

Artist: fabulous

Title: Gotta be a thug

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Uh huh, Uh huh
Fabulous
Get it right
Uh, yeah
Uh, Brooklyn, it won't stop
Uh huh
Get it right
Uh, yeah
Uh huh, c'mon

[Verse 1]

Fabulous strives for digits, even connives to get it
Niggas can't tell me nothing dunn the five is kitted
>From 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 nines admitted
I'm the type that get tried and acquitted
If my bombs aint wit it, blast you with a 4/5 and spit it
Y'all niggas run to the police and then describe who did it
Come home, findin necks homie wives is slitted
I got niggas on my side committed
You niggas drive or split it, with your brain inside your fitting
Fabulous, the only way to I D him, is in a 5 B M
Puffin sticky green til my eyes get slim
Operate with more chips than I B M
Fuck with me you make the news, at 5 P M, motherfucker

CHORUS:

If y'all see me gettin locked, it gotta be drugs
If y'all see chrome on a truck, it gotta be dubs
If I'm givin somethin to haters, it gotta be slugs
If it's one thing it gotta be, it gotta be thugs
No info, if I'm leaking, it gotta be blood
If my earlobes is hanging, 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 thugs

[Verse 2]

Niggas don't wanna play around, they see how calm I do things
Swan in a blue Range, armed with two things
Flex pay my joints, drop bombs like Hussein
Catchin cataracts, glance at the charm and new chain
I got coke in every part of Brooknon a true name
Niggas want it when you wave a firearm, they views change
End up having to move they mom to Ukraine
Yeah ADT, alarms and new names
Who else comin to club, under each arm is two dames
Buying bottles of Dom, with his loose change
Niggas *Hate Me Now*, cuz I catch the eyes of dimes
Flooded the hood, with trays the size of dimes
Y'all do windows low, rims pokin off the wheels
I'm in the game, tryin to get broken off a mil
Shove the gun in your mouth, have you chokin off the steel
Niggas love to bam, but the bitches open off the grill

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

Yo I'm ready to address the haters, and underestimators
Hop in the truck, ride up on y'all like escalators
Hit your chest up, leave y'all hooked to respirators
Bed ridden, talkin to investigators
Now these ladies'll do anything, just to date us
Cuz we skate around on ice, like Escapaders
Dressed in gators, In Peace I'm Resting traitors
When police come for me, peel out west in Vegas
Riding or dying, niggas know I'm ridin wit iron
Smoke compartment in the dash that I'm hidin and eyein
My pockets is fat, y'all accounts is on Slim Fast
I'm 20, with 20s on the M Class
Just gimme head, it won't switch your hairdo out
We aint tryin to hear you out, we tryin to air you out
Make y'all rush into stores, and clear Clue out
Bout to put cameras in the truck, take them rearviews out, what nigga

CHORUS