

Up Until Then (feat. Boosie Badazz & Iamsu!)

Mistah F.A.B.

[Hook: Mistah F.A.B.]

What up until then
I'ma be thuggin inside them project buildings
They blowing them cookies, that's all the ghetto children
Plotting on ways that we can make a million, billion
What up until then
What up until then
What up until then

[Verse 1: Mistah F.A.B.]

Let's say I'm in the room with a bitch, and the hoe don't wanna fuck
Like a man, I'ma beat my meat, then get my fucking up foshos'
That's just how we do it in the O bruh
Oh what, you ain't know bruh?
Yeah, that's that old school Juv' bruh!
I used to slap that shit everyday at school bruh
Brought that shit back, now that old slap sound new bruh
Rack after rack after stacks, I got pool bucks
Rich nigga but I'm still in the [?] bruh
Candy paint, got the whip looking wet bruh
I'm shining bruh
And like my nephew young Pharaoh, "Big Tymin'" bruh
And if them suckers outside then we sliding bruh
I swear to god man them niggas in hiding bruh
And we ain't wasting no shots on civilians bruh
Too busy plotting on ways to make a million bruh

[Hook: Mistah F.A.B. & IamSu!]

What up until then
I'ma be thuggin inside them project buildings
They blowing them cookies, that's all the ghetto children
Plotting on ways that we can make a million, million
What up until then
I be grinding, scraper and rental ridin'
I act broke, you act rich, we both lying
But up until then
I be grinding, scraper and rental ridin'
I act broke, you act rich, we both lying
But up until then

[Verse 2: Boosie Badazz]

Up until then I be ducking the pen to get a break
Helping all the project children have faith

One shot for the kids doing bids where I stay
One shot for the niggas doing bids in The Bay
If we pray we gon' make it but god he seem busy
'Til then we got hopes for pounds and plenty chicken
Damn we was poor as a kid, I'm reminiscing
Steal that nigga's drawers and wallet, had to get 'em
Shit I know the feeling when your brother in jail
And your daddy in court and your sister a ho
Shit don't give up though, you gon' make it
Remember when the ghetto child making people hate it
Remember money easy to get, but hard to save it
Remember when pain come in your life, gotta take it
I know you lose hope when you're looking at your mama, the drama
But you can be Obama

[Hook: Mistah F.A.B. & IamSu!]

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[Verse 3: Mistah F.A.B.]

You getting money bruh? Acting funny bruh?
Like Mac Dre, they don't ever hear your tummy bruh?
They say Fab, bring the movement back
Dope [?], bro what you gon' do with that?
You in the hood bruh? Is it good bruh?
Forty fifth, same corner where you stood bruh?
Are you a G bruh? just like me bruh?
Heard you're selling tree, from an eighth to a P bruh
Gettting stacks bruh? Like that bruh?
Your name ain't never came on that RapFacts bruh
Oh you solid bruh, got a couple dollars bruh
Did your time, you ain't tell on your partners bruh
Getting money bruh? Staying under bruh?
'Bout to bring out your trophies for the summer bruh?
They think they know, but they don't know
Just make 'em wonder bruh
Keep doin' your thing little nigga, boy you comin' up

[Hook: Mistah F.A.B. & IamSu!]

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