

Vanilla

Fabulous

Ay, ay, yeah, yeah, Fab
What we do?
We do what we wanna
Rich Homie Tell 'em

Got my groove back like I'm Stella
No more paying the Margiela
She suck on the chocolate
After they told that lil bitch to swallow my vanilla
Got my groove back like I'm Stella
Versace, my chick Donatella
I got me some chocolate
I got butter pecan, I'm 'bout to go scoop some vanilla

Bad little chick name was Bella
Finer than wine in the cellar
Spin on her like a propeller
Fuck is you niggas gon' tell her?
Niggas all talk, acapella
That ain't your money bank, tell her
That ain't your money, bank tell her
Believe everything that I tell
My baby momma name is [?]
She swallow my seeds, watermelon
I got my groove back like I'm Stella
I ain't need a photo
But I got a whole lotta money hidden in this motherfuckin' package
Pull up on a line with 3 hoes with me like my name James Harden
And anywhere you see me
If you ever tryna see me just know I got them rockets
Never gonna stop, gotta get my guap
Won't let no Dwight Howard block it
She got the heart of a lion
I got the heart like I'm Simba
My heart is cold as December
Quan, do you remember? (when I, when I...)

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Don't think this iPhone was stylin'
Gold on my chest like a medal
You keep it 50, boy I keep it 3 numbers just like a 100 or better
If she get all up boy, I mail 'em
Balmain, [?] Margielas
I passed the class, I did not fail it
I don't even know what to tell her
Listen, I know that shorty take diggin' it
I know that I'mma six figure it
I know that if we keep winnin' these niggas gon' think that we riggin' it
Load it, and cock it, and trigger it
Bang, bang, bang

Three of my niggas, that's gang, gang, gang
Three on my neck, that's a chain, chain, chain
Ride in the back of that May, May, May
Whip on these niggas like Nae, Nae, Nae
Hop out that bitch like, "What the fuck did you say?"
Send you right to your maker
Fuck on that bitch while I'm on the D'usse
After that light the Jamaican

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Yow, yuh move too fast nuh, slow dung
Oh yuh say dancehall
Yow, I got my groove back like I'm Stella
Any bwoy diss gon' meet my Beretta
Diss me or one of my breddas
You and your entire squad dead together
Ay, di gyal dem a say we a di man dem
Weh dem want fi put fuck pon dem
Boy, this one o' my gun dem
Lose it, it a go be a bloodclatt problem
New York, all a di block dem
Yaad man dem, bad from when
Rich Homie Quan and Fab, dem
Roll out di drop then tek way di gyal dem
From then, di bwoy dem fear we, dem a fairy
Lickle baby, can't walk near we
Mathematics we a check daily, we hot clearly
Dem gyal see we and a scream like Mariah Carey
Get my groove back and dem nuh love dat
New form pretty like a Curry jumpshot
Semi-automatic clips inna full stock
But real gangster nuh leff di ratchet bruk back
When this drop, BOOM! watch it kick back
Gyal dem inna big flock, line up like when Jordan kicks drop
Dem man like big chat, but we nuh dig chat
A nuh conference (no, tell dem a bloodclatt Konshens)

[Girl:] I thought we was going out, what is this? What are we doing here?
[Fab:] I mean, nah this is a show, they said it's for narcos, everybody talk in' about it, they said it's
[Girl:] Narcos?
[Fab:] Yeah, Narcos
[Girl:] What you mean Narcos?
[Fab:] The Pablo Escobar story, they said it's crazy, everybody said it's crazy, I wanted to see it so, know what I mean?
[Girl:] You tryna Netflix and chill me?
[Fab:] Ain't nobody tryna Netflix and chill you, like, like damn, like watch it with me real quick