

Ride For This

Fabulous

{We trin' to kill these niggas}

Yo

{Yea, Uh Huh, Yea}

We in the door now

{Yea}

Holla, Rule nigga, With the F-A-B-O haha, Yea

{Yea}

Cluemanatti

{My nigga}

Holla back nigga

{Yea, Uh, Yea}

Irv Gotti

{Yea}

Murder Inc.

{Uh, Yea, Uh}

Run'em down nigga

Load the 4-4 up

Im the reason the price of raw go up

Jump outta of the Lambo, And the doors go up

Hit you and your ho up

From the torso up

Leave ya'll there til the ?? or the law show up

Im that nigga they say preforming so the whores show up

Why cop?, I rob you, Ice your Roll up

I pop bottles, Ain't no need for no cup

Roll the pure Dro up, Stroll the floor tore up

The difference between Fab and ya'll, After I pick an auto up

Every month I ain't gotta give more doe up

Fuckin' with this you'll buy a washer when the shore slow up

I have it when ya kids see-saw go up

I see four blow up

Check these diamonds, No flaws show up

My niggas clap up parties, shoot tour shows up

What ya'll know bout head til a chicks jaw swoll up

Goin' gold minutes after the gates on stores go up

You know who done it now, Few hundred miles

And with shoes on it now

It's like a few hundred thou

When we run up this guns 2 stomach style

Got to flaunt it now

Nigga who want it blawgh

Ride for this

Where my niggas at get high to this

Where ya'll at

Die for this

Throw guns up to the sky for this

Where ya'll at

Ride for this

Where my niggas at get high to this

Where ya'll at

Die for this

Throw guns up to the sky for this

Where ya'll at

Yo, You must wanna die
From the nigga you testify against
Fabolous make bail before they identify the prints
Swing by a vince, In a buggy eye with tents
Sittin on nineteen's, Gun stash by the vents
Niggas is lookin at the chain cause they eyes squint
I pull up, Pull out, Pull back
Them guys will sprint
Last nigga that talked slick and been replyin' since
Got a deal, No sellin', Been supplyin since
Leave niggas on the ground like tire prints
We done make ya eyes look bent, Just by the sense
These niggas dont believe, Then they gone die convinced
Once I present the four fifth why comment
Im the type you tell ya dame bout
Push a fellow brain out
Leave'em in front of the spot that they sell cocaine out
One single, Had to tint the yellow Range out
Everybody runnin' up tryin' to spell the name out (F-A-B-O-L-O-U-S)

Ride for this
Where my niggas at get high to this
Where ya'll at
Die for this
Throw guns up to the sky for this
Where ya'll at
Ride for this
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