

# Fabulous, Do The Damn Thang

[Intro]

Look, I can see them niggas stuntin to this right now, not now, but right now

Yea, yea, ch-ch-yea

Look, lo-lo look

Look, lo-lo look

Look, look

[Verse 1-Fabulous]

It's no love for the other side, fuck all the tricks

Pop the glove on the other side, buck through the bricks

Birds love how a brother ride, truckin it sick

I'm heard of on the southern side, i pluck through it quick

I been one of them boys since way back when

This is way before a nigga brought grey plaques in

So if i spray mac-10s, Bet you niggas lay back then

Like you sittin in a Maybach Benz

Yea I made crack grins but ain't a damn thing funny

I keep a pocket fulla do the damn thang money

I keep it comin with bottles of champagne dunny

So keep it bouncin till you pull a hamstring honey

These pimps just better have a gothic for me

I got them hoes starin like they got a problem with me

I got them boys slingin rocks in the lobby for me

I'm rich bitch, ballin just a hobby for me

[Chorus-Young Jeezy]

I got a pocket full of money and my wrist all froze

So fuck what you heard we don't love them hoes, heeyyy

Do the damn thang, do the damn thang

A nigga might grin but it ain't still funny

Got a pocket fulla that, do the damn thang money, heeyy

Do the damn thang, do the damn thang

[Verse 2-Young Jeezy]

My phone is tapped and so is my livin room

We cant hide the money here, we need a bigger room

Let me show you what I stand fo,

Jesus Schwarzenegger call me commando

On that Remy Martin, nigga matta fact

I ain't Fat Joe but I can make em lean back

Save your ammo don't waste it

Got him dodgin bullets like he in the matrix

Ye'aint strapped and ya better dip

Carbin 15, got six clips

Pilsbury nigga, got a lotta dough

Call me Boston George, got a lotta blow

They place orders, so I bake cakes

I'm a bodybuilder, pump a lotta weight

You see the diamonds in my damn chain

It ain't hard to tell, I do the damn thang

[Chorus]

[Verse 3-Fabulous]

You hatin instead of participatin with them boys

You skatin on them 22 datins like them boys

I'm hatin that they communicatin with them boys

I'm waitin just to send them to Satan for that shit

They see a nigga stones look sick

And I gotta stack of singles in my hand thats phone booth thick

Cuz I'm so hood rich

That I'm no good bitch

And even if she gotta pimp then a hoe should switch

And get ridda that shit spitta, get wit her, shit gitter

sit wit her, hit spitter, that don't bitch chitter

My style fit wit her

I tell her you don went left now you need to go right like a switch hitta

I know them tricks bitter

When im in the six with her

So im in a mix with her  
Fourty four six with her  
And I'm higher than a motherfucker  
But a nigga try then he gon die in this motherfucker  
[Chorus]