

# Sickalicious

## Fabulous

Uh, huh, oh  
Yeah, uh uh  
Uh uh yeah, uh uh  
They call me G H E T T O  
Black star power, like B E T shows  
I'm usually pullin' up in the G T slow  
Flashing my ring finger with the E T glow  
I'm that nucca, act rucka certified plat nucca  
Semi-auto, gat bucca  
Take that fucka, lay flat sucka  
I'm ducked Negro, uh amigo  
Get every bay from Tampa to Montigo  
They say I got the lifestyle and the E glow  
I'm in the blow range, no matter where he go  
I'm that homie, gat on me  
I'm the kid, not that phony  
Anybody that know me  
Knows I'm here to get that money yeah  
Hey now get that money, keep them rims spichey  
24 shoes on my hummer and they fittin' tight  
Fabulous and Missy, sickalicious right  
If you a hater make my gun go  
Blocka, blocka, blocka, blocka  
They call me F A B O L O  
U S, you just lay down slow nigga  
Know this before this, trey pound blow  
Spit game, get dames to lay down low  
I'm da poppy cholo, the cops say the tops on the drops is too low  
I shop till I drop when I'm coppin' new clothes  
Bop in the hop but don't stop to use hoes  
He's that new dude that include  
Makin' sure silencers on the gat is screwed  
With an it don't even matter mood  
And a fuck you, pay me attitude  
I'm that young boy, that slung boy  
That'll have em saying where you get that from boy  
I'm still leaving niggas at one choice  
  
So run when you hear that gun noise blat

You say you rich, then come and talk that shit to me  
Block a, block a, block a, block a  
Buy your dvds and TVs but I like shoes on my jeep  
Block a, block a, block a, block a  
24-inch wheels and a good gold grill in the front  
Block a, block a, block a, block a  
Gotta closet made for big clothes  
Gotta do more then treat me to lunch  
Hey now get that money, keep them rims spichey  
24 shoes on my hummer and they fittin' tight  
Fabulous and Missy, sickalicious right  
If you a hater make my gun go  
Block a, block a, block a, block a  
They call me William H period Bonnie  
I ride in the seven series with Tommie's  
I make another one of America's homies  
And I'm dead serious mommy  
I'm the one, like the Jet Li flick  
The private jet ski's sick  
The motors on the jet ski's quick  
The clips in the sets be thick  
And I done slipped more shots in then Gretzky's stick  
I'm the one like Penny Hardaway's number  
That's why dudes say it's hard to keep my broad away from ya  
Once your bitch, get the God two way number  
It'll be hard to get a Happy Father's Day from ya  
I'm the one like the piece that's on Nelly's chain  
You can't reach me, I'm out of your celly range  
Bitch I'll even put canary's up in your belly chain  
And just to beat the traffic hop in a helly main  
Hey now get that money, keep them rims spichey  
24 shoes on my hummer and they fittin' tight  
Fabulous and Missy, sickalicious right  
If you a hater make my gun go  
Block a, block a, block a, block a

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