

# Fabulous, Next Generation

[Hook]

Uh, uh yeah, yeah, oh  
Rap's new generation, N-n-next g-gen-gene-generation  
Rap's new generation  
Rap's new generation, N-n-next g-gen-gene-generation

[Jo Jo Pellegrino]

Well, say hello to the rap Al Capone, south with pone  
Tommy gun duck fitted to my mouth is chrome  
Don't get it backwards, Stuck Shore South is home  
Pelle who, soon to be caked out and blown  
Boss of the bosses, Pricehead, Soldier apparel  
Read the paper in my bed robe like Tony Soprano  
Throw em' all in the bottomless pit  
For rockin' bowling shoes, talk about rocks and shit

[Cadillac Tah]

Yo, you bitch niggas is prey, time pay  
I leave you shrumped in this five coupe [Errr]  
Faggot nigga I slide through  
Any hood representin' my set, generation is new  
But I wear this tech like a vest  
Spit and tear up ya vest  
D-A double D for that dough  
Hit em' where it hurt most  
You niggas ain't comin' close  
I run up, gun up, hit you and ya done up, playa you ghost  
We killers, Violator, Murderer niggas

[Hook]

[R.C.]

It's the violator, clip changer, mix the mayor  
Got trick eight to throw more kisses than Jada  
And a bitch serve the guard properly  
She give me blows under the belt like a dirty boxer  
It's R. Cadillac's on twenty-twos  
And jewels that give you cataracts, bitch who you foolin'  
They gave me eight bars, no room to breathe  
And eight darts nigga, no one to leave

[Fabolous]

I come out with fire  
Stop, drop, roll out the booth  
Th rims come out the tires  
I stop, hop fall off the roof  
Only thing you should know is that's them hoin'  
This playa comin' back with the 4-5, like M. Jordan  
It's spelled with a capital F  
See everything from the sweater to the scarf to the capital F  
Now with the hoodrats, I'm like the rappin' Hugh hef  
Better known as F-A-B-O-L-O-U-S

[Hook]

[Fortune]

It's time to seperate the oil from the cut and gotten the pot  
So when the flame rise niggas gon' respect what's hot  
Four chain glock on em' with no warning  
Leave ya hood like a circle with no corners  
Made dough with the pot, heatin' and raisin'  
Been around more pies than sweet potatoes  
Violators, big dogs respect the line  
Niggas act, I'ma tear em' up in the club like Shyne

[Remy Martin]

Y'all know if I spill sixteen it's a massive commodity

[Machine Gun Firing]

So I'ma just lay eight and etch the bodies

Everybody knows who's the hottest bitch

And that's why I'm the only bitch on this shit

And any ho that chu' know love Rem and Nick

Cause I spit as if I had a dick

This rap shit I done mastered it, 8-ball assassin chick

Wanna give it to me but they know I'm not havin' it

[Hook]