

# Throw It in the Bag

## Fabulous

(You already know what it is),  
We got another one boy, (A-T-L),  
(Just throw it in the bag)  
Whats up Brooklyn, whats up son,  
Whats up Fabo, a man, I got that black Amex wit me,  
Aka that throw it the bag card, yeah! Now I know you ain't over there starin' at my girl  
Yea I know you ain't over there starin' at my girl  
Nigga I know you don't call yourself hollarin' at my girl  
I know you don't call yourself hollarin' at my girl  
I keep hittin' the baton, Louie Vuttion  
Gucci down to her feet, yup just like me.  
I'm the one, with them ones.  
Fuck the price on the tag  
Just throw it in the bag. Un huh un huh un huh  
Just throw it in the bag  
Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag Look at price tags  
Where they do that at  
Heard that in A-T-L  
When I'm in A-T-L  
Just ask my baby girl  
I treat that lady well  
Ain't nothin' so so  
An I know JD Well  
A couple Benz's, black white gray C.L.  
Got niggas lookin' like, did we miss a Mercedes sale?  
Don't wonder what I do, just know they pay me well.  
They keep that Gucci and that Louie on my lady L's  
That's the way we feel  
Must be nice man  
You wit the right man  
You ain't gotta price scan, or ask how much  
Now what I look like  
Son I'm from Brooklyn, what it look like  
You get it, cause I got it  
I got it, so you get it  
In my Miami they say, don't stop get it get it  
Mami do the speedie  
Daddy do the duffel

Bag full of chips  
We ain't talkin' ruffles Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag  
Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag  
Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag  
Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag See I know what I'm a tell her  
The same thing that the bank robber told the teller  
Just throw it in the bag  
That's the way it suppose to be  
A real nigga posed to help you out with the groceries  
Just throw it in the bag  
Paper or plastic, its safer to ask it  
So dent that nigga, I will pay for the casket  
That Remy Mar' got him spittin' plenty bars  
Broke ass nigga couldn't buy the mini bar  
So get with loso  
He ain't got to no so  
Such a gentlemen dozen bottles of that rose mo  
Oh you gotta man, well you need a richa one  
Meet me in the parking lot, the place say get you one  
Meet me at the register  
I'm there on the regular  
Them niggas price checkin'  
You can help them in a second  
As we proceed to give you what you need  
Like we breakin' down the weed  
Shorty just throw it in the bag! Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag  
Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag  
Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag  
Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag Everybody do the throw it in the bag  
Hey throw it in the bag  
Everybody do the throw it in the bag  
Hey throw it in the bag  
Everybody do the throw it in the bag  
Hey throw it in the bag Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag  
Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag

Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag  
Uh huh uh huh uh huh  
Just throw it in the bag

Songwriters

JOHN JACKSON, TERIUS NASH, CHRISTOPHER STEWARTPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Peermusic Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>