

Fabulous f/ Bleu Da Vinci

"Sit 'Em Sideways"

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Street fa-di-di-di-dam

[Chorus]

I sit 'em sideways

With the A.K.'s

Sit 'em sideways when we hit 'em with them strays

Sit 'em sideways

With the A.K.'s

Sit 'em sideways when we hit 'em with them strays

[Fabolous]

Wat it do

I got them coppa toppas flyin on the top of choppas

And I don't even give a fuck if the coppas stop us

They ain't catch the PAC or the BIG poppa droppa

They act funny

We might have to pop a coppa

I'm lookin for them niggas talkin kinda wreckless

How they want this 100 carat sparklin diamond
necklace

Sit 'em sideways like they talkin bout in Texas

Spray the car have 'em white chalkin out yo Lexus

Get down and lay down rule

You know its on

You wanna take yo kids to the playground cool

Imma teach yo son a lesson they don't say 'round
school

And fix his daddy up with this tre pound tool

I trust a nigga no further then I can see him

Thats why I keep the gloves and the burnas up in the
B.M.

You know I'm killin them and them 6-4 pound

The yellow light from the chain makes them chicks slow
down

[Chorus (2x)]

[Fabolous]

Wat it do

Keep talkin

You gon' dig yo self in a deeper whole

And find out how many the street sweeper hold I keep a
roll
Pretty chick that can deep a pole
Some bomb as weed, that put you in a sleeper hold
On 24's, thats how all my people roll
Similar to T.I.P.
I do it B.I.G.
Hang out with the thang out
Thats the kinda G' I be
Cuz I'm ready to let it bang out, in V.I.P.
Better duck at the bar, your truck is too far
Gamble with yo life and see how lucky you are
The tre pound is silver
My girlfriend will kill ya
I skilled her, same way Leon did Matilda (Damn is that
an Auto ma?)
Yeah I know you like the watch
Put yo hands on it, Imma chop it up like Michael Watts
Cuz they stare mine when I wear it shines
I'll send you to hell on A.K. airlines

[Chorus (2x)]

[Bleu Da Vinci]

Wat it do
I'm in the Aston and its crip blue
And I'm holdin on two fifths who, really want it with blue
Im up in Brooklyn bankin' blocks with my Street Fam
Got the heckla anystesie one touch and grab it then
blam
You fucks Know who I am, showin up at Summer Jam
Bout a million 'round my neck
Flossin I don't give a damn
Im spendin money it ain't nuttin homey
And I keep a choppa ready to buck
Dont try to touch me homey
Cuz I'm from off the block
Where they sell that quarter rock
Pust it up, up to an ounce
No sleepin, up in the spot
You can tell I'm a chip getta
D.A. A hit straight game bangin rip nigga Get you
issues if you trip nigga
Runnin yo mouth I have them bullets bustin chasin
down you lips nigga
Make 'em flip when we hit 'em with the gauge
And we spin'em sideways with the strays

[Chorus (2x)]

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With the A.K.'s

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