

# Make Me Better

Fabulous

Timbo.  
Hey, Ne-Yo.  
Say what? Lo-So.  
Hey, hey.

I'm a movement by myself.  
But I'm a force when we're together.  
Mami I'm good all by myself.  
But baby you, you make me better.  
You make me better.  
You make me better.  
You make me better.  
You make me better.  
You make me better.  
You make me better.  
You make me better.  
You make me better.  
You make me better.

You plus me, it equals better math.  
Ya boy a good look but, she my better half.  
I'm already bossin', already flossin'.  
But why I have the cake if it ain't got the sweet frostin'? (yep yep yep yep ).  
Keepin' me on my A game (what what what what).  
Without havin' the same name (they they they they they).  
They may flame (but but but but).  
But shawty, we burn it up.  
The sag in my swag, pep in my step.  
Daddy do the Gucci, mami in Giuseppees.  
Yes it's a G thing, whenever we swing.  
I'mma need Coretta Scott, if I'm gonna be King.

First thing's first, I does what I do.  
But everything I am, she's my influ.  
I'm already boss, I'm already fly.  
But if I'm a star, she is the sky (ah ah ah).  
And when I feel like I'm on top (she she she).  
She give me reason to not stop (eh eh eh eh eh).  
And though I'm hot (too too too).  
Together we burn it up.

The caked up cut, the cleaned up ice.  
When shawty come around, I clean up nice.  
Dynamic duo, Batman and Robin.  
Whoever don't like it, it's that man problem (eh eh eh).  
And when I feel like I'm tired (ma ma ma).  
Mami be takin' me higher (ah ah ah ah ah).  
I'm on fire (but but but).  
But shawty we burn it up.

Beside every great man, you can find a woman like a soldier holdin' him down  
.

And she treats me like a Don, watches for the hit.  
Checks where I go, even watches who I'm with.  
The right when I'm wrong, so I never slip.  
Show me how to move, that's why I never trip.

And baby girl, you're so major, they should front-page ya (front page ya).  
God bless the parents who made you (who made you).  
Middle fingered anybody who hate the,  
Way that we burn it up.

Yeah baby, them lames you playin' with.  
They gonna put you down.  
We tryin' to compliment you, you know?  
Make it better.  
Top-notch Tim.  
Nice-look Ne-Yo.  
Livin' good Lo-So.  
They ask you how you doin' now, tell 'em better 'den them.  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

[CHORUS]