

## Respect

Fabulous

Yea, I ain't scared of you motherfuckers  
I ain't no killer right  
But y'all niggas gonna' make me one  
For real.. leave me alone, shit  
You fucking with the wrong one brother  
I'm telling ya

I'm sitting in the crib dreaming about killing ya  
With machine guns shotties and desert E dillingers  
Putting a bullet as big as a battery, through a niggas anatomy  
And watching him die slow  
You need full clips to push up in the joint  
When you in the kinda truck, that I push up to the joint  
Cause these motherfuckers, will push him to the point  
That you'll end up locked down doing push ups in the joint  
But they'll box you in the corner  
And you can throw ya fists up and act like you a boxer on his corner  
Ride wit ya gun in your glove box instead of on ya  
You'll be six feet deep in one of them boxes if you wanna  
Not me, I squeeze the clips drop from the handle  
'Till your remains is in a urn on top of the mantle  
'Till everybody scramble off the block like they Randall (run)  
'Till there's a mural on your block and some candles  
Who wanna die?

I don't wanna kill no one  
But I ain't no motherfucking punk  
I don't wanna kill no one  
But I ain't no motherfucking chump  
I don't wanna kill no one  
But I ain't no motherfucking clown  
Cause I'm gonna have to kill someone  
Just to get some respect

My Teflons, will have you screaming like wyclef jean  
(Someone please call 9-1-1)  
But if they ever get the watch on my left arm  
I'm gonna have more bury than that guy stephon  
First they put that white sheet over you brother  
Then the newspapers put you all over the cover  
Then you in a suit one hand cross over the other  
Next you in the earth with the dirt over you brother  
A tinted hearse is what most men leave in  
Followed by a limo full of family and close friends grieving  
When pulling marijuana  
I'm gonna wanna kill you as bad as The Terminator wanted Sarah Connor  
But, I'm loosing my patience  
Fuck it, send me to the island I could use a vacation  
Now it's easy for me to understand  
How you could just kill a man  
Uhh

I'd rather be judged by twelve than carried by the six  
My gun ain't on my man, or carried by my chicks  
My gun ain't in my crib or carried in the six  
If I'm right here nigga, then this right here nigga  
Picture me putting my hearse

Like I ain't gotta a clip full a hollow tips to put in these jerks  
I might as well put in the work  
Spit 'em up outta here, and get 'em up outta here  
I got the juice, like bishop had wit him  
That just don't give a fuck semi, like ol' dog had wit him  
I'm saying prayers for my enemy  
I hope god bless him, before the fucker run into me  
I dunno, what the fuck has got into me?  
But I know I don't want them slugs going into me  
I'm just trying to live my life  
So niggas better give me my respect, or give me life  
Uhh

Look what you made me do man  
Look what you made me do man  
I didn't want it to come to this right  
But fuck it..  
Niggas will push you to that point man  
Niggas will play with you so fucking much man  
Aggravate you so fucking much man  
That you wanna kill a nigga man  
Yea