

Throw It In the Bag (feat. The-Dream)

Fabulous

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(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 Vutton
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

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