

# Fabolous, Click Spark

[dj clue]

Dj clue, desert storm

You know how we do things

Right now, whachu bout to hear

Whachu bout to witness

[fabolous]

F a b o l o u s

[clue]

Come on, my man fabolous, the album, ghetto fabolous

Come on man!

[fabolous]

Uh, come on

My gun go click and spark

Don't leave witnesses to point me out on one o six and park

Son those slick remarks

Gon' get you, bla-bla da da, bla-bla da da da da (blaow!)

Ya walk through my peas and carrots

Rind up hook on machines, livin' like peas and carrots

Ya team wanna beef

Thats when I screw the muzzle on the tip and strap the beam underneath

When I ride through, ya don't see no lid

I put snipers on the roof like nino did

All it takes is some see no slid

And have you on the news askin anyone, if they seen yo kid

I don't scream it in a rough tone

But I got spots in the whip to stuff crome, that would of puff combs

Every hustler on this planet had

Givin' away twenties so big, they in sandwich bags, nigga

Uh, yea

F a b, o l o u s

Yea, fo real

[verse 2]

These niggaz gots to be punched

Act stupid, get shells in ya stomache, like you ate pasta for lunch

If I let this diablo door raid

I'ma have the front of ya crib lookin like diallos doorway

See I know all yay, we buy ours pure-yay

We waitin on boats, these guys know broadway

Ya gon make me tie a bomb under ya benz

See how much you talk wit firearms under ya chin

No you cant take the coupe wit ditches

Cause when I hit the highway, it always makes the croup suspicious

Please, I get my dollar from the hersey

I'm on that fly gangsta shit, I pop the collar on my jersey

You know I got the heat the way the vanson is bendin

Same laid back flow, no dancin' or grinin'

Who else can it be spellin it at them

You have them tappin they friend like

'i'm tellin you thats him', stupid