

Suicide

Fabolous

Feels good to be back, feels damn good
("BROOKLYN!!!!") ("Gangsta Grillz you BASTARDS")
(See don't consider these niggaz your friends) Uhh
(I mean might not even wanna call 'em associates)
(I heard y'all that thought we were down)
{"Gangsta, gangsta..."} (It's like Drama said)
(You're supposed to do it the right way!)
(What is the right way NIGGA?!)
(Oh I didn't help the game out? Okay)
(Kill yourself! Out)

Suicide it's a suicde
How you want it, in the abdomen or back?
Cause enemies poke you from the front, friends stab you in the back
The same niggaz be tryin to collab you on the track (what they do?)
They turn right around and try to crab you on the smack
But through the ups and downs I jus try to stay level headed (I'm cool)
I hear a lot of bullshit but I never sweat it
Cause when you ask 'em bout it, they gon' say they never said it
They know if it's beef I let the mac-11 dead it
And wen I spit you could dig it like a shovel said it
You couldn't hear a hotter flow if the devil said it
I walk by 'em and wink
I don't feel T-Pain cause I never had to "Buy Em a Drink" (not me)
Double shot of 'Loso baby I am the drink
Tell em lay down on the couch baby I am the shrink
Oh yeah, I bring ya lady home, but I got the 80 chromed
Niggaz go Tom Cruise crazy for the Katie Holmes
I know niggaz livin in the feds
Some say don't look down unless she givin you some head
I'm driven by the bread (yes) my push is the paper (yes)
I roll up like kush in the paper
I gotta be Kobe, you never see niggaz like Smush in the paper
Unless he got pushed in the paper
So my niggaz be on some bullshit, I call 'em the heat sweepers
They ride around with the street sweepers
They murk you at the Grammys, but to kill you in the street's cheaper
Either way you six feet deeper
It's 'Loso a/k/a the 1 Trump Plaza suite creeper
King size, Double G gucci sheet sweeper ("Gangsta, gangsta...")
The kid blow shots, catch me and the kid robot
5 in the jersey, cause the kid so hot
Yeah similar to Jason, you point at the guard
You must got an appointment with God
A meetin with Allah, or maybe a hot date with Satan
Niggaz is food, I got hot plates for hatin
So whne they bring the name up, they gon' say I came up
That shit alone be burnin these fuckin lames up
Come through in a Bentley, just to turn the flames up
So you wanna take a shot, nigga best to aim up (aim up next time)
'Loso top shelf, Nigga I'm the betta liquor
Ain't goin nowhere for a while, you could get a Snicker
I fuck her quick, get her quicker
Ma momma said keep your tongue in ya mouth unless you a letter licker
I'm gettin money bitch, but I ain't a cheddar trickier
Got the Texas toast meanin that my bread is thicker
As a youngin I was too cool to sweat a whore

Now I'm fuckin pretty bitches with them good credit scores
Nigga with mental loss, can't forget I been a boss
Tryin me is like bungee'n with dental floss... fucker!

I mean this is what we do
This is what we do over here y'know? All the time
Y'knahmean? Street Fam
Di-di-di-di-boys, stutter gang
Street di-di-di-damn!
Whatever you wanna call us nigga
Just don't call us broke - nah don't do that
That wouldn't be inappropriate, y'knahmean?
Anything that would be uncivilized
Brooklyn what it look like?
You gon' look back, look at how good I'm lookin
(Oh yeah) I told y'all I was comin this year man
I gave y'all the forecast, y'knahmean?
I like predicted the tsunami was comin
before the water hit, y'know?
Look on your Chinese calendar, the year of the 'Loso
Hahahaha, let's get out of here 'Loso