Renegade

Fabolous

Uh, you think I give a fuck about what these niggas say man
They even talked about Jesus

I ain't mad at when it rain, cause I know the sun is somewhere shinin
Sorta like some clear diamonds
I hardly see my moms, but she know her son is somewhere grindin
Some where rhymin, or somewhere climbing
Out of a pottable 760, inclasable very sticky
Wit a handgun, to send these cowards to Heaven quickly
I ain't pussy, so I won't allow you to ever dick me
I know these greaseballs, wonder how could they ever stick me
But I move, like the President through town
Wit stones the size of earrings, in my Presidential crown
I put hollows from the Desert into clowns, cause the cemetary
Is where most of the dudes, that are hesitant are found
So I take the time, of whatever the bench throw
The 4BM put down, in a seventy-two inch hole
Mean while getting adapted, to the fame has be hectic
But I'm fucking like I'm tryna take down Chamberlain's record
And the girls more than like you, when you running run
Doing world tours like Michael, but girl's sure don't like you
You going on like thirty-six, flowin on some berry mix
The little money you get, you blowing on them dirty chicks
Tryna look young, so you throwing on the jersey quick
I'm on my second V-12, you going on ya thirty-six
You can look at this rider, and see I'm on the come-up
Cause I pass the hitch-hikers, like I don't see 'em with they thumb up
I just turn the system up and keep boppin
I never get, where I'm tryna go, if a nigga keep stoppin
And I tell the cops, this joint is for protection
Don't they see when I come through, how these people point in my direction
That's why I poke out my jeans, like my joint with a erection
Till I'm in a joint made for correction
And right now, the way rapper bi'ness spread
It wouldn't even surprise me, if one of these rappers is a Fed, nigga

Since I'm in the position to get rich, I'ma get it
Whether it come from rapping on blocks, flipping and pitching
And fuck the stove, and the kitchen where I cook and prepare it
(Nigga you know) and don't try to act like the truth ain't apparent
I'm on a mission to get richer, it's as simple as that
I make it obvious, when I pick up a pencil and rap
Like a .40 Cal, spittin on instrumentals I clap!
And these verses, are like the hollow point I sent through yo back
I get you murdered if I think you a wrap
Cause if you don't show loyalty, then that show me where ya principles at
And you don't know how much I been through, in fact
I never did like you, I ain't even gon' pretend wit you cats
And I'm the nicest, I ain't gotta say it twice and repeat it
I'm a lyrical genius, I never been beated, defeated
I'ma draw my weapon and squeeze it, you better believe it
Leave you parapaligic, I demand respect and I mean it
My Desert's the meanest, you probably dead if you seen it
Or spored out somewhere sick, you get red on the cement
And I blow off ya head for no reason, and just when I'm leavin

You don't know me ya on me homie, but the spread make us even, BLOAW!

And the bad part about it is man, haha
I'm only twenty years old man
And I'm just havin fun
Man I ain't even tryin man
Desert Storm's youngest, and in charge man
Paul Cain, man
Yo Fab man, you ain't even gotta go hard man
I got these niggas man
Clue! Holla at cha boy
Skatin Dolla
Duro! it's our year man
Desert Storm, we gon' kill niggas man
You already know what it is
It's a ho'cide man
Stop "Street Dreamin"

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