

The Strokes

"Right Now & Later On"

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[T] Uh, c'mon, uh, c'mon

[F] Uh, William H. Bonnie, ma' I make you famous

[Fabolous]

Some little pretty mami's is all I need (yeah)

Hennessy, Cristal and sticky weed (uh huh)

A little drop sports coupe's all I want (yeah)

And I brought the hammer if y'all front (wooh)

Yeah, 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 substitute, 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?

[Chorus]

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 and (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, damnit 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 an 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? (sign
where?)

[Chorus]

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
(Timbaland: 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!"

[Chorus]

[Timbaland]
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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