

Sickalicious

Fabulous

Uh, huh, Oh! Yeah, Yeah, Uh! Uh! Yeah, Uh Uh!

They call me G-H-E-T-T-O
Black star power, like B-E-T shows
I'm usually pullin up in the G-T slow
Flashing my ring finger with the E-T glow
I'm that nucca, act rucka
Certified plat nucca
Semi-auto, gat bucca
Take that fucka
Lay flat sucka
I'm the Negro, amigo
Get every bay from Tampa to Montigo
They say I got the lifestyle, and the E glow
I'm in the blow range, no matter where he go
I'm that homie
Gat on me
I'm the kid not that phony
Anybody that know me
Knows im here to get that money! Yeah!

Heeyyyy! Now get that money, keep them rims spicheeeeyyy!
24 shoes on my Hummer, and they fitting tiiigghhtt!
Fabulous and Missy, Sickalicious righhhhtttt.
If you a hater make my gun go (Fabulous: Blocka, blocka, blocka, blow!)

They call me F-A-B, O-L-O
U-S, you just lay down slow! (Nigga)
Know this before this, trey pound blow (Uh-Huh)
Spit game, get dames to lay down low (Ohh!)
I'm da poppy cholo, the cops say the tops on the drops is to low
I shop till I drop, when I'm coppin new clothes
Bop in the hop, but don't stop to use hoes
I'm that new dude, that include
Making sure silencers in the gat is screwed
With an it don't even matter mood
And a "Fuck you, pay me" attitude
I'm that young boy, that slung boy
That'll have em saying, where you get that from boy
I'm still leaving niggas, at one choice
So run when you hear, that gun noise! (Blat!)

You say you rich, then come and talk that shit to me
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)
Buy your DVD's and TV's, but I like shoes on my Jeep
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)
24-inch wheels, and a good gold grill in the front
(Blacka, blacka, blacka, blacka)
Gotta closet made for big clothes
Gotta do more then treat me to lunch

They call me William H period Bonnie
I ride in a seven series with Tommie's

I make another one of America's hotties
And I'm that serious mommy
I'm the one, like the Jet Li flick
The private jet ski's sick
The motors on the jet ski's quick
The clips in the sets be thick
And I done slipped more shots in then Gretzky's stick
I'm the one like Penny Hardaway's number
That's why dudes say it's hard to keep my broad away from ya
Once your bitch, get the god 2-way number
It'll be hard to get a Happy Father's Day from ya
I'm the one, like the piece that's on Nelly's chain
You can't reach me, I'm out of your celly range
Bitch I'll even put canary's up in your belly chain
And just to beat the traffic, hop in a helly main