

Mana

"Young'n"

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[Fabolous talking before first verse]

Brooklyn, uh uh uh uh
Huh Huh uh huh do it huh Yea
Uh Uh do it huh huh what ya'll want huh

[Verse 1]

Rollin, gold two seater
Stash in the dash
Hole through heaters
Blockahhhh put holes through beaters
Ghetto Fab stroll through Cheetahs
Ballin, Brooklyn don
Addicted to Cris' hooked on Dom
15 G's hookers on
Ma, I wanna see how you look in thongs
Hustlin, guys that send Po's
Cause I chop rocks the size of mentos
Blame me, I tried to hint hoes
Look at the hurt your eyes will squint closed
Pimpin' here's a new way to flirt
Listen to the two way alert
It goes (2 way beeps in song's beat)
Lets go VIP boo raise your skirt

[Chorus 1]

Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)

[Verse 2]

I'm Gangsta
Ya'll just wannabe's
Federal Agents on their P's
30 grand 28 on the keys
Gotta good lawyer I'm gonna squeeze
Thuggin' jeans and Tim's

Fitted to the front lean the brim
Ride but never on teenage rims
And I keep a chick's face between limbs
Stylin ya'll heard about my kick game
I'm on the parkway see me at the Knick game
Probably seen this tatted on your chick frame
F-A-B-O-L-O-U-S
Ridin Ya'll know as well I do
That's the way you can tell I flew
So I got a deal I sell pies too
Cause before I hit the pens I'm gettin bailed by Clue

[Chorus 2]

Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)

[Verse 3]

Cruisin top on the Mercedes low
Turn us up when you hear this on the radio
Blastin with the nineteen eighty flow
Make the necks on the ladies go (wooo woop)
Holla that's what a pretty thug will do
Hit Branson get a fifty jug or two
Ya'll throwin on them gritty mugs for who
Like ya'll don't know what fifty slugs will do
Hatin I just bought the uz'
I put ya'll in the front page articles
I got em lookin at the billboard charts confused
And I still freestyle to start the Clue's
Reppin I'm that kid about the doe
I done copped coke and started droughts before
Shit Platinum out the door
Now I drop the top down just to shout to hoes

[Chorus 3]

Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back Young'n (Hoooo Hoooo!)
Holla back back back back...(Hoooo Hoooo! until music fades)

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