

# Faithless, Fatty Boo

Hey, nicknamed Fatty Boo with a name lisa  
she no have no boyfriend  
she live up the fridge freezer  
triple chin or facial hair,  
she favour geezer  
although she friend recommend certain cream and tease her  
she favourite tippie is bacardi breezer  
claim she 31 but no-one believe her  
love randomer restaurant with she friend anita  
you should meet her, anita, another big eater

slipped disc for the waiter then theres always a feature  
when they run go carrying food for them two creature  
one night she come so much rice she nearly have a seizure  
fall off she chair, licked she hair and catch amnesia  
wake up in a&e and bellows she want pizza (give me food ya)  
doctors quickly sign paper and release her (one time...)  
cough, 'nough police to police her  
fatty boo you better pray no-one sees ya (this time)

be careful of the things that you do  
say now you got plenty but the plenty could be few  
this is my chance to shout it in other avenue  
say dont you be a sinner, dont you keep all for you

i said a long time no you start warm is a ripple  
every lickle dime, every nickle, you are trouble  
watch you're little head fatty boo  
and give the dog a bone that could never be for you

nicknamed fatty boo but we call her mel life  
changed forever when she discovered chanel  
now she, has a mind to buy designer apparel  
she no, favour gazelle, but she bounced like hell  
whenever she spy something to die for on the fashion channel (17...breezer...chhhooomm)  
and one like tinkerbelle  
fatty, big like two church bell in parallel  
cats walk and mel never match up too well  
but fatty was saucy, couldnt be told  
she loved margo with her big nick, drifling the cold  
she even bolder than the skinny girls, shoulderless (they're mine!)  
and admired everywhere from her openness

microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2!

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be careful of the things that you do  
say now you've got plenty but the plenty could be few, be few, be few, be few...etc

yeh, I said a long time no you start warm is a ripple, ripple, ripple, ripple...etc  
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finally fatty boo you stood with me in '73  
saturday night playing the music at my fathers party  
6 records on the changer often with dan sette  
still your gram 6 years old and im the man  
steady with calypso to start then play reggae  
one thousand bolts of holts (huh) for everybody  
in the days when r&b meant  
arthur conrey, otis reading, booker t and the mg's  
every, lickle piece of attention as we tried to squeeze from the father  
his friends and the family  
sometime deliberately tease with the tune that wont please  
and the whole room reaction set my young heart at ease  
i used to be black suits and shirts with skinny ties  
and they was wise and funny and, funny and wise  
staying up late and playing the music with grown ups was my prize  
the lickle fat kid with sparkling eyes.