

Mistah Fab

"Super Sic Wit It"

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Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.

[Verse 1: Turf Talk]

I pull a heater may never follow a heater man.
Even though we try to smoke the weed man.
Put up, or shot up, my loot up is wassup.
Wha-wha-what would you do as I shot yo hood up.
Even jealous my weed.
I take the cups.
Thats F.A.B. not Fabulous.
What it iz,
Sick wit it it iz,
They way this money look I'll be independent for years.
Is a gang of hood niggas eatin' off this plate.
So don't come over here if you ain't from this place.
Here me coming bout a half a block.
Got a D in my silly for doing the robot.
Catch all kinds of us.
More kinds of thugs.
They offer designer.
More Kinds of drugs.
I'm Married to the air.
Pistol under the battery,
Dopes in the air.

[Chorus x2:]

Thizz, oh we sick wit it.
We iz, super sick wit it.
Scraper, Scraper, pull out the rippers.
Purple, Purple, gone of the liquour.

[Verse 2: Mistah FAB]

I don't need no urns.
All I need is freaks.
F.a.b. what they call me.
Worty they mouths weeds.

I do the dummy, retarded, and ride the yellow bus.
Put a dent and a father be doing hella much.
High speed in my car, call it a scraper.
Pop my p's and yours bras, come for a ripper.
I only roll wit my folks, family, and mexicans.
Run away with what I have, I'm a pedestrian.
Hit the club, and I'm mad cause they wont let us in.
Now I'm about to go bad like drunk mexicans.
You know I'm mental and sumo, but I be holding
weight.
I Got love for the East Coast, but this is Golden Gate.
I'm from the band PI, we don't surf talk.
Since I was a PI a PI, i do Turf Talk.(yee)
T.H.I.Z.Z.
Droop-E you too hard, you need to be easy.

[Chorus x2:]

Thizz, oh we sick wit it.
We iz, super sick wit it.
Sraper, Scraper, pull out the rippers.
Purple, Purple, gone of the liqour.

[Verse 3: E-40]

Ka-ka-ka-ka-ka, it's real ugly.
Sk's and Ak's, in my Sentai.
Not the pretty aka's that go Skee-Skee.
But the ugly ak's that go Stoopy.
It really doesn't matter major feature or factor.
Walk up on that ass, you can have it in the bladder.
It's all about the money and the credits and the fat.
The rolls gone change, jewels and ear rings.
Turkin, drinking wiskey some.
Am I suburban, dropping off counters.
Tryina place my bids, tryna get in this bra.
Spit my lrp's, in Fairfield much.
You can find me in the party getting spiffed and
twisted.
See me in the club and I'm double fisted.
Higher than the Statue of Liberty, extra tipsy.
Playing possum, acting like we dizzy. (BIOTCH!)

[Chorus x2:]

Thizz, oh we sick wit it.
We iz, super sick wit it.
Sraper, Scraper, pull out the rippers.
Purple, Purple, gone of the liqour.

[Outro:]

Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.

Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.
Brrrrrup.

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