

# Breathe

Fabulous

WOO!  
WOO!  
WOO!  
BREATHE!

One and then the two  
Two and then the three  
Three and then the four  
Then you gotta BREATHE  
One and then the two  
Two and then the three  
Three and then the four  
Then you gotta BREATHE  
Then you gotta (gasp)  
Then you gotta (gasp)

Yo these niggaz can't breathe when I come through, hum too  
Some shoes, gotta be 20 man  
It's not even funny they can't BREATHE  
The choke holds too tight  
The left looks too right  
You know what? You right  
These bitches can't BREATHE

Look look, they hearts racin'  
They start chasin'  
But I'm so fast when I blow past  
That they can't BREATHE  
In the presence of the man  
Your future looks better than ya past if you present with the man  
You betta BREATHE

You niggaz can't share my air  
Or walk a mile in the pair I wear  
And I'm gettin better year by year  
Like they say Wine do  
Cops couldn't smell me if you brought the canines through  
And I pace myself  
I know these money hungry bitches wanna taste my wealth  
But I keep em' on a diet  
Embrace they health  
Or either keep em' on a quiet  
And space myself  
And just take a deep breath  
I got em' grabbin' they chest  
Cuz it's hurtin' em' to see Fab in his best  
And they in they worst  
They rather see me lay in the hearse than lay in the back  
And I ain't just layin a verse  
I'm sayin the facts  
I came back with some sicka stones  
That got these broke niggaz lookin at me like they chokin' on a chicken bone  
  
Every chick I bone  
Can't leave the dick alone  
So I know  
It's one of them everytime I flip my phone

I see em on the block when I passes  
Lookin like they need oxygen mask-es  
I make it hard to BREATHE  
But I keep the glocks in the stashes  
Cuz the cops wanna lock and harass us  
And make it hard to BREATHE  
They has to react  
Like havin' a asthma attack  
When they see the plasma in back  
You dudes are wheezin' behind me  
My flow is like a coupe, breezin at 90  
That's the reason they signed me  
It's quick metaphors and hard punches on the cuts  
Feels somethin' like hard punches to the gut  
How I address the haters and under estimaters  
And ride up on them like they escalators  
They shook up and hooked up to respirators  
On they last breath talking to investigators  
I'm a breath of fresh air  
And a fresh pair  
Face it boo and do it till your face get blue  
And then BREATHE

When the crew walk in it  
Pop a few corks in it  
As quick as a tick in a New York minute  
Catch a breath, fore u catch a left  
Even worse, catch a Tef  
Only way u catch a F  
To the A-B, its in the maybe  
Rollin with my baby  
Grippin on a toy that you won't find in +KayBee+  
I rhyme slick on ya  
I'm a have to put the Heimlich on ya  
What you know bout lettin' dimes lick on ya?  
While you inhale the weed  
And it won't stop till they inhale ya seed  
And it don't stop I tell em' to breathe  
Like a doctor with a stethoscope  
I don't see no fuckin hope  
Unless these motherfuckers BREATHE

Yeah, Brooklyn gotta  
Uptown gotta  
the Bronx gotta  
Queens gotta  
Staten Isle gotta  
You niggas gotta  
You bitches gotta  
Everybody BREATHE

One and then the two  
Two and then the three  
Three and then the four  
Then you gotta.. BREATHE  
Then you gotta..  
Then you gotta..  
BREATHE  
Oh\* BREATHE  
BREATHE  
Oh\* BREATHE  
BREATHE

BREATHE  
Oh\* BREATHE  
BREATHE