

## **Fabulous**

# **"This Is My Party Explicit Dirty"**

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intro: fabulous)  
hey-hey-hey-yo (3x)  
F-A-B  
Hey-hey-hey-yo (2x)  
F-A-B  
Hey-hey-hey-yo (2x)

(verse: fabulous)  
Aint no tellin what this hpno'll do to me  
I'm feelin like I can do what I want know, diplo immunity  
(shorty!) just shake your hips slow and move with me  
Take a hit of this and sip slow and fluently  
You sneakin out on ya man, tip-toe in to the V  
Cause I know you got him whipped though like  
merangue  
Lets put on a live strip show just you and me  
But girl, i'm lookin at them lips though like who is she?  
They aint never seen the whip, clothe, or jewelry  
So when I ask you you wanna leave this zip code they  
"true indeed"  
"but this is my party, so ride if you want to  
ya'll could stay home but why would u want to?  
We gon' party til we laid in graves  
Sweat out our doobie braids and waves, and scream  
"hey-hey-hey yo"  
That groupie made her way  
Cause when she seen the whips and chains  
She started talking 'bout she ready to be made a slave,  
c'mon

(chorus 2: fabulous (2X))  
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"

(verse: fabulous)  
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 glueing it over here

Ladies movin' it over there, movin' it over here  
I can fit a few in the Rover's rear  
We havin' a good time, don't ruin it overs stares  
You see why we asks-s to see ID

Cause girls'll do anything for some VIP access  
Me I relaxes (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 "no" but your eyes say "you want to"  
Hard to picture that papi snooks, pigeons and chop up  
crooks  
I ride wit the top down and switch to the top-up look  
Would you believe most these bitches would bop us  
shooked  
Their asses pokin' out like them pictures in pop up  
books

(chorus 2)

(verse fabulous)  
Oh yea! it'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 SL's  
All them chicks'll yell "hey-hey-hey-hey yo"  
Shake your glass 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  
I wake up in the same clothes from yesterday  
Same hoes from yesterday  
Lightin' clips of the same dro' from yesterday  
Had hang-overs yesterday  
You ain't mistaken we in Benz's today  
But we had them Range Rovers yesterday

(chorus 2)

(outro: fabulous (to fade))  
yeh-yeh-yeh-uhhh.....  
yeh-yeh-yeh-uhhh.....

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