

Up On Things

Fabulous

Uh.. Yeah..
Walk with me west coast
Yeah.. Uh..
It's the coast to coast "g" on the check in
Yeah.. Uh.. Ride.. Ride.. Ride.. Uh.

If you ain't up on things
Fabolous is the name, street fam is the game
Screamin' 718 while them hammers bang
Like bludda ludda lacca bludda ludda lacca
Kick game like I know a little bit of socca
Spic, dames, ass and a little bit of knockas
Give them nick names and a little bit of vodka
Then I'm game change.. (A very freaky girl)
You know who got the gold like the kid from "The Last Dragon"
You know who got the low on the spokes and the ass saggin'
You know who got the gold that'll have your ass gaggin'
You know who got the boat that'll have the task naggin'
But I fuck bitches, and get money
My truck switches like.. errrrrr
You got to duck bitches when you get twenties
And plug switches that make you sit funny
I'm a rider..

If you ain't up on things
(Don't come close to me
Unless you ride like you supposed to be)
If you ain't up on things
(Don't come close to me
Unless you pimpin' like you supposed to be)
If you ain't up on things
(Don't come close to me
Unless you banging like you supposed to be)
If you ain't up on things
(Don't come close to me
Unless you gangsta like you supposed to be)

C'mon.. you know its g's up C.O.'s down
If I freeze up its kilos now
Pick trees up its 3-4 pounds
Fill the bees up 'til these bro's drown
I snatch a few g's up and flea those towns
Busta's freeze up when my "v" slow down
I ease up with these 4 pounds
Squeeze up to 3-4 rounds
I pick these up its G code now
Ya'll better call the D's up before I reload now
I'm "The Boss" something like Springsteen
I got something that bring green
That look something like string beans
I make sure the hustlers keep something to sling the fiends
White, yellow, and a little something that bling green
We going to blast if we going I been doing
this since Jabbar was hooking off the glass in the forum (ghetto)

Your grandparents has to assume
cuz the face look like a magnifying glass on the poem (oh boy)

If you ain't up on things
(Don't come close to me
Unless you ride like you supposed to be)
If you ain't up on things
(Don't come close to me
Unless you pimpin' like you supposed to be)

So my niggas (niggas)
They get money (money)
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air (in the air)
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all niggas scream oh yeah (oh yeah)
And all my bitches (bitches)
They get money (money)
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air (in the air)
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all bitches scream oh yeah (oh yeah)

It's the kid with the D. O. double G.
After blowing 3-4 dubs of trees
My eyes are below double g's
After sipping pin-o bubbly skee-o rubbing me
We'll probably go below publically
I'm a coast to coast G I keep the toast to mostly
For those who pose to closely (backup)
Keep a piece in the vest that's how we ride
From the north to the south to the east to the west

So my niggas (niggas)
They get money (money)
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air (in the air)
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all niggas scream oh yeah (oh yeah)
And all my bitches (bitches)
They get money (money)
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air (in the air)
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck
Let me hear y'all bitches scream oh yeah (oh yeah)
Uh..