

Fabolous

"Body Ya"

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Shout out to my enemies, shout out my competitors
Shout out to my mini-me's, I hope you do better, brah
Better me, better you, etcetera, etcetera
Shout out to the followers, I will stay ahead of you

Big up to the haters, big up all you low niggas
Biggin' you all up should make you feel a little bigger
Big up to the fake niggas from a real nigga
Fake niggas, help you recognize a real nigga

Uh, I'm a Brooklyn nigga anyhow
Closet lookin' like I opened up a Vinnie's Styles
Bitches say, "We are the best"
So mami in my jeans PRPS

Yeah, street fitted in a gang
Yeah, at you like a Twitter name
Same place I see 'em, same place they chalk 'em out
We speak gwap-enese, come see what we talkin' 'bout

Holla at your homie, holla at your dog
Lookin' for the competition, holla at them all
Once I say hi to her, she gonna say bye to ya
If looks could kill then my style might body ya

B-b-body ya, b-b-body ya
If looks could kill, then my style might body ya
B-b-body ya, b-b-body ya
If looks could kill, then my style might body ya

Shout out to the groupies, shout out to my ex
Probably sayin' fuck me so shout out to the sex
Don't get mad at me 'cause I'm on to the next
All of this because I ain't respond to your text

Big up to you bum bitches and your ten dollar dresses
Big up to the big girls, y'all are so precious
Salty bitches tryin' to raise a nigga blood pressure
Grown little girls, do yo' mouth get any fresher?

Huh? But it ain't fresh as Loso
Monogrammed out, son, case you didn't know so

Flow so deadly, swag too murderous
Known for bein' nice, that don't mean courteous

This is nothin' new, I'm not a beginner
I get big checks like a lottery winner
Her boy dissin' ah, boy, listen ah
Kindly sent him on his way, tell the mortician hi

You better holla at your homie, holla at your dog
Lookin' for the competition, holla at them all
Once I say hi to her, she gonna say bye to ya
If looks could kill then my style might body ya

B-b-body ya, b-b-body ya
If looks could kill, then my style might body ya
B-b-body ya, b-b-body ya
If looks could kill, then my style might body ya

What it look like, nigga? It's Young Funeral
Told y'all niggas I got this shit nigga
There Is No Competition 2: The Funeral Service
What up Dram'? What it look like?

Huh? What we talkin', baby?
What we talkin' 'bout?
These niggas is dead
What we talkin' 'bout?
Yeah, I said it, dead, nice

Niggas might as well lay down in a hole
And throw dirt on they self
It's funeral

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