

[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 Mills
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