

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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