

Fabulous, My Party

[Intro]

Hey-hey-hey yo
Hey-hey-hey yo
Hey-hey-hey yo
F-A-B
Hey-hey-hey yo
Hey-hey-hey yo
F-A-B
Hey-hey-hey yo
Hey-hey-hey yo

[Verse 1]

Ain't no tellin' what this hip lowered do to me
I'm feelin' like I can do what I want now
Dip-low immunity
Shorty! just shake your hips slow and move wit me
Take a hit of this and sip slow and thoroughly
You're sneakin' out on your man, tip-toein' to the V
Cause I know you got him whipped though like wannabe
Let's put on a live strip show just you and me
But girl, I'm lookin' at them lips though like who is he?
They ain't never seen a whip, clothes or jewelry
So when I ask "you wanna leave the zip-code?"
Say "sure" and be me

But this is my party
Stroll by if you want to
Or y'all can stay home
But why would you want to?

We gon' party, till we laid in graves
Sweat out our doobie braids and waves
Then scream "hey-hey-hey yo"
That groupie made her wait
Cuz when she seen the whips and chains
She started talking 'bout she ready to be made a slave, c'mon

[Hook] 2x

This is my party
So get fly if you like to
Get high if you like to cuz I know you like to
Put your hands up as high as you like to
And if it feels good scream "hey-hey-hey yo"

[Verse 2]

I don't know about y'all
But we doin' it over here
All the glasses got liquid that's blue in it over here
Cigars got somethin' sticky that's glueing it over here
Ladies movin' it over there, movin' it over here
I can fit a few in a Rover's rear
We havin' a good time, don't ruin it overs this
You see why we asks is to see ID
Cuz girls will do anything for some VIP access
Me I relax this (easy)
Cause I'm used to ballin'
You could tell that these guys need practice
But if it was a problem then I would confront you
You saying "over" bet ya I say "you want to"
But a pitcher that probably slugs, pitches and talk a put
I ride wit the top down and switch to the top-up look
Would you believe most these bitches go bop up shook
Their asses pokin' out like them pictures in pop up books

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Oh yea, we's off the Richter Scale
Hate will get you, put in coffins quick as hell
If the ladies would show it off and thick as hell
For my hustlers knockin' off them bricks as well
And everybody, up north that's sick in jail
I probably feel y'all, send you all of the flicks in mail
The Street Family speed off in six SL's
To all them chicks at Yale "hey-hey-hey-hey yo"
Shake your glasses back and forth to mix it well
Shake your ass back and forth as quick as hell
And just from lookin' at them thighs from the front view
Girl I know that these guys say they want you
I wake up in the same clothes from yesterday
Same hoes from yesterday
Lightin' clips to the same dro' from yesterday
Her hang-overs yesterday
You ain't mistaken' we in Benz's today
But we had them Range Rovers yesterday

[Hook]

Hey-hey-hey yo...
Hey-hey-hey yo...