

D.J Clue, Desert Storm
You know how we do things
(uh)Right now (uh), whachu bout to hear (uh, yea)
whachu bout to witness
F A B O L O U S
[Clue](O L O U S!)
[Clue]Come on, my man Fabolous (uh, yea, uh)
the album, Ghetto Fabolous (come on, uh, yo)
Come on man!!

My gun go click and spark
Don't leave witnesses to point me out on 106 and Park
Son those slick remarks, gon' get you
Bla-bla da da,bla-bla da da da da (blaow!)
Y'all walk through my p's in karats
Wind up hook on machines, livin' like peas and carrots
Ya team wanna beef, thats when I screw the muzzle on the tip
And strap the beam underneath
When I ride through, ya dont see no lid
I put snipers on the roof like Nino did
All it takes is some c-note slid
To have you on the news askin if anyone seen yo' kid
I dont scream it in a rough tone
I got spots in the whip to stuff crome, that would of help Puff Combs
Every hustler on this planet ask
Givin' away twenties so big, they in sandwhich bags, nigga

uh, yea
F A B, O L O U S
yea, fo real, uh, yo, uh

These niggaz gots to be punched
Act stupid, get shells in ya stomache, like you ate pasta for lunch
If I let this diablo door raid
I'ma have the front of ya crib lookin like Diallos doorway
See I know all yays, we buy ours pure-yay
We waitin on boats, these guys go Broadway
Ya gon make me tie a bomb under ya Benz
See how much you talk wit firearms under ya chin
No you can't take the coupe wit dishes
Cause when I hit the highway, it always makes the troop suspicious
Please, I get my dollar from the hersey
I'm on that fly gangsta shit, I pop the collar on my jersey
You know I got the heat the way the Vanson is bendin
Same laid back flow, no dancin' or grinin'
Who else can it be spellin it at them
You have them tappin they friend like "I'm tellin you that's him", st
upid