

# Fabulous, 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 respect

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 a 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