

FAB. (feat. Remy Ma)

JoJo

Sweetie I don't want your cookies
If you're looking for applause, keep looking
Your recipe's boring,
Meed a little more spice in my cooking
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, no
Where 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 eating 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 yell money with your lame ass friends
Go ahead and jump on the bandwagon
With you fake ass bitches
I 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 in your for a hot minute
Good as a friend in the moment
but you had to go ghost, leave me lonely
Where 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 eating 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 yell money with your lame ass friends
Go ahead and jump on the bandwagon
With you fake ass bitches
You not my BFF, you not my bestie
You a fake ass bitch just like the resty
I was all the way down, you was all the way gone
Now you tryna come back cause I'm all the way gone
I got both middle fingers all the way up
If a fraud broads, id on'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, bitch
How 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 eatifg 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 yell money with your lame ass friends
Go ahead and jump on the bandwagon
With you fake ass bitches
With your bitch ass...
With your bitch ass...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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