

## **Fabolous** **"Its My Party"**

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Hey, hey, hey yo, hey, hey, hey yo  
Hey, hey, hey yo, F A B  
Hey, hey, hey yo, hey, hey, hey yo, F A B  
Hey, hey, hey yo, hey, hey, hey yo

Ain't no tellin' what this hip lowered do to me  
I'm feelin' like I can do what I want now, dip-low  
immunity  
Shorty, just shake your hips slow and move wit me  
Take a hit a this and sip slow and thoroughly

You're sneakin' out on your man, tip-toein' to the V  
'Cause I know you got him whipped though like  
wannabe  
Let's put on a live strip show just you and me  
But girl, I'm lookin' at them lips though like who is he?

They ain't never seen a whip, clothes or jewelry  
So when I ask you wanna leave the zip-code?  
Say sure and be me

But this is my party, stroll by if you want to  
Or y'all can stay home but why would you want to?

We gon' party, till we laid in graves  
Sweat out our doobie braids and waves  
Then scream hey hey hey yo, that groupie made her  
wait  
Cause when she seen the whips and chains  
She started talking 'bout she ready to be made a slave,  
c'mon

This is my party so get fly if you want to  
Get high if you want to 'cause I know you want to  
Put your hands up as high as you want to  
And if it feels good scream hey, hey, hey, yo

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I don't know about y'all but we doin' it over here  
All the glasses got liquid that brewin' it over here  
Cigars got somethin' sticky that's gluing it over here  
Ladies movin' it over there, movin' it over here

I can fit a few in a Rover's rear  
We havin' a good time, don't ruin it overs this  
You see why we asks is to see ID  
Cause girls will do anything for some VIP access

Me I relax this  
(Easy)  
'Cause I'm used to ballin'  
You could tell that these guys need practice  
But if it was a problem then I would confront you  
You saying over, bet ya I say you want to

But a pitcher that probably slugs, pitches and talk a put  
I ride wit the top down and switch to the top-up look  
Would you believe most these bitches go bop up shook  
Their asses pokin' out like them pictures in pop up  
books

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Get high if you want to 'cause I know you want to  
Put your hands up as high as you want to  
And if it feels good scream hey hey hey yo

Oh yea, we's off the Richter Scale  
Hate will get you, put in coffins quick as hell  
If the ladies would show it off and thick as hell  
For my hustlers knockin' off them bricks as well

And everybody, up north that's sick in jail  
I probably feel y'all, send you all of the flicks in mail  
The Street Family speed off six S L's  
To all them chicks at Yale hey, hey, hey, hey yo

Shake your glasses back and forth to mix it well  
Shake your ass back and forth as quick as hell  
And just from lookin' at them thighs from the front view  
Girl I know that these guys say they want you

If I wake up in the sand, clothes from yesterday  
Same hoes from yesterday  
Lightin' clips to the same dro' from yesterday  
Her hang-overs yesterday  
You ain't mistaken we in Benz's today  
But we had them Range Rovers yesterday

This is my party so get fly if you want to

Get high if you want to 'cause I know you want to  
Put your hands up as high as you want to  
And if it feels good scream hey hey hey yo

Hey, hey, hey, yo  
Hey, hey, hey, yo  
Hey, hey, hey, yo  
...

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