

Yep, I'm Back

Fabulous

Boom, clap, boom clap
Boom, clap, boom clap
Boom, clap, boom clap
Boom, clap, boom clap

Now everybody get your hands UP
Now everybody get your hands UP
Loso, more better (more better) more cheddar (more cheddar)
I do the rolls I am not a more wetter??
Challenge me with the bling these niggas know better
The wings are as big as the logo on those sweaters
Hoes better, have a fall back attack,
come through like a funeral all black on black
couple six deuces, all back to back,
few flying spurs all back to back
need a 04, 05 dunking and them
when it come to making O's we like dunking with them
naaaah I ain't talking donuts
I'm talking white ones like the Nike low cuts
You couldn't see me if you stood on your tippy toes
But you could smell this cali cush with the zippy closed
Damn skippy those seats is peanut butter
You never seen us stutter like street fitted itted and

Yep I'm back stunting, yep I'm back fronting
Yep I'm somebody who made something outta nothing
Yep I know you see something you wanting
It's just something about me you can't go with out me you all
Said you can't go without me you all,
Said you can't go without me you all

Now everybody get your hands UP
Now everybody get your hands UP
more stunting, (more stunting) more fronting (more fronting)
How you getting it homie, show something
You can ask about him, he go hard
With that A.M.E.X. negro card
Last time I was seen in a strip club
Rain, I hurricane Katrina the strip club
May I, say I, made a way?
Stay fly 'til the, day I, fade away
Hey I pray I stay out of a, haters way
Lemme play like A.I., and just get to the point
Lemme hear 'em say aah, when he spit to the joint
You gonna hear a spray, rrrraaa, when I get to the joint
And a blind man could see that them niggas with fab is gone
Come like them dudes came for Tony at the Babylon
Rapid fire, do you know a rapper flyer?
The L-O-S-O, I guess no

Now everybody get your hands UP
Now everybody get your hands UP
more wining (more winin') more dining (more dining)
Slow winding gangsters throw signs and
I can't help that the chain is so shining
That the shit on my wrist is just co-signing
They don't search us they know we got the flames

But they still let us slide through the door like Cramer
I believe in god, but my true religion
Is stuffing big faces down in these True Religions
We everywhere you ain't never there
New coupe shoe shine like patent leather airs
Pushing something we ain't got our names on
2 '07's neither one of us is James Bond
We in the V.I.P.'s with the big names
Fendi aviator shades with the big frames
The streets is watching the hood is looking
Brooklyn's back n look at how good I'm looking

Now everybody get your hands UP
Now everybody get your hands UP