

# Fabolous, Now What

[ad-libs]

Uh, they call me G-H-E-T-T-O, nigga  
Uh, uh, I'm back on that bullshit  
Haha, who could fuck around? Huh? uh..

[verse]

I bet you look at things from a different perspective  
When you see the size of the slugs, the fifth or the tech get  
A couple'll lift a detective  
And make sure the legs that he used to walked with is defective  
All you niggas do is sit on blocks and jive  
About who's the baddest bitch and if Pac's alive  
Nigga, I'm in a aqua five  
With a button that make the roof flip back like pocket knives  
I can't knock ya drive, you feelin' like Rocky  
Till you get a beatin' like he got in Rocky 5  
The squad'll still hold toast, and get these bitches  
To open they legs wider than a field goal post  
Broke niggas don't wanna stand my grind so they knock it  
Think my jeans got Mickey D's signs on my pockets  
The hydro combined with, the chocolate have ya eyes  
Lookin' like the tall dude who signed with the Rockets  
The flow is so sick, sooner or later  
These niggas gonna need barf bags bigger than golf bags  
The coke get flew on planes monthly  
And cops search me for weapons harder than they do in Hussein country  
And any chick that get a view of the chain wit me  
I guess that's what Jay meant by chain reactions  
Bitch! It's nothin' to thumb off some notes  
Fuck a dealer, I get 'em when they come off the boat, fucka

[ad-libs]

Yeah, Ghetto...  
Fab, nigga, uh..  
Uh, Street Family..  
Uh, pay attention, y'all..  
Please, uh, yeah..  
You could love Fab, hate Fab, I don't care  
Send ya clothes with the check or I don't wear  
Uh huh, yeah..  
Uh.. uh.. yeah..  
Street Dreams the mixtape, uh huh.. yeah..  
Uh, let's get this money, y'all..  
Let's get this money, y'all..  
Uh, uh, uh..

[fades out]