

Fabolous, Respect

Yea, I ain't scared of you motherfuckers
I ain't no killer right
But y'all niggaz gon' make me one
For real.. leave me alone, shit
You fuckin with the wrong one brotha
I'm telling ya

I'm sittin in the crib dreamin about killin ya
with machine guns shotties and desert E dilligers
putting a bullet as big as a battery through a niggaz anatomy
and watchin him die slow
you need full clips to push up in the joint
when you in the kinda truck that I push up to the joint
cuz theses motherfuckaz will push him to the point
that you'll end up locked down doin push ups in the joint
but they'll box you in the corner
and you can throw ya fists up and act like you a boxer on his corner
ride wit ya gun in your glove box instead of on ya
you'll be six feet deep in one of them boxes if you wanna
not me, I squeeze the clips drop from the handle
till your remains is in a urn on top of the mantle
till everybody scramble off the block like they Randall (run)
till there's a mural on your block and some candles
who wanna die?

[Chorus]

I don't wanna kill no one but I ain't no motherfuckin punk
I don't wanna kill no one but I ain't no motherfuckin chump
I don't wanna kill no one but I ain't no motherfuckin clown
cuz I'ma have to kill someone just to get some respeck

my teflons will have you screamin like wyclef jean (someone please call 9-1-1)
but if they ever get the watch on my left arm
ima have more bury than that guy stephon
first they put that white seed over you brother
then the newspapers put you all over the cover
then you in a suit one hand cross over the other
next you in the earth with the dirt over you brother
a tinted hearse is what most men leave in
followed by a limo full of family and close friends greavin
when you pull the marijuana
ima wanna kill you as bad as The Terminator wanted Sarah Connor
but I'm loosin my patience
fuck it send me to the island I could use a vacation
now it's easy for me to understand
how you could just kill a man

[Chorus]

I'd rather be judged by twelve
Than carried by the six
My gun ain't on my man, or carried by my chicks
My gun ain't in my crib or carried in the six
If I'm right here nigga, then this right here nigga
Picture me putting my hearse
like I ain't gotta clip full a hollow tips to put in these jerks
I might as well put in the work
Spit em up outta herre and get em up outta here
I got the juice like bishop had wit him
That just don't give a fuck, semi
Like ol' dog had wit him
I'm sayin prayers for my enemy
I hope god bless him before the fucker run into me
I dunno, what the fuck has got into me

But I know I don't want them slugs goin into me
I'm just tryin to live my life
So niggaz better give me my respect or give me life

[Chorus]

Look what you made me do man
Look what you made me do man
I didn't want it to come to the right
But fuck it..
Niggaz will push you to that point man
Niggaz will play with you so much man
Aggravate you so much man
That you wanna kill a nigga man
Yea