

# Fabulous, Niggaz

(feat. DJ Clue, Joe Budden, Paul Cain)

[Intro - DJ Clue]

Yeah y'all  
This the Triangle Offense  
Ghetto Fab  
Paul Cain, Joe Buddens  
We all &quot;Street Dreams&quot;  
At one time or another  
Fast cars, cash  
Money, hustlin...  
C'mon y'all  
Desert Storm

[Chorus - Paul Cain]

Some niggas thug, and some niggas is bitch  
Some niggas'll rob, and some niggas'll pitch  
Some niggas ain't got shit, some niggas rich  
Some niggas do the time, and some live as a snitch

[Verse 1 - Paul Cain]

Now some niggas like to pull out and talk, some niggas pop off  
Some niggas found they way to the top, some niggas got lost  
Some niggas keep it thorough in jail, some niggas got soft  
Some niggas ride hard top Coupe, I pull the top off  
And quick to speed off on the jake  
Quick to back, any nigga gettin money, come up off of the safe  
Fuck the city, I'm extortin the state  
I'm like O. from the &quot;Wire&quot;, walk wit a sawed-off and a .8  
When I was taught, never talk wit a snake  
When you kill a nigga you love, you pay for the coffin and weight  
Get you wrapped up, and tossed in a lake  
If you can't get the whole pie, just take ya portion and skate  
Don't fuck wit niggas, if they soft or they fake  
Only jail cats, and niggas going back and forth to court could relate  
Fuck wit me, and I'ma alter ya fate  
Send some wolves after ya girl, I specialize in torture and rape  
We in the game most dudes ain't built for  
Cain talk the type of shit, niggas get killed for  
Whatever it's gon' be, let it be, I ain't waistin a slug  
And time is money, and when it come to mind, take it in blood, nigga

[Chorus - Fabolous]

Some niggas thug, and some niggas is bitch  
Some niggas rob, and some niggas'll pitch  
Some niggas ain't got nothin, some niggas rich  
Some niggas do the time, and some live as a snitch

[Verse 2 - Fabolous]

These niggas act like, I ain't sling the clip at the last lane  
And ran to the cops, to bring the tips of the last names (Nigga!)  
Like I ain't bring the shipments, and past caine  
And sticky that'll leave ya finger tips wit the grass stains (Nigga!)  
Like I don't swing and zip through the fast lane  
Would you believe, this ringer chipped me a fast Range (Nigga!)  
Like I ain't sling on stips, till my past fame  
And stacked it up, like the Pringle chips, when the cash came (Nigga!)  
Like I ain't fling and dip, when the task came  
I knew these niggas sing like pits, so I stash change  
The singles chipped in my ass changed  
But this player never pay for, them rings and whips, just to gas dance  
I'm why you stay in touch wit ya writer  
Even made you pick up ya pen, and start clutchin it tighter  
I ain't much of a fighter

But I know, everything about rollin up, like a Dutch in a Spyder  
My dope is much more than whiter  
One hit'll have the fiends yellin out, they need crutches and lighters  
The Fed's can't touch us indict us, and the hoes can't even get numbers  
They wanna stay in touch, they could write us, nigga

[Chorus - Joe Budden]

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Some niggas ain't got shit, some niggas rich  
Some niggas do the time, and some live as a snitch

[Verse 3 - Joe Budden]

Listen, listen, I lived that life, of click-clack life  
The kidnap life, the kid's the wise, I did that twice!  
You prolly see that through ya bitch ass eyes  
Still I'm that nigga that you get at why  
Man forget that they knew me, remeber me thug  
I'm from that same block, rips snorkle on ja dip in a Lucy  
'Member they back you down, when knives was out  
.45 was out, scully ya eyes come out  
But now could you hear nigga all in this place  
That when you see him in the streets, you gettin all in his face  
More you give a nigga, the more that he takes, and you wanna beef  
Knowin I'm slower than do so, cause I got much more at stake  
HUH!?... that's why I'm ignorin ya page  
I can't respect you no more, you's a fraud and a snake  
But you noticed that's the hate that I love  
You see me eating off rat, that same feat you think you capable of  
Don't get me worng, I would like to get it  
But you acting like, I ain't blow my show money on a rifle fetish  
And my pop's voluntarily, surrendered to the Fed's  
This is the wrong time to fuck wit my head  
I'm tryna tell you, friends are ya worst enemies  
So if I make friends wit my worst enemies, that'll maybe even things out  
But one in ya dome is easy, get it on if need be  
Chrome for sheezy, please, DON'T believe me

[Chorus - Fabolous]

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Some niggas'll rob, and some niggas'll pitch  
Some niggas ain't got nothin, some niggas rich  
Some niggas do the time, and some live as a snitch, nigga