

# Big Pokey, Ghetto Fabulous

bear bold, huh huh  
Let me hear you say

[Chorus: Big Moe & Big Pokey) - 2x]

(we)  
Ghetto fabulous  
(are)  
Ghetto fabulous  
(ghetto)  
Ghetto fabulous  
And we ain't having it

[D-Gotti]

I be that, ghetto gutter guy  
Hovin' through the side, up in something fly  
That's young fly, in a Coupe with the roof removed  
Run the light tap, baby tell her be cool  
The seats is bold, the feet are chrome  
I got the heat to control, cause I'm breathing dro  
Restarting the ghetto, on the block we spinning fives  
Now I be the hood guy, time and from the high rock  
Blessings from Allah, the Shop been fly  
Lyrics blunt beats, sitting highs  
Green cost more than my car, wanna be a star  
From day one I swore, to go hard  
Oh my Lord, Dr. Nicks wanna play  
My nigga put a yacht to Miami, Memorial Day  
We on the shore of the bay, out West getting rest  
Fabulous as ever, we a mess that's right

[Chorus - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

I'm G-H-E-T-T-O  
Fab, ghetto slang, ghetto slab  
Crawling like a crab, up the Ave  
In the Navo, me, Will and Mavo  
Tossing it up, chopping game out the hood life  
I love the hood (man), that's the good life  
I need a hood wife, cause they real with it  
They take the bumps with the bruises, they deal with it  
We all out here, scratching for a mill ticket  
When I hit my number, they gon feel it  
Let the button kill it, on me the key  
Voice activated, it only works for me  
I know you heard of me, Big Po'  
Trying to fade me, you gon get po'd  
My money too long, you better get some mo'  
You gon go bankrupt, if I hit the sco'

[Chorus - 2x]

[Verse 3]

See I was, ghetto born ghetto raised  
I was ghetto trapped, in a ghetto maze  
So I grabbed my pen, filled the page  
And made beats to release this, ghetto rage  
And then I get leid, ghetto paid  
Cadillac Escalade, with ghetto blades  
I got a ghetto babe, a ghetto maid  
That cook food like a old school, ghetto slave  
This is a ghetto love, ghetto pain  
This is ghetto game, a ghetto brain  
And I won't get paid, won't delay

Until I show y'all, just what the ghetto made  
I got a ghetto name, with ghetto fame  
And I could not ever, be ghetto shame  
I put the ghetto blame, on ghetto knee  
I put the ghetto in your face, so your eyes could see

[Chorus - 2x]

[Verse 4]

Spit spectacular, Southside benacular  
Who bleed blocks, like Dracula  
That flip do' like spatulas, playa we ain't amateurs  
Dope characters, that's bigger than life  
The bigger the slice, the bigger the ice  
The bigger the better, the home of trend setters  
You know the letters, T-E-X-A  
S-D's, 33rd streets don't rest ok  
We just fabulous, too ghetto fabulous  
But these fakers back, stabbing us  
Man the Shop, ain't slacking up  
See the paper keeps stacking up  
We in the ghetto, still acting up  
Mama ain't no Shaqing up, I'm chasing ghetto bucks  
In the ghetto hush, but we could do our thug thang  
But you can do the scrub thang, this ain't no kiss or hug thang

[Chorus - 2x]