getting killed, turnt his son into a sav
Guess you are who you are player
Bad grades, strippers from beein ball players
Still made dough like the ball players
Lawyers paid off, anticipated the fall later
I speak the truth, when y'all lying
The death of america ...
Can't hit the hood man, without the lost pioneer
Time I hit the hood, I hear about my dogs dying
Don't know where to stop, don't know where to go
Got shot, no hospital, he on parole
And that would be a violation for sure
And back to saint quinton, he don't wanna go

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