

Dope Boys

Fabolous

And the winner is
Street, d-d-d-damn!

This is a PSA, nigga I'm so fly
Walk through and get searched by the TSA
This is me I say, I love Mexican
I mean Gucci, green and red stripe me down
I feel Boosie, somebody "Wipe Me Down"
I shit loosely, hope y'all got a diaper 'round
Cause I, pull up to night clubs, shit beamin
Light fill up like bugs, and they schemin
as they should be, it's all good B
My money talks I don't think they understood me
Yeah, you niggaz don't speak guap-anese
Stoppin me, is like tryin to stop a sneeze
Gesundheit! I won't, the goons might
Get it poppin off like when a balloon's tight
Diamonds like sunshine, moonlight
Oh, you forgot who in the room right?

The Street Fam's in the building tonight
Whole other feeling, I'm feeling alive
You ain't even gotta bring your paper out
We the dope boys of the year, drinks are on the house
(We in the house) Street Fam's in the building tonight
Look at me chillin, I'm killin this ice
You ain't even gotta bring your paper out
We the dope boys of the year, drinks are on the house
(We in the house... we in the house...)

Look, I'm so sorry; if you don't like
what the boss say, you ain't got to stay Joe Torry
Call me big shot baby I'm so Hoary
Diamonds dancin, gettin they Omari-on
I'm so cold, I'm so cold, I'm so cold
I hope you bitches dress warm
It's like 30 degrees on my left arm
Below zero with the SS charm
Gestapo get the doors on the car pulled
I sips a spade, take a few cigar pulls
Bosses do V.I.P. never bar stools
Get money blow through it like nostrils
Smell me? That's green cologne
Accompanied by good weed and dro'
A pretty young thing that knows how to fuck me
Her sneaky-ass homegirl also wanna fuck me
(And I'll fuck her)