

## **Fabulous**

# **"Right Now & Later On"**

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Uh, c'mon, uh, c'mon  
Uh, William H. Bonnie, ma' I make you famous

The kid been makin' these mami's, yell "papacita"  
Since Kangols and shell-top Adidas  
Love when te-ta's look like they'll pop through beaters  
And the hips won't fit in the L-drop two-seater  
But ma' I ain't the type to love ya  
I'm a triflin', good for nothin', type a brother  
This cute face'll make your wife smile  
And I check in two bags and one's just a suitcase full of  
lifestyles

And we both rent out playa  
Difference is you a sweet subsitute, I'm a Penthouse  
playa  
Y'all seen my rings borders  
It's full of queen and king's daughters, as clean as  
spring water  
'F's for freakin', A's alright  
(Yeah)  
'B's for bottles that pop all night  
(Uh huh)  
'O's for the ounces that I got  
(Say what)  
That we blow everyday, know why, why not nigga?

Right now you probably like me, but  
Later on you gonna love me and  
Right now you probably want me, but  
Later on you gonna need me, yeah

Right now you don't like me, but  
Later on you gonna hate me  
(What)  
And I just got to do it  
Fuck y'all, I'm a keep doin' my thing

It's the hoodrat Hugh Hefner, that bend dimes, too  
The five plus one, sittin' on ten times two  
Shorty when I'm through  
I'm a know if you nice on the mic and if your friend

rhyme, too  
It's so funny how I suit the women  
They know I'm still spendin show money from  
"Superwoman"  
They like, "Where'd he get those twenties?"  
And "I didn't know that's a color that the coupe could  
come in  
Damn it man"

All I say to the heffers is "Jesus"  
Keep swallowin' my kids, might as well have no  
nephews and nieces  
I know you wanna sip Proof  
And try to make me crack a smile  
Just so you can see my chipped tooth  
I'm tryna' get you, in and out of my room  
Just to get, in and out of your womb  
And the rocks in mine glare, somethin' like Times  
Square  
Excuse me miss, you want me to sign where?

Right now you probably like me, but  
Later on you gonna love me and  
Right now you probably want me, but  
Later on you gonna need me, yo

Right now you don't like me, but  
Later on you gonna hate me, what  
And I just got to do it  
Fuck y'all, I'm a keep doin' my thing

Fab's hard to be found  
But most likely I'm with a foreign dame who name's  
hard to pronounce  
I started out, gettin' hard by the ounce  
No more cash in stashes, it's cards in accounts  
The way I make 'em nod to the bounce  
Somebody call Silvia and tell her ship larger amounts  
This playa make 'em scream a scheme  
My closest look like I keep gettin' traded from team to  
team

Look sleezy, it's difficult but me  
And Tim the only ones that make pimpin' look easy  
Tell me how I'm gonna make my album cleaner  
With bitches suckin' me up like vacuum cleaners  
Even chickens wanna cluck outside  
(Yo' Fab, it must be the truck outside)  
And mami can't stop eyein'  
And when I said my rims was only nineteens, she said,  
"Stop lyin'!"

Right now you probably like me, but  
Later on you gonna love me and  
Right now you probably want me, but  
Later on you gonna need me, yeah

Right now you don't like me, but  
Later on you gonna hate me, yeah  
And I just got to do it  
Fuck y'all, I'm a keep doin' my thing

Say what, say what, uh huh  
You don't need us, huh?  
I see you comin' back to her  
Like that, with the two-step  
Fabolous, we out

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