

Fab. (feat. Remy Ma)

JoJo

Sweetie I don't want your cookies
If you're looking for applause, keep lookin'
Your recipe's boring, need a little more spice in my cookin'
Honey you don't want my problems
If you had 'em you would sink to the bottom
You should bring your life jacket
'Cause people like you can't handle this, noWhere were you when I needed you?
Tell me, where were you when I needed you?Fake ass bitches
When they smile in your face, but behind you it ain't well wishes
When they eatin' all the food off your plate and they don't do dishes
When they words and they actions blur and they don't know different
No time for these fake ass bitchesYou can go jump on the bandwagon
You your money and your lame ass friends
Go ahead and jump on the bandwagon
With you fake ass bitchesI been down in the trenches, you should know but you don't pay attention
You wouldn't know real talk if it screamed out loud in your face, now listen
You got away with it, I believed you for a hot minute
Could've used a friend in the moment but you had to go ghost, leave me lonelyWhere were you when I needed
you?
Tell me, where were you when I needed you?Fake ass bitches
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Go ahead and jump on the bandwagon
With you fake ass bitchesYou not my BFF, you not my bestie
You a fake ass bitch just like the rest, see
I was all the way down, you was all the way gone
Now you tryna come back 'cause I'm all the way on
I got both middle fingers all the way up
And for fraud broads, I don't give two fucks
If I say something, my moves'll back it
You be running your mouth and it don't match your actions
And I ain't throwing shade, I'm just saying
Act like it's a buffet and eat off your own plate
'Cause it not a compliment when I say you fab
You just a F-A-B with your fake ass, bitchHow about a hand for the real ones?
Put it down, had my back since day one

Never hear about 'em throwing no shade, no
So if you one of us, stand up
Tired of the gossip think you had enough?
Don't worry about 'em, middle fingers up to these Fake ass bitches
When they smile in your face, but behind you it ain't well wishes
When they eatin' all the food off your plate and they don't do dishes
When they words and they actions blur and they don't know different
No time for these fake ass bitches You can go jump on the bandwagon
You your money and your lame ass friends
Go ahead and jump on the bandwagon
With you fake ass bitches With your bitch ass
With your bitch ass

Songwriters

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