

# The Way

Fabulous

I said... fuck em all, muthafuck em all  
Ya'll done turned a good guy into a Chuckie doll  
I would've been your friend till the end bitch  
Guess there ain't no friends in this shit bidness  
Just a bunch of assholes in the shit bidness  
But they won't flush me down the toilet bowl without my tissue  
These bitches talk shit out the same mouth they kiss you  
These niggas kiss ass with the same mouth that diss you  
Eww, you niggas disgust me  
And they ain't talkin bout shit unless they discuss me  
Let's talk about how, I'm killin errything I touches  
Or how I walked in this game with no crutches  
No Diddy, No Dupri, No Dr. Dre  
No Cash Money from Baby and no rocs from Jay  
And I'm still here  
We still here  
What does this break dude?... It's still here  
And dude talk, concernin New York  
When I was runnin the city you was learnin to walk  
So I watched you niggas take they first steps  
And I was happy for ya, daddy was clappin for ya  
But, wasn't for me prolly wouldnt've happened for ya  
So I rest my case  
I'm a rappin lawyer  
That's unless you wanna talk bad bitches  
Section full of bridezillas, that's mad bitches  
No words, I describe em with letters best  
They pretty as can be, curvy as the letter "S"  
They keep it G, they sweet as T  
Look good in the passenger seat of V  
They ride double R, smell like double C  
The Bags are L.V., D, or a double G  
Fly as hell, shades wire cell  
On E, sippin P.J., high as hell  
And please don't even talk about swag  
I'm cool and collective  
A Fool with perspective  
I'm far from being typical my respect is reciprocal  
I already came up  
You still on the zipper pull  
And I would say my style is 5th Fab meets Brooklyn  
I keep the hood watchin, I got the streets lookin  
They watch what I do, so they know what to do  
Lil money never told big money what to do  
Money talks, if u speak guapanese  
A language better known if you gettin cheddar holmes  
If not get a loan, use that like Rosetta Stone  
And that way you can holla bout a dolla  
I hear em cryin broke, they holla like a toddler  
Come holla at yo gualla, don't holla at sovallas  
You'll end up down under tryna holla at Koalas  
I keep that nine on me, ala Iguodala  
We can get it jumpin like the drolics on Impala  
I feel like Neno lettin em rock wallas off the colla  
Somebody tell me something, What the fuck happened?  
Somebody talk to me, muthafuck rappin  
They infiltrated the game, but who let in the pookies?

Kingpins is snitchin that shit is not lookey  
So fuck new friends unless they stay solo  
Cuz who gon' watch you back after you kill Manolo?  
Isn't it ironic Santana's own fella stabbed him  
The king of New York die while I yellow cabbed him  
No Carlito's way  
When I spot a hater drop him like a hot potatoe  
Youahead, got me later  
Yeah I keep it gangsta but I'm'ma do it my way  
The new day of the week is called My day  
So it's my say, Pass my K  
I'm thru talkin