

# Fabulous, Gotta be a thug

Uh huh, Uh huh

Fabulous

Get it right

Uh, yeah

Uh, Brooklyn, it won't stop

Uh huh

Get it right

Uh, yeah

Uh huh, c'mon

[Verse 1]

Fabulous strives for digits, even connives to get it

Niggas can't tell me nothing dunn the five is kitted

&gt;From Dead Presidents, any cat alive can get it

I walk around covered in ice like I survived a blizzard

Got enough chips to bribe you wit it

Pay off security at clubs, get my guns and nines admitted

I'm the type that get tried and acquitted

If my bombs aint wit it, blast you with a 4/5 and spit it

Y'all niggas run to the police and then describe who did it

Come home, findin necks homie wives is slitted

I got niggas on my side committed

You niggas drive or split it, with your brain inside your fitting

Fabulous, the only way to I D him, is in a 5 B M

Puffin sticky green til my eyes get slim

Operate with more chips than I B M

Fuck with me you make the news, at 5 P M, motherfucker

CHORUS:

If y'all see me gettin locked, it gotta be drugs

If y'all see chrome on a truck, it gotta be dubs

If I'm givin somethin to haters, it gotta be slugs

If it's one thing it gotta be, it gotta be thugs

No info, if I'm leaking, it gotta be blood

If my earlobes is hanging, it gotta be studs

If the bitch on her knees, it gotta be love

If it's one thing it's gotta be, it's gotta be thugs

[Verse 2]

Niggas don't wanna play around, they see how calm I do things

Swan in a blue Range, armed with two things

Flex pay my joints, drop bombs like Hussein

Catchin cataracts, glance at the charm and new chain

I got coke in every part of Brooknon a true name

Niggas want it when you wave a firearm, they views change

End up having to move they mom to Ukraine

Yeah ADT, alarms and new names

Who else comin to club, under each arm is two dames

Buying bottles of Dom, with his loose change

Niggas \*Hate Me Now\*, cuz I catch the eyes of dimes

Flooded the hood, with trays the size of dimes

Y'all do windows low, rims pokin off the wheels

I'm in the game, tryin to get broken off a mil

Shove the gun in your mouth, have you chokin off the steel

Niggas love to bam, but the bitches open off the grill

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

Yo I'm ready to address the haters, and underestimators

Hop in the truck, ride up on y'all like escalators

Hit your chest up, leave y'all hooked to respirators

Bed ridden, talkin to investigators

Now these ladies'll do anything, just to date us

Cuz we skate around on ice, like Escapaders

Dressed in gators, In Peace I'm Resting traitors

When police come for me, peel out west in Vegas

Riding or dying, niggas know I'm ridin wit iron

Smoke compartment in the dash that I'm hidin and eyein

My pockets is fat, y'all accounts is on Slim Fast  
I'm 20, with 20s on the M Class  
Just gimme head, it won't switch your hairdo out  
We aint tryin to hear you out, we tryin to air you out  
Make y'all rush into stores, and clear Clue out  
Bout to put cameras in the truck, take them rearviews out, what nigga  
CHORUS