

Why Wouldn't I

Fabulous

Yeah, yo Cain (what up nigga)
Why wouldn't these bitches love us nigga?
Why wouldn't these niggas hate us huh?
(Why wouldn't they Fab?)
Yeah, (Desert Storm), uh, yeah, uh

Why wouldn't I talk as greasy as cheese steak meat
In a strawberry Range, pie crust piping on the cheesecake seats
I'm known for hittin' women's soft spots
With Princess cut Canaries the size of lemon cough drops

I'm right behind 'em in the Porsche drop
Linen soft top, sick chain with 20 point rocks
Take your bitch, why wouldn't I?
The whip got chrome shoes, cream leather seats with old wooden sides

Uh, yeah, what's really poppin', usually boys know
This ghetto superstar with the Bruce Lee-roy glow
Niggas has to hate the outcome (yeah)
Plus I'm in a throwback from the same year they assassinated Malcolm

Make so much ends, I got to find faster ways to count 'em (yeah)
A minute on the block, how fast I make a thousand? (Cain)
That nigga you love to hate, still hug blocks and bubble weight
Off the love I can't

Baby girl, why wouldn't fellas stop ya?
After we come through the hood in helicopters (yeah)

The dro I got in this wood, is hela-proper
We do the damn thing, who could they tell us not ta

Why wouldn't this joint make you wanna dance?
Why wouldn't these jewels make you wanna glance?
(Why wouldn't this whip make you wanna ride?
And why wouldn't this thing be on my side?)
Why wouldn't this game have you on your knees?
Why wouldn't these 20's be on the V's?
(Why wouldn't this money make you wanna hate?)
Why wouldn't I what?

Why wouldn't I pull up to the spot, yellow is all (ok)
Dressed in yellow linen, covered in Canaries never a flaw (uh huh)
Why shouldn't I wear this much ice
The Princesses in my hair, are clear and cut, right?
Why wouldn't I talk this slick (why not?)
With a watch and bracelet this flooded, and a cross this sick?
So why wouldn't I get it homes (I mean)
To a nigga gettin' money like myself, a little brain that's minimal (yeah)
Might talk but I live it though, sick chain glitter roll
Never sleep and don't stop gettin' that

Uh, hold up Cain, uh, why wouldn't I have samples of raw (uh huh)
And academic sample velours (uh huh)
Hypnotic samples the poor (woo)
The European sample is all (yeah)
Will on the right side do with the wings stamped on the door

It's the street family boss, I land by the shores
Get pampered by whores, eat scampy and claws
The kid's been tramped before by a tramp with no flaws
That's up to they get cramps in they jaws
I keep kefs jammed in the four
Amp meter draw, end up in a wheelchair rammed by your dog

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(Why wouldn't this money make you wanna hate?)
Why wouldn't I huh? Why wouldn't I what?

After a million scanned on it (yeah)
Why wouldn't the Range look like it got 20-inch ceiling fans on it (woo)
Only reason you in my face ma'am
Is cause i got the same mike's that Jordan had on the "Space Jam"

Why wouldn't I chase chips
Come through Aves, like "Pluto Nash" in Coupes that look like spaceships
Ridiculous bracelet and the outrageous
Watch with flawless rocks, invisible placement

Uh, I oughta feel like a boss (uh huh)
Why wouldn't I get a 100 an appearance, quarter mil a endorse
I oughta feel some remorse
Cause I'm killin' 'em out there, and a stick shift sport utility Porsche

Yeah, I know when you see us, it be pissin' you off
Cause you would think we paid a fortune for the shit that we floss
Spend summers in my Sicily loft
Whole crib, interior decoration done by Christian Dior
(Baby girl), I got cops thats on the payroll
Jet skies, and speed boats docked up in Barbados

Green and cream Tims, brocolli and potatoes
Why wouldn't you see the Storm for the rocks and these tornadoes

[Chorus - 2X]