

# Fabolous, Holla Back

[Fabolous talking before first verse]  
Brooklyn, uh uh uh uh  
Huh Huh uh huh do it huh Yea  
Uh Uh do it huh huh what ya'll want huh

[Verse 1]

Rollin, gold two seater  
Stash in the dash  
Hole through heaters  
Blockahhhhh put holes through beaters  
Ghetto Fab stroll through Cheetahs  
Ballin, Brooklyn dawn  
Addicted to Crys hooked on Don  
15 G's hookers on  
Ma, I wanna see how you look in thongs  
Hustlin, guys that send Po's  
Cause I chop rocks the size of mentos  
Blame me, trials acquit those  
Look at the hurt your eyes will squit close  
Pimpin' here's a new way to flirt  
Listen to the two way alert  
It goes (2 way beeps in song's beat)  
Lets go VIP boo raise your skirt

[Chorus 1]

Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)

[Verse 2]

I'm Gangsta  
Ya'll just wannabe's  
Federal Agents on their P's  
30 grand 28 on the keys  
Gotta good lawyer I'm gonna squeeze  
Thuggin' jeans and Tim's  
Fitted to the front lean the brim  
Ride but never on teenage rims  
And I keep a chick's face between limbs  
Stylin ya'll heard about my kick game  
I'm on the parkway see me at the Knick game  
Probably seen this tatted on your chick frame  
F-A-B-O-L-O-U-S  
Ridin Ya'll know as well I do  
That's the way you can tell I flew  
So I got a deal I sell pot too  
Cause before I hit the pens I'm gettin bailed by Clue

[Chorus 2]

Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)

Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)

[Verse 3]

Cruisin top on the Mercedes low  
Turn us up when you hear this on the radio  
Blastin with the nineteen eighty flow  
Make the necks on the ladies go (wooo wooop)  
Holla that's what a pretty thug will do  
Hit Branson get a fifty jug or two  
Ya'll throwin on them gritty mugs for who  
Like ya'll don't know what fifty slugs will do  
Hatin I just bought the bulls  
I put ya'll in the front page articles  
I got em lookin at the billboard charts confused  
And I still freestyle to start the Clue's  
Reppin I'm that kid about the doe  
I done copped coke and started droughts before  
Shit Platinum out the door  
Now I drop the top down just to shout to hoes

[Chorus 3]

Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)  
Holla back back back back...(Hoooo Hoooo! until music fades)