

# 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

Fabulous 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 sprint

Last 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)

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