

Fabulous, Right Now & Later On

(Timbaland)

Uh, c'mon, uh, c'mon

(Fabulous)

Uh, William H. Bonnie, ma' I make you famous

(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 (wooooh)

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 triffin, 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)

'B'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?

(Chorus)

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 as well have no nephews and nieces

I know you wanna 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?)

(Chorus)

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 wanna cluck outside
(Timbaland: Yo' Fab, it must be the truck outside)
And mami can't stop eyein
And when I said my rims was only nineteens, she said "stop lyin!"

(Chorus)

(Timbaland talking)
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
Fabolous, we out