

Fatlip, What's Up Fatlip

Feeling downtrodden
Fresh kid turned rotten
I can't believe how naïve that I've gotten
Over the years seems like I'm getting dumber
Reminiscing to a time when I was younger with a hunger
Full of dreams, determination, self-esteem
But now it seems they hesitate to be on my team
You know the routine
When you winning they grinning
All up in your face, like they was with you from the beginning
But on the flipside, when you washed up like a riptide
Fools clown 'bout how you slipped and let shit slide
Besides the fact my voice is whack
Clowns is running round talking 'bout I smoke crack
Ain't got no homies that got my back
Yeah I'm a brother, but sometimes I don't feel black
My girl is white, my game ain't tight
Niggaz who ain't seen me in a while be like, "Dude, you aight?"

[Chorus]

Who am I kidding, who am I fooling when they be like
"What's up FatLip?" and I say "Cooling" (x4)

Blowing like a sucker almost everyday
In the back of your mind you probably thinking I was gay
But naw, I'm just a bitch-ass nigga
The type that'd get jacked if I was a rich-ass nigga
See, I've been a loser just about all my life
The type to try to turn a ho to a housewife
What do you expect, I give respect
And feel for hos, niggas keep in check
I'm far from hard, emotionally scarred
On Pico Boulevard I was regarded as a retard
I make myself sick, get on my own nerves
Immature, insecure, grown-up nerd
A half-bit MC on a label that's unstable
Chopping bliggy on the table

[Chorus]

Hey man, yeah man, what's up wid' it
I still got it
Yeah yeah, I been working on my step
Hey check this out
Yo check this out:
"She keeps on"
"She keeps on"
Haaaa, I still got it