

Right Now & Later On

Fabulous

Some little pretty mami's is all I need (yeah)
Hennessy, Cristal and sticky weed (uh huh)
A little drop sports coupe's all I want (yeah)
And I brought the hammer if y'all front (woh)

Yeah, the kid been makin' these mami's, yell "papacita"
Since Kangols and shell-top Adidas
Love when te-ta's look like they'll pop through beaters
And the hips won't fit in the L-drop two-seater
But ma' I ain't the type to love ya
I'm a triflin', good for nothin', type a brother
This cute face'll make your wife smile
And I check in two bags and one's just a suitcase full of Lifestyles
And we both rent out playa
Difference is you a sweet substitute, I'm a Penthouse playa
y'all seen my rings borders
It's full of queen and king's daughters, as clean as spring water
'F's for freakin', 'A's alright (yeah)
'be's for bottles that pop all night (uh huh)
'O's for the ounces that I got (say what)
That we blow everyday, know why, why not?

Right now you probably like me, but
Later on you gonna love me and
Right now you probably want me, but
Later on you gonna need me and (yeah)
Right now you don't like me, but
Later on you gonna hate me (what)
And I just got to do it
Fuck y'all, I'm a keep doin' my thing

It's the hoodrat Hugh Hefner, that bend dimes, too
The five plus one, sittin' on ten times two
Shorty when I'm through
I'm a know if you nice on the mic and if your friend rhyme, too
It's so funny how I suit the women
They know I'm still spendin' show money from "Superwoman"
They like "where'd he get those twenties?"
And "I didn't know that's a color that the coupe could come in, damnit man"
All I say to the heffers is "Jesus"
Keep swallowin' my kids, might's as well have no nephews and nieces
I know you want to sip Proof
And try an make me crack a smile, just so you can see my chipped tooth
I'm tryna' get you, in and out of my room
Just to get, in and out of your womb
And the rocks in mine glare, somethin' like Times Square
Excuse me miss, you want me to sign where? (sign where?)

Fab's hard to be found
But most likely I'm with a foreign dame who name's hard to pronounce
I started out, gettin' hard by the ounce
No more cash in stashes, it's cards in accounts
The way I make 'em nod to the bounce
Somebody call Silvia and tell her ship larger amounts
This playa make 'em scream a scheme
My closest look like I keep gettin' traded from team to team
Look sleezy, it's difficult but me and Tim the only ones that make pimpin

Look easy
Tell me how I'm gonna make my album cleaner
With bitches suckin' me up like vacuum cleaners
Even chickens want to cluck outside
And mami can't stop eyein'
And when I said my rims was only nineteens, she said "stop lyin'!"

Say what, say what, uh huh
You don't need us, huh?
I see you comin' back to her
Like that, with the two-step
Fabolos, we out