

Up On Things

Fabulous

Yeah

Walk with me west coast

Yeah

It's the coast to coast G on the check in

Yeah ride ride ride

If you ain't up on things

Fabulous is the name, street fam's the game

Screamin' seven one eight while them hammers bang

Like bludda ludda lacca bludda ludda lacca

Kick game like I know a little bit of socca

Spic, dames, ass and a little bit of knockas

Give them nick names and a little bit of vodka

Then I'm game change a very freaky girl

You know who got the gold like the kid from the last dragon

You know who got the low on the spokes and the ass saggin'

You know who got the gold that'll have your ass gaggin'

You know who got the boat that'll have the task naggin'

But I fuck bitches and get money

My truck switches, you gotta duck bitches

When you get twenties and plug switches

That make you sit funny, I'm a rider

If you ain't up on things

(Don't come close to me)

(Unless you ride like you supposed to be)

If you ain't up on things

(Don't come close to me)

(Unless you pimpin' like you supposed to be)

If you ain't up on things

(Don't come close to me)

(Unless you banging like you supposed to be)

If you ain't up on things

(Don't come close to me)

(Unless you gangsta like you supposed to be)

C'mon you know its g's up C.O.'s down

If I freeze up, its kilos now

Pick trees up its three four pounds

Fill the bees up ?til these bro's drown

I snatch a few G's up and flea those towns

Busta's freeze up when my V slow down

I ease up with these four pounds
Squeeze up to three four rounds
I pick these up its G code now
Y'all better call the D's up before I reload now

I'm the boss somethin' like Springsteen
I got somethin' that bring green, that look somethin' like stringbeans
I make sure the hustlers keep somethin' to sling the fiends
White, yellow, and a little somethin' that bling green
We going to blast if we going I been doing
This since Jabber was hooking off the glass in the forum
Your grandparents has to assume
'Cuz the face look like a magnifying glass on the poem
(Oh boy!)

If you ain't up on things
(Don't come close to me)

(Unless you ride like you supposed to be)

If you ain't up on things
(Don't come close to me)

(Unless you pimpin' like you supposed to be)

So my niggas, they get money

Throw your motherfucking hand in the air
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all niggas scream oh yeah oh yeah
And all my bitches, they get money

Throw your motherfuckin' hand in the air
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all bitches scream "Oh yeah"

It's the kid with the D O double G

After blowing three four dubs of trees

My eyes are below double G's

After sipping pin O bubbly skee O rubbing me

We'll probably go below publically

I'm a coast to coast G, I keep the toast to mostly

For those who pose to closely backup

Keep a piece in the vest, that's how we ride

From the north to the south to the east to the west

So my niggas, they get money

Throw your motherfucking hand in the air
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all niggas scream "Oh yeah"

All my bitches, they get money

Throw your motherfuckin' hands in the air

And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all bitches scream "Oh yeah oh yeah"

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