

# Young'n

## Fabulous

Brooklyn, uh uh uh uh  
Huh Huh uh huh do it huh Yea  
Uh Uh do it huh huh what y'all want huh

Rollin, gold two seater  
Stash in the dash  
Hole through heaters  
Blocka! Put holes through beaters  
Ghetto Fab stroll through Cheetahs  
Balling, Brooklyn dawn  
Addicted to Crys hooked on Don  
15 G's hookers on  
Ma, I want to see how you look in thongs  
Hustling, guys that send Po's  
Cause I chop rocks the size of mentos  
Blame me, trials acquit those  
Look at the hurt your eyes will squit close  
Pimpin' here's a new way to flirt  
Listen to the two way alert  
It goes (2 way beeps in song's beat)  
Lets go VIP boo raise your skirt

[Chorus 1:]

Holla back Young'n (Ho Ho!)  
Holla back (Ho Ho!)  
Holla back Young'n (Ho Ho!)  
Holla back (Ho Ho!)  
Holla back Young'n (Ho Ho!)  
Holla back (Ho Ho!)  
Holla back Young'n (Ho Ho!)  
Holla back (Ho Ho!)

I'm Gangsta  
Y'all just wannabe's  
Federal Agents on their P's  
30 grand 28 on the keys  
Gotta good lawyer I'm gonna squeeze  
Thuggin' jeans and Tim's  
Fitted to the front lean the brim

Ride but never on teenage rims  
And I keep a chick's face between limbs  
Styling y'all heard about my kick game  
I'm on the parkway see me at the Knick game  
Probably seen this tatted on your chick frame  
F-A-be-O-L-O-you-S  
Riding y'all know as well I do  
That's the way you can tell I flew  
So I got a deal I sell pot too  
Cause before I hit the pens I'm getting bailed by Clue

[Chorus]

Cruising top on the Mercedes low  
Turn us up when you hear this on the radio  
Blasting with the nineteen eighty flow  
Make the necks on the ladies go (wooo wooop)  
Holla that's what a pretty thug will do  
Hit Branson get a fifty jug or two  
Y'all throwin on them gritty mugs for who  
Like y'all don't know what fifty slugs will do  
Hating I just bought the bulls  
I put y'all in the front page articles  
I got em looking at the billboard charts confused  
And I still freestyle to start the Clue's  
Repping I'm that kid about the doe  
I done copped coke and started droughts before  
Shit Platinum out the door  
Now I drop the top down just to shout to hoes

[Chorus]

Holla back back back back...(Hoooo Hoooo! until music fades)

---

Lyrics powered by [lyrics.tancode.com](http://lyrics.tancode.com)  
written by Jackson, John David / Williams, Pharrell L / Hugo, Chad  
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, SONGS MUSIC PUBLISHING

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>