

## Yep, I'm Back

Fabulous

Boom, clap, boom clap  
Boom, clap, boom clap  
Boom, clap, boom clap  
Boom, clap, boom clap

Now everybody get your hands UP  
Now everybody get your hands UP  
Loso, more better (more better) more cheddar (more cheddar)  
I do the rolls I am not a more wetter??  
Challenge me with the bling these niggas know better  
The wings are as big as the logo on those sweaters  
Hoes better, have a fall back attack,  
come through like a funeral all black on black  
couple six deuces, all back to back,  
few flying spurs all back to back  
need a 04, 05 dunking and them  
when it come to making O's we like dunking with them  
naaaah I ain't talking donuts  
I'm talking white ones like the Nike low cuts  
You couldn't see me if you stood on your tippy toes  
But you could smell this cali cush with the zippy closed  
Damn skippy those seats is peanut butter  
You never seen us stutter like street fitted itted and

Yep I'm back stunting, yep I'm back fronting  
Yep I'm somebody who made something outta nothing  
Yep I know you see something you wanting  
It's just something about me you can't go with out me you all  
Said you can't go without me you all,  
Said you can't go without me you all

Now everybody get your hands UP  
Now everybody get your hands UP  
more stunting, (more stunting) more fronting (more fronting)  
How you getting it homie, show something  
You can ask about him, he go hard  
With that A.M.E.X. negro card  
Last time I was seen in a strip club  
Rain, I hurricane Katrina the strip club  
May I, say I, made a way?  
Stay fly 'til the, day I, fade away  
Hey I pray I stay out of a, haters way  
Lemme play like A.I., and just get to the point  
Lemme hear 'em say aah, when he spit to the joint  
You gonna hear a spray, rrrraaaa, when I get to the joint  
And a blind man could see that them niggas with fab is gone  
Come like them dudes came for Tony at the Babylon  
Rapid fire, do you know a rapper flyer?  
The L-O-S-O, I guess no

Now everybody get your hands UP  
Now everybody get your hands UP  
more wining (more winin') more dining (more dining)  
Slow winding gangsters throw signs and  
I can't help that the chain is so shining  
That the shit on my wrist is just co-signing  
They don't search us they know we got the flames

But they still let us slide through the door like Cramer  
I believe in god, but my true religion  
Is stuffing big faces down in these True Religions  
We everywhere you ain't never there  
New coupe shoe shine like patent leather airs  
Pushing something we ain't got our names on  
2 '07's neither one of us is James Bond  
We in the V.I.P.'s with the big names  
Fendi aviator shades with the big frames  
The streets is watching the hood is looking  
Brooklyn's back n look at how good I'm looking

Now everybody get your hands UP  
Now everybody get your hands UP