

Fabulous f/ **Mase & 50 Cent** **"Breathe Remix"**

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WOO!
WOO!
WOO!
BREATHE!

[Bridge]
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 (gasp)
Then you gotta (gasp)

[Hook I]
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

[Hook II]
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
Cuz 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 everytime I flip my phone

[BRIDGE]

RE-RE-REMIX!

[50 Cent]

I'm the topic in every barbershop and beauty salon
Cause these other niggas that rap ain't on the shit that
I'm on
Cause 50 this, 50 that, 50 stay with a gat
Thirty-two shots in the clip, hollow tips in the Mack
But when I come through, shh... the talking stop
My money long now, I can make the Pope get shot
Now, we can blow an hour talking bout the stones I rock
All the hoes I got, cause he stunts in the drop
I'm marking my music like diesel on the block
So if you with me you gon' eat and you gon' starve if
you not
Weed smokers love me like they love Buddha
I'll send your kids through the shooter, Crip niggas love
me like they love Hoova
They tell me see careful good, cause niggas wanna
see like you
They ain't used to a G like you
[Talking]
Yeah, niggas talking all that gangsta shit
Fucking head blown off nigga
[BRIDGE]

[Ma\$e]

I see the girls in the club, they gettin' wild for me
And all the pretty chicks all wanna smile at me
These rap cats man they all got they style from me,
they all got they style from me

1ab1

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