

Fabulous, Now That's Grindin

Fabulous:

Yo, i'ma mothafuckin ghetto superstar nigga...

Right now you can lie and gossip too/ but later on be the guy who the mobs look to/ and right now you can try and prosecute/ but later on you gon' die in the hospital
I'm the guy that's responsible/ the 9 is impossible/ you ever had Mitchel and Ness tryin to sponser you?/ you gon' die like the mobsters do/ actin like gangstas and like Denzel y'all should get Oscars too/ calm the guys in your hostile crew/ before they get holes in they face the size of they nostriles too/ Street Family abide by the mobsta rules/ visors and Osgood shoes/ that's not on the block yet fools/ you could tell i'm fly by my postre boo/ i get into the thighs of a prostitute/ then buy her a popsicle/ that's why i hear lots of ooohs
They ain't never seen a ghetto superstar like me
Uh, i'll show you how to do this young'n/ i ain't frontin/ these Jordans ain't comin/ make the silencer say somthin/ go head keep the complants comin nigga

Paul Kain:

Yo, a hustle's a hustle from ghetto to ghetto/ 4.6 Rang Rover nigga either yellow or metal
Muffle wit muzzle for hit movement/ i'ma stop ya blood flow if you try to stop my shit movement/ i'll be on strips doin/ my grinding brick moving/ for the cross or my thick cuban
In a town in the south/ in the spot for a pound and a couch/ or four thou on an ounce
All it takes is a quarter a brick/ and a half a pound of dro gets your grind game in order to pitch
Faggot crakin the weed up/ flip dat pop a dice game and catch a jinx and put it back wit the read up
That's grindin/ 4 4 tucked in the linin/ get low when them hot ones flyin/ come at me wrong you dyin/ no lyin
Dog you not familiar/ step to me i'ma pop and kill ya

Joe Buddens:

It's Joe Buddens, in the streets they call me glocks fa hire/ before i was jump off i was Oxes supplier
Y'all passin the roach/ ask fa Joe/ i'm part time Kaiser Sotee's actin coach
No a days dog i don't hear rappers/ fuck bars we can all get the 4s out and play Fear Factor
Move and dip/ roug on my hip/ but the game keep talkin that musics shit, it's nothin
Lettin the game know ya man's on the come up/ first week sound scan i'm doin Spider-Man numbas, bet
Cars, jewels, casinos, and up/ tryna ball like Paul Pierce i'll Benzino you up
Man ya crews decoys/ Desert Storm use these toys/ bite the bullet like Bruce Lee's boys
Get right wit me/ newest King in the league like Mike Bibby, i'ma show you how to do this son
Birds in the club cause the beat so fine/ and when i'm in the strip club they don't pay Mr. Cheeks no mind/ uh, had 'em gum blind/ cowards want mine/ but they pigment's off like the Dallas front line
Max Payne never seen a car like it/ first nigga you to move weight from a palm pilot