

Fabulous Feat. Pusha T "Jokes On You"

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Make money, money
Make money, money, money
Make money, money
Make money, money, money

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I'm like ha ha ha ha ha, you niggas make me laugh
Come on if it don't make me math
I'm like ha ha ha ha ha, whatchu can't take a joke?
Well, I can't take bein' broke

I'm like ha ha ha ha ha
Make money, money, money
Ha ha ha ha ha
Make money, money, money

You niggas are comical, who me?
I'm seven digits, two comical on my mama, fool
I'm gettin' this money and that kill 'em
They lookin' at a pimp, funny, I'm Katt Williams

Money Mike, I get money on the mic
And some say I'm whylin' out
In the Bugatti, styling out
Pushin' seven digits, dialin' now

But I ain't got a fuckin' choice
My 'Money Talks' in a Chris Tucker voice, and you know
this, man
You a stand up rapper, hip hop comedian
I start laughin' as soon as I put your CD in

You joke, you joke, you kid, you kiss
Should have went to 'Comedy Central' with the vids you
did
But okay, you on BET only if it's 'Comic View'
Promise you, I'm funny style, I can be a comic too

I'm Marty Mar, at a Auty Mar
A cute snotty broad, tits like Dolly Par
Ed Hardy, naw, this is Carty ma
But that was a good one, hardy har
Lambo Gallardi car, gettin' my last laugh

Ha ha ha ha ha, you niggas make me laugh
Come on if it don't make me math
I'm like ha ha ha ha ha, whatchu can't take a joke?
Well, I can't take bein' broke
I'm like ha ha ha ha ha
Make money, money, money

The jokes on you niggas
See the figures don't add up to the claims
You Sam Kinison, you just screamin' names
My brother, my partner for real like the Wayans

Plus, everythin' in live ~In Living
Color
High rise, check
Diamonds the size of Robin Harris eyes
I Bebe Kids my neck

You call it a tribute or poop that distribute
Sales was slow, I got Paco to contribute
Some morals in each state, move weight, get caught
Don't talk, Dave Chappelle niggas might break

So hilarious how the chariots, carry us
The Phantom is light gray, sort of like Ashy Larry is
King of the one liners, lil' rhymers watch what you say
You just a potty mouth like Andrew Dice Clay

I pop collars on niggas, I drop dollars on niggas
I Jell-O's together, I Bill Cosby on niggas
Got you lost in the smoke, I Michael Connelly you
niggas
I watch you verse from the fire, I Richard Pryor you
niggas
Said enough nigga, sort of like Kramer
I'm jokin', you don't wanna see the
anger, Fab tell 'em

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Come on if it don't make me math
I'm like ha ha ha ha ha, whatchu can't take a joke?
Well, I can't take bein' broke
I'm like ha ha ha ha ha
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Mane look, the diamonds in your chain look
Funnier than Dane Cook, me get the Sufi
I am too fly, in the booth, I make joke of them
I ain't the richest nigga but I ain't broke as them

I'm serious, petty worth
I make a man 'Delirious' like Eddie Murph
Girls get curious
Is he really funny, don't be silly, honey

I'm the burner packin', Bernie Macin
I ain't scared of you muh'fuckers, kick ya ass
Hon' stack thick ass
A deck of card, VIP section hard

They try to holla at me, you know the heckler broads
I'm poppin' Rose, I don't do [Incomprehensible]
Don't front yo, I'll be in the front row
Watch your wise cracks or I'll be at your front
door

And I push up on a female smoothly
In a GL, but keep that on the D.L. Hughley
LOL this is LOS, oh, no your money comin' so
slow
I guess this muh'fuckers a no show, oh, oh, oh

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