

Fabulous

"Touch The Town"

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[Fabulous:]

Ah man man

Ah man

Niggas don't wanna see me like this man

Hell no man

I'm in the penthouse suite

You know like like

40 floors from seamint

You know what I'm mean?

Lookin down on these niggas like..

Hey I'm just gonna lay back and ride on this one

And they bitch on the way up

What up fool?

Ride with me

Hey Cartoon man

I like that '64 you got me ridin' in nigga

Coast to coast G on the checkin'

[Verse 1: Fabulous]

Yo I kick back and snap at 'em

Sometimes throw thick stacks of trap at 'em

Strut through like a slick mack and rap at 'em

When they act a fool I chick smack and jap at 'em (go
and get ya man)

I click clack and clap at 'em

This Tray Pound throw 6 packs of caps at 'em (yeah
thats right)

I'm bouncin' on them White Walls again

And the chevy paint is the same shade as Night

Crawler's skin

Now throw it up (throw it up)

Let it drop down and pop up

Slow it up

Cause the cops bound to pop up

But I don't give a motherfuck I'm mashin' on the gas

Like I don't see them sirens flashin' on my ass

I'm stashin' on the grass

The choppers in the rear

To catch me they better put them choppers in the air

So when you see me comin' get out my way

Without delay

I'm finnin' to get out the Kay
And let it rip

[Fabolous:]

Hey man this shit is just fun for me man
I'm doin' this shit for a hobby now man
This is what I does man
They just happen to give me a check for it
Oh yeah I get paid too
I don't know
Look like it right?
You might see me in one of them things
That look like a space ship comin' through ya
motherfuckin' hood man
If you lucky though I might throw the deuce at you
Only if your lucky

[Verse 2: Fabolous]

I'm back in New York like Marbury in the trade
With more jewelry and some shades
But its ordinary when you're paid
The pink and yellow rocks is lookin something like
Strawberry Lemonade
They never seen the spokes spin in Brooklyn
When I peel the top back the folks grinnin' lookin'
I'm a hustler
My body scents like Coke when its cookin'
I sweat Heron (Heroin)
Thats why these bitches fiend to get near John
I'm here with a golf stream the jet peel on
Half a mil in bling and sweat there on
Like whats hood?
Can't blame her for lovin' the kid she likes whats good
This is takin' it back to Crenshaw Sunday
If you trip on my set you in for some gun play
In more than one way
I'm a mash on 'em
Like clinger and radar
With the swing of the AR
Motherfucker

[Fabolous:]

I mean I think most of the hos know me
This shit ain't hard to tell
For the girls that don't
They call me "Bitch Hop In"
Thats my nickname
(Why they call you that though man?)
So when I land bitch you hop in
(Oh OK)
When I pull up bitch you hop in

(Oh all right)
Simple
(I got it I got it)

[Verse 3: Fabolous]

Ain't much of a Rose Gold fan
But I just came back from Santa Domingo with a Rose
Gold tan
I keep you on ya toes old man
Did a little over 500 I guess you Rose Gold man
I'm something like a pimp my hos hold hands
I'm gettin so much money my hos hold grands
The flows cold man
But I ain't stuntin' until the Rose Rolls land
From Rose Bowl Land
Then I'm a spend a few notes to wood it out
Get some smoke that you take a few totes to put it out
Take ya time with it
I used to cook crack and make a dime with it
Now I look back and make a rhyme with it
I'm just ridin' the wave
Laughin' at phoney bitches just deciding to wave
For niggas who all of a sudden decide to be brave
I'm a help you get inside of your grave
Take that with ya

[Fabolous:]

Hey not to be mistaken man I brought my niggas with
me too
Oh yeah don't get it fucked up
We just came back from Saint Saint something
One of them islands
They was askin' us do we play for the 49ers?
Oh yeah they seen them peices
Probably heard about them SF pieces
Lookin' like a football team over here
Yeah man its a beautiful thing man
If your smart you'll wanna get down nigga

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