

Fabolous, Click & spark

D.J Clue, Desert Storm

You know how we do things

(uh) Right now (uh), whachu bout to hear (uh, yea)

whachu bout to witness

[Fab] F A B O L O U S

[Clue] (O L O U S!)

[Clue] Come on, my man Fabolous (uh, yea, uh)

the album, Ghetto Fabolous (come on, uh, yo)

Come on man!!

[Fabolous]

My gun go click and spark

Don't leave witnesses to point me out on 106 and Park

Son those slick remarks, gon' get you

Bla-bla da da, bla-bla da da da da (blaow!)

Ya walk through my p's and karats

Wind up hook on machines, livin' like peas and carrots

Ya team wanna beef, thats when I screw the muzzle on the tip

And strap the beam underneath

When I ride through, ya dont see no lid

I put snipers on the roof like Nino did

All it takes is some c-note slid

To have you on the news askin if anyone seen yo' kid

I dont scream it in a rough tone

I got spots in the whip to stuff crome, that would of help Puff Combs

Every hustler on this planet (?)

Givin' away twenties so big, they in sandwich bags, nigga

uh, yea

F A B, O L O U S

yea, fo real, uh, yo, uh

[Verse 2]

These niggaz gots to be punched

Act stupid, get shells in ya stomache, like you ate pasta for lunch

If I let this diablo door raid

I'ma have the front of ya crib lookin like Diallos doorway

See I know all yays, we buy ours pure-yay

We waitin on boats, these guys go Broadway

Ya gon make me tie a bomb under ya Benz

See how much you talk wit firearms under ya chin

No you cant take the coupe wit ditches

Cause when I hit the highway, it always makes the croup suspicious

Please, I get my dollar from the hersey

I'm on that fly gangsta shit, I pop the collar on my jersey

You know I got the heat the way the Vanson is bendin

Same laid back flow, no dancin' or grinin'

Who else can it be spellin it at them

You have them tappin they friend like 'I'm tellin you that's him', stupid