

# Renegade (feat. Paul Cain)

## Fabulous

Uh, you think I give a fuck about  
What these niggas say man  
They even talked about Jesus I ain't mad at when it rain, 'cause I know the sun is somewhere shinin'  
Sorta like some clear diamonds  
I hardly see my moms, but she know her son is somewhere grindin'  
Some where rhymin', or somewhere climbin' Out of a pottable 760, inclassable very sticky  
Wit a handgun, to send these cowards to Heaven quickly  
I ain't pussy, so I won't allow you to ever dick me  
I know these grease balls, wonder how could they ever stick me But I move, like the President through town  
Wit stones the size of earrings, in my Presidential crown  
I put hollows from the Desert into clowns, 'cause the cometary  
Is where most of the dudes, that are hesitant are found So I take the time, of whatever the bench throws  
The 4BM put down, in a seventy-two inch hole  
Mean while getting adapted, to the fame has be hectic  
But I'm fucking like I'm tryna take down Chamberlain's record And the girls more than like you, when you  
running around  
Doing world tours like Michael, but girl's sure don't like you  
You going on like thirty-six, flowin' on some berry mix  
The little money you get, you blowing on them dirty chicks Tryna look young, so you throwing on the jersey  
quick  
I'm on my second V-12, you going on ya thirty-six  
You can look at this rider, and see I'm on the come-up  
'Cause I pass the hitch-hikers, like I don't see 'em with they thumb up I just turn the system up and keep boppin'  
I never get, where I'm tryna go, if a nigga keep stoppin'  
And I tell the cops, this joint is for protection  
Don't they see when I come through How these people point in my direction  
That's why I poke out my jeans  
Like my joint with a erection  
Till I'm in a joint made for correction  
And right now, the way rapper bi'ness spread  
It wouldn't even surprise me  
If one of these rappers is a Fed, nigga Since I'm in the position to get rich, I'ma get it  
Whether it come from rapping on blocks, flippin' and pitchin'  
And fuck the stove, and the kitchen where I cook and prepare it  
Nigga you know and don't try to act like the truth ain't apparent I'm on a mission to get richer, it's as simple as  
that  
I make it obvious, when I pick up a pencil and rap  
Like a .40 Cal, spittin' on instrumentals I clap  
And these verses, are like the hollow point I sent through yo back I get you murdered if I think you a rat

'Cause if you don't show loyalty  
Then that show me where ya principles at  
And you don't know how much I been through, in fact I never did like you, I ain't even gon' pretend wit you cats  
And I'm the nicest, I ain't gotta say it twice and repeat it  
I'm a lyrical genius, I never been beaten, defeated  
I'ma draw my weapon and squeeze it, you better believe it Leave you parapaligic, I demand respect and I mean it  
My Desert's the meanest, you probably dead if you seen it  
Or spored out somewhere sick, you get red on the cement  
And I blow off ya head for no reason and just when I'm leavin'  
You don't know me ya owe me homie  
But the spread make us even, blow And the bad part about it is man  
I'm only twenty years old man  
And I'm just havin' fun  
Man I ain't even tryin' man Desert Storm's youngest and in charge man  
Paul Cain, man  
Yo Fab man, you ain't even gotta go hard man  
I got these niggas man Clue, holla at cha boy, Skatin' Dolla  
Duro, it's our year man  
Desert Storm, we gon' kill niggas man  
You already know what it is it's a ho'cide man  
Stop, "Street Dreamin"

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