

## F You Too

Fabulous

Yeah, Desert Storm niggaz, Cain  
Ghetto, I got these niggaz man (uh huh)  
Clue! (yeah), I'm the first line of defense (yeah)  
And I'ma show 'em what that means (yeah)

I know these niggaz hoped I wouldn't make it - fuck you  
Your hatred only made me wanna cake ya - fuck you  
Wherever I see you nigga I'ma buck you  
And put a hole in your chest that's big enough to drive a truck through

I bring the drama back where you lives, flatter your wiz  
Reload and then point the Mag at your kids  
So what I sound remorse, the records I still peep guns on me  
But the difference now is only Deserts  
If I talk it's gonna be reckless; I'm ready to die  
So when I apply pressure, niggaz gon' respect it  
Tote guns to rob niggaz, I told 'em to use  
And leave enemies of friends that like broken and bruised  
They ain't crazy, they just broke and confused; cross me  
And they'll be talks of how they found the man smoked on the news  
I'ma career crook - they used a mug shot from my graduation picture  
And my junior high school yearbook  
Paul Cain never appear shook  
Yeah I might talk to my enemies but never police (nah)  
You wanna converse it better be brief; you ain't gotta say much  
Show me the money and the cheddar'll speak  
If it ain't involvin bread, I ain't with it  
I don't need D's on me, I'm already dodgin Feds  
When the shots from the revolver spread  
Duck, I don't discriminate, leave CEO's and artists dead  
Make slugs a part of his head  
Vanish then pop up in a SL double nickel, scarlet red  
Fuck you I'm tryna get my cash right  
All my niggaz flip birds and blast pipes, addicted to the fast life  
Live everyday like my last night; OD'in or X  
When I got signed like Len Bias on draft night (yeah)  
Niggaz (uh), Street Dreams (yeah) (uh), (yeah)

I see ya faggot ass schemin - fuck you  
Bitch you don't wanna swallow semen - fuck you  
No you hate the way I'm "Street Dreamin" - fuck you  
That's why I ridin, clappin, wit the .40 Cal screamin - fuck you

When I pulled the 5 out; I kinda expected  
For the backstabbers, to be standin behind me, wit they knives out  
Then the Range, wit the fins drove in  
I wasn't shocked to see my foes, dressed in friends clothin  
But - I still pull through the sty; wit handguns  
As big as the one, Robocop pulled from his thigh  
You prolly heard about the bullets I buy; and how it look like  
I'm throwin batteries, when the bullets shoot by  
So what, you wear a vest, why would I care  
If I aim for ya chest, that be a good idea

Nigga, it's nothing to clap ya; but I'm more worried  
Bout the groupie cops, who wanna put they cuffs on a rappa  
That's why I'm limpin off wit a freak; and a lawyer  
Who woulda got O.J. Simpson off in a week  
I could show you how to blow up on ya own; in a Benz  
That'll hit a buck! and make the windows go up on they own  
Wit a stash box compartment for; a handgun  
That make holes the size of peep holes, on apartment doors  
My closet look like department stores; and you wonder why  
Ya girl's comin home, wit a cigar sip for  
Cause I just dump the light Dutch, mash the guts  
You won't believe how much ass I touch  
Who else struts pass the sluts, and a chain wit so much  
Ash and cuts, that it hangs much pass the nuts  
That's why I get followed by broads; wit deeper throats  
Then the people at the circus, that be swallowin swords  
Y'all hopin that the Don fall off; but my money's long enough  
To keep shootin ya bank until, ya arms fall off  
I'm eatin, and I ain't have to use someone's utinsels  
And when you clean as me, you know that every bum is against you  
But please don't let someone convince you; to test the kid  
And get hit wit slugs as long, as a No. 2 Pencil, fucka