

## Aaron Tippin

### "Right Now & Later On"

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[T] Uh, c'mon, uh, c'mon

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

[Fabolous]

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 (wooh)

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)

'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, nigga?

[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]  
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

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