

Ride for This

Fabulous

{ We trin' to kill these niggas }
 { We in the door now }
{ Holla, rule nigga, with the F A B O haha, yea }
 { Cluemanatti }
 { My nigga }
 { Holla back nigga }
 [Irv Gotti]
 { Murder Inc }
 { Run'em down nigga } Load the 4 4 up
 I'm the reason the price of raw go up
 Jump outta of the lambo, and the doors go up
 Hit you and your ho up from the torso up
 Leave ya'll there 'til they comin' or the law show up
 I'm that nigga they say preforming so the whores show up
 Why cop? I rob you, ice your roll up
I pop bottles, ain't no need for no cup Roll the pure dro up, stroll the floor tore up
 The difference between fab and ya'll, after I pick an auto up
 Every month I ain't gotta give more doe up
 Fuckin' with this you'll buy a washer when the shore slow up
 I have it when ya kids see saw go up I see four blow up
 Check these diamonds, no flaws show up
 My niggas clap up parties, shoot tour shows up
What ya'll know 'bout head til a chicks jaw swoll up Goin' gold minutes after the gates on stores go up
 You know who done it now, few hundred miles
 And with shoes on it now
 It's like a few hundred thou
 When we run up this guns to stomach style
 Got to flaunt it now
 Nigga who want it blawgh Ride for this
 Where my niggas at get high to this
 Where ya'll at?
 Die for this
 Throw guns up to the sky for this
 Where ya'll at?
 Ride for this
 Where my niggas that get high to this
 Where ya'll at?
 Die for this
 Throw guns up to the sky for this

Where ya'll at?Yo, you must wanna die
From the nigga you testify against
Fabolous make bail before they identify the prints
Swing by a Vince, in a buggy eye with tents
Sittin' on nineteen's, gun stash by the vents
Niggas is lookin' at the chain 'cause they eyes are squint
I pull up, pull out, pull back
Them guys will sprintLast nigga that talked slick and been replyin' since
Got a deal, no sellin', been supplyin' since
Leave niggas on the ground like tire prints
We done make ya eyes look bent, just by the sense
These niggas don't believe, then they gone die convinced
Once I present the four fifth why comment?I'm the type you tell ya dame bout
Push a fellow brain out
Leave 'em in front of the spot that they sell cocaine out
One single, had to tint the yellow range out
Everybody runnin' up tryin' to spell the name out
(F A B O L O U S)Ride for this
Where my niggas at get high to this
Where ya'll at?
Die for this
Throw guns up to the sky for this
Where ya'll at?
Ride for this
Where my niggas that get high to this
Where ya'll at?
Die for this
Throw guns up to the sky for this
Where ya'll at?

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