

Sickalicious (feat. Missy Elliott)

Fabulous

[Fabolous]

Uh, huh, Oh! Yeah, Yeah, 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 pulling 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 fucker

Lay flat sucker

I'm the Negro, 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! [Chorus: Missy Elliott]

Hey! Now get that money, keep them rims spichey!

24 shoes on my Hummer, and they fitting tight!

Fabulous and Missy, Sickalicious right.

If you a hater make my gun go (Blocka, blocka, blocka, blow!) [Fabolous]

They call me F-A-B-O-L-O

You-S, you just lay down slow! (Nigga)

Know this before this, trey pound blow (Uh-Huh)

Spit game, get dames to lay down low (Ohh!)

I'm da poppy cholo, the cops say the tops on the drops is to low

I shop till I drop, when I'm coppin new clothes

Bop in the hop, but don't stop to use hoes

I'm that new dude, that include

Making sure silencers in 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!) [Missy Elliott]

You say you rich, then come and talk that shit to me

(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)
Buy your DVD's and TV's, but I like shoes on my Jeep
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)
24-inch wheels, and a good gold grill in the front
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)
Gotta closet made for big clothes
Gotta do more then treat me to lunch[Chorus][Fabolous]
They call me William H period Bonnie
I ride in a seven series with Tommie's
I make another on of America's hotties
And I'm that 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 2-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[Chorus]

Songwriters

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