

Fabulous

"Mo' Cars, Mo' Hoes"

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"Mo' cars, mo' hoes" (Repeating in background)
Yes kids.
It's 'Loso.

You know.
(I rhyme a few bars so I can buy a few cars/
Kick a few flows so I can get a few hoes/) X3
[CANNON-CANNON]
Street fiddiddidam.
Get that shit done.

Verse 1 [Fabulous]:

I get bored quick, I switch cars every five days/
It looks like a traffic jam in my driveway/
Got 'em bumper-to-bumper, they come with the
lumber/
'07 and '06, I'm jumpin' the number/
She thumbnin' her number, I hump her and dump her/
Make her gimme head, face like she pumpin' a jumper/
They know I'm hood rich, And I'm 'Trump' of the
pumpers/
I run with the shooters, Forrest Gump with the
dumpers/
Lambo Loso, flyin' Spur (Spears?)/
Gotcha bitch on the right, she mindin' her biz/
You never seen a face fine as hers is/
Ya lame ass proly home mindin' her kids/
Bad-ass son, say all kinda curses/
Grown daughter wear heels, and designer purses/
I proly wheel 'em past, 20's pokin' out tires/
Your Robin William ass, playin' Mrs. Doubtfire/
You get your mouth wired...like a money transfer/
You call my phone again, I might just let ya honey
answer/
House full of hoes, they call me the 'Bunny Rancher'/
The young Dennis Hoff', holla at me when it's off/

Verse 2 [Freck Billionaire]:

You need a mule for the work, nigga I know masses/
This little bitch name Jackie, we call her 'O-in-asses'/
And we don't use the bank nigga, we do it old

fashioned/
Right on top of the boxspring, no mattress/
King-Size, but right now, it's full of cash/
Niggas call me the Dentist, they know I pull it fast/
I know you hatin' niggas, wanna let your bullets blast/
The XLR fully armored, with the bullet glass/
I got my kleats on, you never catch me slippin' black/
Red, white and blue tags, call 'em the Diplomats/
It's a fact, you would think I had Immunity/
I came from a hood nigga, not a community/
Trump Towers, you ain't got the same room as me/
I spray ya whole click, killin' y'all in unity/
Philly Freck got more bars, more flows/(Mo' Cars, Mo'
Hoes)
If it costs a quarter mill, then trust me, ya boy got it/
It cost a hundred thou, then trust me, I boycott it/
We make it rain in the club, them other dudes cheap/
I pass that paper out, sorta like it's loose-leaf/

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