The Way "intro"

Fabolous

I said..fuck em all, muthafuck em all
Ya'll done turned a good guy into a Chuckie doll
I would've been your friend till the end bitch
Guess there ain't no friends in this shit bidness
Just a bunch of assholes in the shit bidness
But they won't flush me down the toilet bowl without my tissue
These bitches talk shit out the same mouth they kiss you
These niggas kiss ass with the same mouth that diss you
Eww, you niggas disgust me
And they ain't talkin bout shit unless they discuss me
Let's talk about how, I'm killin errything I touches
Or how I walked in this game with no crutches
No Diddy, No Dupri, No Dr. Dre
No Cash Money from Baby and no rocs from Jay
And I'm still here
We still here
What does this break dude?..It's still here
And dude talk, concernin New York
When I was runnin the city you was learnin to walk
So I watched you niggas take they first steps
And I was happy for ya, daddy was clappin for ya
But, wasn't for me prolly wouldnt've happened for ya
So I rest my case
I'm a rappin lawyer
That's unless you wanna talk bad bitches
Section full of bridezillas, that's mad bitches
No words, I describe em with letters best
They pretty as can be, curvy as the letter "S"
They keep it G, they sweet as T
Look good in the passenger seat of V
They ride double R, smell like double C
The Bags are L.V., D, or a double G
Fly as hell, shades wire cell
On E, sippin P.J., high as hell

And please don't even talk about swag
I'm cool and collective
A Fool with perspective
I'm far from being typical my respect is reciprocal

I already came up
You still on the zipper pull
And I would say my style is 5th Fab meets Brooklyn
I keep the hood watchin, I got the streets lookin
They watch what I do, so they know what to do
Lil money never told big money what to do
Money talks, if u speak guapanese
A language better known if you gettin cheddar holmes
If not get a loan, use that like Rosetta Stone
And that way you can holla bout a dolla
I hear em cryin broke, they holla like a toddler
Come holla at yo gualla, dont holla at sovallas
You'll end up down under tryna holla at Koalas
I keep that nine on me, ala Iguodala
We can get it jumpin like the drolics on Impala
I feel like Neno lettin em rock wallas off the colla
Somebody tell me something, What the fuck happened?
Somebody talk to me, muthafuck rappin
They infiltrated the game, but who let in the pookies?
Kingpins is snitchin that shit is not lookey
So fuck new friends unless they stay solo
Cuz who gon' watch you back after you kill Manolo?
Isn't it ironic Santana's own fella stabbed him
The king of New York die while I yellow cabbed him
No Carlito's way
When I spot a hater drop him like a hot potatoe
Youahead, got me later
Yeah I keep it gangsta but Im'ma do it my way
The new day of the week is called My day
So its my say, Pass my K
I'm thru talkin

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