

Fabolous, Think Y'all Know

Uh, I think y'all know by now it's F-A-B-O-L-O-U-S (uh, yeah)
I think y'all know by now it's ..

[Verse 1]

You ain't never seen a nigga this large (nah)
Motherfuck the house (nah), the nigga's garage is as big as the projs (yeah)
I move from city to city like a nigga at large (yeah)
This move is Billy D, but it's Jigga's da bars (woo)
Like you really gon' get me (uh huh)
You look hard, but on the inside you softer than a silicon titty (haha)
The chilla's wrong with me (uh)
You can look at the kid and see just how them Chinchillas gonna fit me (uh huh)
I strut through like I conceal a chrome with me (uh huh)
Pockets bulgin like I got some millions with me (yeah)
Any bitch that chill her jones with me
End up butt ass naked inside a Villa Horn with me (uh)
I got a ziplock the killer grown with me
I hit it as Bobby and let me fill up on Whitney (uh)
Justin will cry rivers like he feel I boned Britney (uh)
I really don't get me (uh), I really won't get me
YEAH!

[Chorus]

I think y'all know by now that I ain't nothin to be fucked with (yeah)
I think y'all know by now that I don't care 'bout who you fuck with (yeah)
I think hoes know by now that I'm that nigga they should bump with (yeah)
I think y'all know by now it's F-A-B-O-L-O-U-S

[Verse 2]

I'm often asked, HEY, ain't you that guy (uh)
There's no one else from head to ankle that fly (uh uh)
Who put slugs point blank through that guy (uh huh)
And there's nothin (uh huh) these dudes ain't do that I (uh), can't do at my (uh)
earliest convenience (uh), your girlie ain't foreseen since (uh)
the feature with Lil' Mo, over 2 million people, I've reached with my little flow (yeah)
They said sounded like the guy who's speech was a little slow (uh huh, uh huh)
Personally I think they was reachin a little dough
But now they callin just to get a feature so it'll blow (yeah)
I'm teachin my little bro
to stay on the grind and away from the leeches and little hoes
I'll lose the Black Star Power on broads (uh)
Even devil worshippers got up outta the God
I know all you cowards is hard
Your career's dead so I send flowers and cards
With our regards, nigga

[Chorus]

[Fabolous - talking]

Uh, uh, nigga
I think they know by now
Who the fuck I be
Uh, yeah, but um

[singing]

I'm with that S-T-R-E-E-T F-A-M-I-L-Y

Uh, for you non-spellin motherfuckers, Street Family
Yeah, uh, Brooklyn
Uh, fuck up, word to Brooklyn
Haha