

Body Bag

Fabulous

Yo, Fab. What up, nigga?
Funeral Service, Killa Season, Slime Flu
Lot of shit going on
Let's get ready to go in though

Huh. I said, "Ice in the ceramic band?"
Damn it, Cam. Cam is stuntin'
Weed in a picnic basket, bastard hit the panic button
Over a piece of paper, street sweepers, meat cleavers
Deep freezer, meet your maker, place your order, we the waiters
Coke, keep it catered, feet are 'gator, keep the flavors
Main course, meat potatoes, keep your favours, see ya later
The crew Damier, black and grey, we the Raiders
Diamonds in my ear, please baby these are lasers, haters
Front on me? Huh, I doubt it punk
Pop the trunk, my goons, high noon, out to lunch
The D&G bag? That's where the weed stash
Keep cash, breeze past, fuck y'all, eat glass
My tank on full, ease gas
Stay on point with the white, (like who?) Steve Nash
Gun go in the waist, dun' dough, I get cake
Me and funeral Fab, front row at your wake

Hit 'em up, shotty blast, zipped-up body bag
Fifth tucked, then what? Bullets hit your body fast
We beatin' murderers with the same lawyer Gotti had
Tie him to a pick-up truck and watch his body drag

Funeral, Killa, this just got very scary
All the competitions in the cemetery buried
Jesus piece, rosary, black white canary jerry
Pardon me, it's the God in me, marry Mary
But all them long stares ain't necessary, hear me?
Cannon with me, not the one Mariah Carey carry
I'm talking sawed offs and four fizzies
Fuck knocking on the door, to blow the doors off, it's more easy
I'm at the top floor of the Waldorf, for four seazzys
Knick game, never caught off the floor seazzys
Tonight they lost, fought Lakers, ask Walt Frazier
We had a little bet, wouldn't say a vault breaker
But watch your mouth, I'm not the best insult taker
I make them call the yellow tapers and the chalk tracers
They got names for niggas like y'all, it's called "fakers"
They should put anthrax in your salt shakers

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In due time let your "semi" spray, they kidnap my slime
On a rainy day, I got them back with two 9s and 20k
Timberland boxes of plenty yay, more squares than Damier
Our records carry Fs like a Fendi case. Huh!
Four, five meetings make a long day
Rap LeBron James 23 a whole ball game
That's what we call "cane", black rocks, all dames

No slaves, suit and jewels, pin stripe, ball chain. Ha!
Skinny nigga on his [?] shit
Benz doors go up like the arms on the Karate Kid
A cocky kid, no rappers but my pockets big
"Can I Live" bumpin' pumpin' out my mama's crib
Burners, mayhem murders
Gangland, double black suit, white tie off Space Jams
I'm causing funeral 'rangements, wake plans
I'm Paid In Full, y'all ain't rich like Ace
Man

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