

Fabulous, This Is My Party Explicit Dirty

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)

Aint no tellin what this hpno'll do to me

I'm feelin like I can do what I want know, diplo immunity

(shorty!) just shake your hips slow and move with me

Take a hit of this and sip slow and fluently

You sneakin out on ya man, tip-toe in to the V

Cause I know you got him whipped though like merangue

Lets put on a live strip show just you and me

But girl, i'm lookin at them lips though like who is she?

They aint never seen the whip, clothe, or jewelry

So when I ask you you wanna leave this zip code they "true indeed"

"but this is my party, so ride if you want to

ya'll could stay home but why would u want to?

We gon' party til we laid in graves

Sweat out our doobie braids and waves, and scream "hey-hey-hey yo"

That groupie made her way

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 the Rover's rear

We havin' a good time, don't ruin it overs stares

You see why we asks-s to see ID

Cause girls'll do anything for some VIP access

Me I relaxes (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 "no" but your eyes say "you want to"

Hard to picture that papi snooks, pigeons and chop up crooks

I ride wit the top down and switch to the top-up look

Would you believe most these bitches would bop us shooked

Their asses pokin' out like them pictures in pop up books

(chorus 2)

(verse fabulous)

Oh yea! it'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

All them chicks'll yell "hey-hey-hey-hey yo"

Shake your glass 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 of the same dro' from yesterday
Had hang-overs yesterday
You ain't mistaken we in Benz's today
But we had them Range Rovers yesterday

(chorus 2)

(outro: fabulous (to fade))
yeh-yeh-yeh-uhhh.....
yeh-yeh-yeh-uhhh.....