

## Fabulous F/ Missy Elliott "Sickalicious"

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[Fabolous]

Uh, huh, Oh! Yeah, Yeah, Uh! Uh! Yeah, Uh Uh!

They call me G-H-E-T-T-O  
Black star power, like B-E-T shows  
I'm usually pullin up in the G-T slow  
Flashing my ring finger with the E-T glow  
I'm that nucca, act rucka  
Certified plat nucca  
Semi-auto, gat bucca  
Take that fucka  
Lay flat sucka  
I'm the Negro, amigo  
Get every bay from Tampa to Montigo  
They say I got the lifestyle, and the E glow  
I'm in the blow range, no matter where he go  
I'm that homie  
Gat on me  
I'm the kid not that phony  
Anybody that know me  
Knows im here to get that money! Yeah!

[Missy Elliott]

Heeyyyy! Now get that money, keep them rims  
spicheeeeyyy!  
24 shoes on my Hummer, and they fitting tiiiggghhtt!  
Fabolous and Missy, Sickalicious righhhhtttt.  
If you a hater make my gun go (Fabolous: Blocka,  
blocka, blocka, blow!)

[Fabolous]

They call me F-A-B, O-L-O  
U-S, you just lay down slow! (Nigga)  
Know this before this, trey pound blow (Uh-Huh)  
Spit game, get dames to lay down low (Ohh!)  
I'm da poppy cholo, the cops say the tops on the drops  
is to low  
I shop till I drop, when I'm coppin new clothes  
Bop in the hop, but don't stop to use hoes  
I'm that new dude, that include  
Making sure silencers in the gat is screwed

With an it don't even matter mood  
And a "Fuck you, pay me" attitude  
I'm that young boy, that slung boy  
That'll have em saying, where you get that from boy  
I'm still leaving niggas, at one choice  
So run when you hear, that gun noise! (Blat!)

[Missy Elliott]

You say you rich, then come and talk that shit to me  
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)  
Buy your DVD's and TV's, but I like shoes on my Jeep  
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)  
24-inch wheels, and a good gold grill in the front  
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)  
Gotta closet made for big clothes  
Gotta do more then treat me to lunch

[Chorus]

[Fabolous]

They call me William H period Bonnie  
I ride in a seven series with Tommie's  
I make another on of America's hotties  
And I'm that serious mommy  
I'm the one, like the Jet Li flick  
The private jet ski's sick  
The motors on the jet ski's quick  
The clips in the sets be thick  
And I done slipped more shots in then Gretzky's stick  
I'm the one like Penny Hardaway's number  
That's why dudes say it's hard to keep my broad away  
from ya  
Once your bitch, get the god 2-way number  
It'll be hard to get a Happy Father's Day from ya  
I'm the one, like the piece that's on Nelly's chain  
You can't reach me, I'm out of your celly range  
Bitch I'll even put canary's up in your belly chain  
And just to beat the traffic, hop in a helly main

[Chorus]

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