

Fabulous, This is my party

[Intro: Fabulous]

Hey-hey-hey yo {3x}

F-A-B

Hey-hey-hey yo {2x}

F-A-B

Hey-hey-hey yo {2x}

[Verse: Fabulous]

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 a 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

[Chorus 1: Fabulous]

But this is my party

Stroll by if you want to

Or ya'll can stay home

But why would you want to?

[Verse: Fabulous]

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

Cause when she seen the whips and chains

She started talking 'bout she ready to be made a slave, c'mon

[Chorus 2: Fabulous] (2x)

This is my party

So get fly if you want to

Get high if you want to cause I know you want to

Put your hands up as high as you want to

And if it feels good scream "hey-hey-hey yo"

[Verse: Fabulous]

I don't know about y'all

But we doin' it over here

All the glasses got liquid that brewin' 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

Cause 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

[Chorus 2]

[Verse: Fabulous]

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 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
If I wake up in the sand, 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
[Chorus 2]
[Outro: Fabolous] (to fade)
Hey-hey-hey yo...
Hey-hey-hey yo...