

So Ghetto (Freestyle)

Fabolous

Back atcha

Yellow G, Clue

Brooklyn...

I spit that murda murda murda, that mur-mur-mur-murda shit

I spit that g-g-g, that g-g-g-gansta shit

I spit that Brook-Brook-Brook, that Br-Br-Br-Brooklyn shit

Ay, look

The streets talkin, they say I'm back lookin like me

I still got it, and ain't nobody took it from me

They sayin I'm nice, it's like I hit my prime twice

I'm not your cup of tea, I'm Patron, lime, ice

Mixed in a shaker, my style is like a chilled shot

Less burn, but I'm still hot

I charm your lady, then I strong arm your lady

Tell her deflate these balls one time for Brady

It's lines like that, make you rewind that back

I flip mine like crack, I'm trynna grind that back

You see, I've always been a hustla, cook it up for the customers

Kept workin the spot til it got muscular

Ya chick is a groupie, she could fit a tour bus in her

Matter fact, I heard she had the whole tour bus in her

You the type of sucka that fall in love and bust in her

When all it ever took was one spliff to bust a bust in her

Trustin her, thinkin that's your boo thing fam...

Now you know why she love the Wu-Tang Clan

She'd prolly fuck anything with a new chain, man

So imagine what she'd do to 2 Chainz, damn...

Fuck it, time to pop the new swag off

I got the wave back, I took the doo rag off