F You Too

Fabolous

Yeah, Desert Storm niggaz, Cain
Ghetto, I got these niggaz man
Clue, I'm the first line of defense
(Yeah)
(Yeah)
And I'ma show 'em what that means
(Yeah)
I know these niggaz hoped I wouldn't make it, fuck you
Your hatred only made me wanna cake ya, fuck you
Wherever I see you nigga I'ma buck you
And put a hole in your chest that's big enough to drive a truck through
I bring the drama back where you lives, flatter your wiz
Reload and then point the Mag at your kids
So what I sound remorse, the records I still peep guns on me
But the difference now is only Deserts
If I talk it's gonna be reckless, I'm ready to die
So when I apply pressure, niggaz gon' respect it
Tote guns to rob niggaz, I told 'em to use
And leave enemies of friends that like broken and bruised
They ain't crazy, they just broke and confused, cross me
And they'll be talks of how they found the man smoked on the news
I'ma career crook they used a mug shot from my graduation picture
And my junior high school yearbook
Paul Cain never appear shook
Yeah, I might talk to my enemies but never police
You wanna converse it better be brief, you ain't gotta say much
Show me the money and the cheddar'll speak
If it ain't involvin' bread, I ain't with it
I don't need D's on me, I'm already dodgin' Feds
When the shots from the revolver spread
Duck, I don't discriminate, leave CEO's and artists dead
Make slugs a part of his head
Vanish then pop up in a SL double nickel, scarlet red
Fuck you I'm tryna get my cash right
All my niggaz flip birds and blast pipes, addicted to the fast life
Live everyday like my last night, od'in or X
When I got signed like Len Bias on draft night
(Yeah)
Niggaz

Street Dreams

(Yeah, yeah)

I see ya faggot ass schemin', fuck you
Bitch you don't wanna swallow semen, fuck you
No you hate the way I'm street dreamin', fuck you
That's why I ridin', clappin', wit the .40 Cal screamin', fuck you
When I pulled the 5 out, I kinda expected
For the back stabbers, to be standin' behind me, wit they knives out
Then the Range, wit the fins drove in
I wasn't shocked to see my foes, dressed in friends clothin'
But I still pull through the sty, wit handguns
As big as the one, Robocop pulled from his thigh
You prolly heard about the bullets I buy and how it look like
I'm throwin' batteries, when the bullets shoot by
So what, you wear a vest, why would I care
If I aim for ya chest, that be a good idea
Nigga, it's nothing to clap ya but I'm more worried
Bout the groupie cops, who wanna put they cuffs on a rappa
That's why I'm limpin' off wit a freak and a lawyer
Who woulda got O.J. Simpson off in a week
I could show you how to blow up on ya own in a Benz
That'll hit a buck and make the windows go up on they own
Wit a stash box compartment for a handgun
That make holes the size of peep holes, on apartment doors
My closet look like department stores and you wonder why
Ya girl's comin' home, wit a cigar sip for
'Cause I just dump the light Dutch, mash the guts
You won't believe how much ass I touch
Who else struts pass the sluts, and a chain wit so much
Ash and cuts, that it hangs much pass the nuts
That's why I get followed by broads wit deeper throats
Then the people at the circus, that be swallowin' swords
Y'all hopin' that the Don fall off but my money's long enough
To keep shootin' ya bank until, ya arms fall off
I'm eatin', and I ain't have to use someone's utinsels
And when you clean as me, you know that every bum is against you
But please don't let someone convince you to test the kid
And get hit wit slugs as long, as a No. 2 Pencil, fucka
I see ya faggot ass schemin', fuck you
Bitch you don't wanna swallow semen, fuck you
No you hate the way I'm street dreamin', fuck you
That's why I ridin', clappin', wit the .40 Cal screamin', fuck you
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