

# De La Soul, Baby Phat F/ Devin The Dude

Fat fat, uh  
And along came Pos  
Fat fat

[Posdnuos]

It's a sure bet  
When I stare into your dark browns I get  
Overwhelmed, overjoyed, overstep  
My bounds, on your touchy subject  
Your weight, shape's not what I date  
It's you, my crew don't mind it thick (Uh-uh)  
Every woman ain't a video chick (Nah)  
Or runway model, anorexic  
I love what I can hold and grab on  
So if you burn it off, keep the flab on  
We gonna stay gettin our collab on (Oww)  
Girl we gonna stay gettin our collab on (Ooh, ooh)  
We gonna stay gettin our collab on

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]

Don't stuck on the things they say, now you know it's a nasty world  
Tryna get witcha anyway 'cause I know your a nasty girl  
We's never gon' discriminate so lemme compliment your size  
Oooh-oooh oooh-oooh oooooohhhh..

Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, fat fat [5x]

[Posdnuos]

Claim you outta shape, you not outta place (Uh-uh)  
You keep it natural with no powdered face  
Without exercise you got the eye  
Starin you down, make me wonder why  
You women wanna frown at them stick figures  
On them little ass girls, when a clique of niggaz  
Run up and try to hurl game for real  
Your frame holds appeal in the everyday  
World in conceal is not the way  
To go, I'm tellin you I had to let  
Ya know, ya need to let it all hang

[Dove]

Don't be scared to show a little of that thang-thang  
No matter how you weigh it girl it's feminine  
Got a body everybody wanna know (Yea yea)  
Be the private dancer in my Luke show (C'mon girl)  
Skip the salad girl, bring us both a menu  
Eat the whole box of chocolates I send you (Heh)  
See girl, ya more than just apple in my eye,  
Confess I wanna get up in ya thighs  
Downs, the rest'll tell you all the things..

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]

[Dove]

I love it when y'all broads wear it skintight (Skintight)  
Make the big panties look like little panties (Heh)  
Tryin to lose that bottom girl you been right  
I saw who make ya cookies I should go and thank ya granny (Uh-huh)  
Don't mind you being conscious of ya calories  
If gettin paper stack man you'd get salaries  
You ain't in this alone I got a tummy to  
Just lemme watch the weight, don't let it trouble you (C'mere girl)  
Nine ten specimen up in ya jeans  
You 'bout a size seven and just make it fit  
Slim Fast, lypo, and body creams

I'll put you on the dogs I got a candle lit

[Chorus: Devin the Dude] 2x

Yeah, it's nothin but a little baby, fat fat [5x]