

Fabulous

"No Need For Conversation"

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(feat. Mike Shorey)

[Fabulous:]

uh feels good

If it feels good don't even fight it man

You know?

Yeah man

Real Talk Of New York

[Verse 1: Fabulous]

Its all eyes on me like Mr. Shakur

So they wanna (pause) the door

Chicks come around and put kisses on the jaw

So I ain't a player that need asistance to score

Any misses you saw

Climb on the couch kicked off the Christian Dior

I done popped 'till I sweat a christ in a pore

But I do it again if you missed it before

Its no big deal

I'm so big wheel

In them little cars with those big wheels

With a little box full of those big steels

Pretty little chicks in those big heels

For me it never gets old

Most girls is diggers who ain't 'gon never hit gold

I get under the sun when the weather get cold

8 ball five when the seven gets old

[Chorus: Mike Shorey]

Hey hey stop that mama

Can't you see that I'm a East Coast stunna

Hey hey you must misunder-stand

I don't spend all to bend that over

Hey hey

Why you lookin' like that for?

I'm done you can run no need for conversation

Hey hey hey hey

No need for conversation

[Verse 2: Fabulous]

Now see you the type ta..

Get too hyper

Maybe cause your chick like me
But I'm a black card swiper
That just pipe her
And you don't give a [pause] like me
They say I'm the sickest since Carter dropped
So girls jump to it with Vince Carters hops
Its the truck with the twenty inch startin' stops
That have 'em not knowin'
Whether they stayin' or goin'
They stare at the Airs and be sayin' it glowin'
And they like my style and the way I be flowin'
But thats when I bud in and say that I'm blowin'
Now you could make the choice if you stayin' or goin'
Girl
We could go any place in the world
And the jet hold twelve so theres space for ya girls
Nobody in the street gonna hear
That you givin' [pause] forty thousand feet in the air

[Chorus: Mike Shorey]
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[Verse 3: Fabolous]
Most of these tag alongs
Brag on songs
But can't keep it up like a Baget thong
Keep frontin' like you spend
While ya pockets get lighter and lighter like Michael's
skin
On the other hand
I'm the kind of brother man
With fifty thou of ice just up on the hand
Bentley bright and rocky covered band
And a zone that'll tell the time in another land
Girls spread they legs same day I bagged 'em
Its the Mustard Gut, Mayo Magnum
In the twenty twos with the butter knife shine
Thats why every body and they mother like mine
I rarely be
Where the willys be
There ain't been a dude this smooth since Billy D
Girl you need to make your move
The ego is what (pause) the Lakers groove

[Chorus: Mike Shorey]
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