

## **Fabolous**

### **"Body Ya Remix"**

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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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