

# Fabulous, Gotta Be Thug

[Fabolous]

Yo, Fabolous strive for digits, even connive to get it  
Niggas can't tell me nothin' dun, the 5 is kitted  
for Dead Presidents any cat alive can get it  
I walk around covered in ice like I survived a blizzard  
got enough chips to bribe you wit' it  
pay off security at clubs, get my guns and knives admitted  
I'm the type that gets tried and acquitted  
if my vibes ain't wit' it I pull the Four-Five and spit it  
then niggas run to the precinct and describe who did it  
come home and find the necks on their wives are slitted  
I got niggas on my side comitted  
to leave you and the driver splitted  
with your brain spilled inside your fitted  
Fabolous, the only way to I.D. him is in a Five BM  
puffin' sticky green 'till my eyes be slim  
operate with more chips than IBM  
fuck with me and make the news at Five PM.

[Chorus]

If ya'll see me gettin' locked it gotta be drugs  
if ya'll see chrome on the truck it gotta be dubs  
if I'm givin' somethin' to haters it gotta be slugs  
if it's one thing it's gotta be it's gotta be thug  
no info, I'm I'm leakin' it gotta be blood  
If my earlobes are hangin', it gotta be studs  
if the bitch on her knees, it gotta be love  
if it's one thing it's gotta be, it's gotta be thug.

[Fabolous]

Niggas don't wanna play around, they see how calm I do things  
swarm in a blue range, armed with two flames  
Flex play my joints, drop bombs like Hussien  
catch a cataracts, glance at the charm and new chain  
I got coke in every part of Brooknam that you name  
niggas want it, when you wave firearms their views change  
end up havin' to move they Moms to Ukraine  
get ADT alarms and new names  
come in the club, under each arm is two dames  
buyin' bottles of Dom with my loose change  
niggas hate me now 'cause I catch the eyes of dimes  
flooded the hood with Tre's the size of dimes  
ride through the hood with chrome pokin' off the wheels  
I'm in the game tryin' to get broken off with Mils  
shove the gun in your mouth, have you chokin' off the steel  
niggas love the band, but the chicks open off the grill.

[Chorus]

[Fabolous]

I'm ready to address the haters and underestimators  
hop in the truck, ride up on ya'll like escalators  
hit ya chest up, leave you hooked to respirators  
bed ridden talkin' to investigators  
now these ladies will do anything just to date us  
'cause we skate around on ice like escapaders  
dressed in Gators, in peace I'm restin' haters  
when police come for me, fly West to Vegas  
ridin' or dyin', niggas know I'm ridin' with iron  
smoke compartment in the dash that I'm hidin' the lye in  
my pockets is fat, ya'll accounts is on slim fast  
I'm Twenty, with Twenty's on a M-Class  
just gimme head it won't sweat your hairdo out  
we ain't tryin' to hear you out we tryin' to air you out

make ya'll run to the stores and clear Clue out  
'bout to put cameras in the truck, take the rearviews out  
What nigga....

[Chorus]