

## Quiet Storm Freestyle

Fabulous

DJ Clue. Dessert Storm. That boy Fabulous. Street Fam  
Niggas wanna' freestyle  
Y'all better get your bar work together  
I'm tellin' you right now  
Friday night freestyles  
CLUMINATIIIII!!

We done seen it all, been thru it all  
It's quiet

I put my lifetime in between the papers line  
Just a hustler out here trying to make a dime  
Feel like when crackheads was beggin' me to take the nine  
Man these bum ass rappers need to make a sign  
That say will rap for food, for real scrap you're screwed  
I put the paws on you and lil' scrap you dudes  
My goons in the audience still clap when cued  
Put the Hawk in your chest and Millsap you dudes  
I'm still snapping dude, still run my city and still lapping' dudes  
In the studio in a still trappin' mood  
On a beat from 99 that's still slappin' dude  
See real rap I'm rude, disrespectful with the flow  
I met wifey she disrespect and call you bro  
Shorty mouth crazy disrespectful on the low  
She like to spit on it disrespectful little ho  
On some real shit, you just need a real bitch  
Chillin' when in public, not some groupie'd out in the club bitch  
Type you don't hear from until you get up  
It was quiet for you till you started turning shit up  
And that ain't real bitch, you more like a bill bitch  
Fridge ain't got no grub bitch but it's eat the booty like it's Publix??  
Run into these type chicks NOTHING is up  
Shorty lost her sponsor that was cuffin' her up  
I'm like hot damn ho here we go again  
Your nigga cut you off broke scenario again  
No more Felipe you eating cereal again  
No more lipo you big as Terio again  
Oh yea, quiet for you niggas too  
Wanna' small talk cause they ain't as big as you  
Wanna' throw dirt cause the bitch is diggin' you  
Don't let the songs on the last album trigga' you  
(YUUP!) You ain't Trey, you poo nah nah  
Look what you done started ooh nah nah  
Got the twin nine milli's, my two nah nahs  
Used to call them Nadia, still bye bye to you  
We ain't lacking got the thing out or we concealing  
We're I'm from daddy's bang out in front of their children  
My plan was to get the gang out and get them millions  
Now it's mansions but used to hang out up in them buildings  
Them boys in the lobby was rowdy yea  
You gotta' think Bobby and Rowdy yea  
Now we out in Abu Dhabi in Saudi air  
Then they let me Ricky Bobby the Audi yea  
(uh) on some Furious 7, rest in peace Paul Walker I hope you hear this in he  
aven  
I be preaching on these niggas you would swear it's a reverend  
Four game sweep flows in a series of seven

Its the F to the A to the B O-L-O-U-S you just get some mo' rellos'  
I'm Frank Costello yea but more ghetto  
Yea I'm in a house with more rooms than a hotello  
I used to sit and watch Knicks moves, no Melo  
Now I get to make king moves on rose petals  
Shorty stand still didn't shake no jell-o  
Then she slow it down like when the lights go yellow  
On some real shit  
I just want some real shit  
Not none of this fuck shit  
Sound like Barkley with that Chuck shit  
Fuck all of that weird shit I'm tired of that  
If it ain't Young OG then it's quiet for that  
It's the real...

DJ Clue..Dessert Storm...That boy Fabolous  
Shoutout to Brooklyn what's up? Queens what's good?!  
Whole NYC  
Slide what's popping?  
Y'all ain't ready