

Fabulous Feat. Neyo

"Make Me Better"

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[INTRO: Ne-Yo, Fabulous]

Timbo.

Hey, Ne-Yo.

Say what? Low soul.

Hey, hey.

[CHORUS: Ne-Yo]

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.

[Fabulous]

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).

Wit'out havin' the same name (that that that that that).

It may fling (but but but but).

But shawty, we burn it up.

It's sag in my swag, pimp in my step.

Daddy do the Gucci, mami intercepts.

Guess it's a G thing, whenever we swing.

I'ma need Coretta Scott, if I'm gon' be King.

[CHORUS]

[Ne-Yo]

First thing's first, I does what I do.

But everything I am, she's my improve.

I'm already boss, I'm already fly.

But if I'm a star, she is the sky (ahh ahh ahh).
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.

[Fabolous]

The caked up cut, the cleaned up ice.
The shawty come around, I clean up nice.
Diamond McDuo, Batman, 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.

[CHORUS]

[Voices]

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

[Fabolous]

And she treats me like a dawg, watches for the hit.
Checks where I go, even watches who I'm wit.
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 so major, they should front-page ya
(front page ya).
God bless the parents who made ya (who made ya).
Middle fingered anybody who hate the,
Way that we burn it up.

[CHORUS]

[Fabolous speaking]

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

[CHORUS]

