

# Fabulous, Can't Let You Go (Remix)

No, no, no, no, no, no, no  
Homie, I don't think you know me (No)  
And I don't think I know you (No)  
But this clip on the 16  
You actin' like I can't let them (Shorty!)  
I don't think you know me (No)  
And I don't think I know you (No)  
The way you shakin' that ass (No, no, no)  
Now there's nothin' in this world that I can't get ya  
I can't sweat ya, but I can't let ya  
Don't get carried away, I just met ya  
Or you can get carried away on that stretcher  
And you respect this gangster  
When you lookin' at this big diamonds and the  
necklace, ain't ya?  
Checking the 22s on the Lexus ain't ya?  
Peepin' at them black air mex's ain't ya?  
Friends would say I'm gassin' ya  
Cause there ain't enough room in the coupe for more passengers  
But while they feedin' and hatin'  
We be leanin' and escapin'  
Keep these beats circulating, but you mean I be thinking  
Shorty's, a little bit too hype  
But if a nigga give her anything  
It will be the pipe, and it will be alright  
Cause you know the kid will be the type  
And do it like Lewinsky, beeyatch!

[Chorus]

Homie, I don't think you know me (No)  
And I don't think I know you (No)  
But this clip on the 16  
You actin' like I can't let them (Shorty!)  
I don't think you know me (No)  
And I don't think I know you (No)  
But you lookin' so good  
And that's just why I can't let them (No)  
You will never step out of line and come out your face  
Cause you don't want to see these guns come out the waist  
It'll be weeks before your neck come out the brace  
Months before the verdict come out the case  
When I'm there, the hypno come out the case  
Hip hop pops wait for me to come out the place  
But you know whenever fellas go through  
I'm in the platinum and yellow gold too  
I'll always get them girls do the kinky things  
When they see the size of the pinky ring  
It looks like a bracelet on my finger  
Wedding ring in my ear  
Earrings on my neck, yeah what you expect  
Nigga, I'm something like a pimp  
Something about the limp  
Before something like I'm pimp  
Instead I'm something like a pimp  
Cause every thirty days I'm pulling up with something with a tint

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

And I know something that you don't know  
Can't nobody stop my nine  
Can't nobody stop my shine  
Can't nobody stop my grind  
And I know something that you don't know  
Can't nobody stop my flow  
Can't nobody stop my glow  
Can't nobody stop my dough

Uh oh, you might see me in Brooklyn  
My heed is homie if you ever see me in Brooklyn  
Cause my hat is on the top down when I go back  
My bulletproof vest on under the throwback  
I don't see no other platinum rappers doing good like me in the hood like me  
But keep it in the stat for when they pull the rover  
You heard what happened the last time they pull me over?  
[Chorus]