

Sam Salter

"If They Want It"

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(Verse 1)

F-A-B-O, L-O-U-S

F-A-B-O, L-O-U-S

I don't understand how niggaz insist to knows bout
How we spend car money to glist our rollz out
Play bars and buy the Cris and Moes out
Flash benjies just to twist the hoez out
Fabolous the one from the Menatti Mix
Known to have more kicks than karate flicks
Slim nigga in a big body six
Wit enough doe and pull to gotti fixed
If I wasn't rappin I'd have a ???
Down south in a town you never heard before
Dealin wit weight Columbians would murder for
??? cats I keep burnin' for furthermore
I'm the nigga every freak press be in a sleek s
That'z gon need week rest after greekfest
Jump in private jets just to sneak west
Bet these calico shots rip through ya weak flesh

(Chorus)

Niggaz want it, now they get it
Bitches on it, now they wit it
Flooded up and custom fitted
Tinted up and bb kinted
Y'all gon wonder how we did it
Y'all gon wonder how we get it
Y'all gon wonder how we did it
Y'all gon wonder how we get it

(Verse 2)

Now sports the kind of nigga you could spot everyday
Sip lots of cherry 'ze in a hot chevy 'le
I know's a few niggas that plot to bury J
Wanna scar my face put a shot in my derrier
What you gon do when we send shots from every way
We got perion while y'all got perrier
I strut past in diamonds that could cut glass
Wit dime bitches that'll make a nigga nut fast
Now I gotta fiend bout to throw some chrome on a
quarter

Cop a crown and put stones on a border
Smoke the trees now that'z grown underwater
Still keep 9's that'll put ya bones out of order
Got the condo cats will leave ya dead for
Chicks givin sarges and crucial head for
That make local cops go to feds for
Anything you want nigga now I got the bread for

Repeat Chorus

(DJ Clue talkin...)

New York is gettin money
VA is gettin money
L.A. is gettin money
Fabolous is gettin money

(Verse 3)

Fabulous so cool I could play texas
In avirex's light gray Lexus
Rockin white diamonds wit a gray necklace
Fuck and bounce don't even stay for breakfast
We doin shit that'll make maid neck twist
Wit a fancy chick we pay to pet kiss
Fuck studs I'm bout to throw bagettes in my ear
And be getting head from brunettes in a lear
If you ain't talkin money I don't wanna chit chat
Throwin parties in Jamaica when I hit plat
Receivin chips thugs catch cases for
Make bitches beat me til my waist is sore
Sport come through nigga like checks on the first
Doin the bump drivin a Lex in reverse
Now we don't pop it unless it's a hundred a wop
And I'ma keep hittin y'all like an abusive pops

Repeat Chorus

(DJ Clue Talkin...)

Y'all gon wonder how we did it
Y'all gon wonder how we get it
Y'all gon wonder how we did it
Y'all gon wonder how we get it

F-A-B-O, L-O-U-S
F-A-B-O, L-O-U-S

(DJ Clue Talkin...)

