

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 sandwich 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