

# LL Cool J, Fatty Girl

(feat. Ludacris)

F is for all the Fatties wearin my shit!  
(Do you want me to..) uh, yeah, what?  
(Uhh, Trackmasters, FB, Entertainment)  
Yeah, this how we gon' do this (uhh, uhh, ooh!)

[Ludacris]

Yo, girl you taste like a Cinnabun  
So sweet from the thighs to the cheek  
Sex on the beach, check the size of my meat; call me the butcher  
Ludacris King Ding-a-Ling sheet smusher  
Sweet street pusher, give me that gusher  
Nasty stuff - look up - I took her  
Ran out of liquor (time to re-up!)  
Here comes her nigga (who gives a fuck!)  
Rap fame and plat' thangs they can't hang  
I mack dames and pack thangs and act strange  
Jang-a-ling dang-a-ling oh no they can't stop  
Take it to the floor back up and then drop  
Effervescent.. time time's of the essence  
Make 'em undress in less than three seconds  
So whores keep steppin whores keep slobbin  
Sex as a weapon, clothes that I slept in  
Streets keep mobbin, thieves keep robbin  
Get two in yoor butt, three to your noggin  
Creepin and crawlin, I'm incogneg'  
Can't catch the balls then you in the wrong league  
Let a dog breathe, watch a pimp walk  
Shut yo' ass up when you hear a pimp talk  
Friskier dreams, Krispier Kremes  
You lookin mighty fine in them jeans

[Chorus]

All you brothers want a, fatty girl, fatty girl  
Fatty girl - who me?  
You know I got a, fatty girl, fatty girl  
Fatty girl - what's she mean?  
Ever since I got a, fatty girl, fatty girl  
Fatty girl - fat as a bitch!  
Fatty girl, fatty girl  
Fatty girl..

[LL Cool J - overlaps Chorus]

Uhh.. uhh.. hot.. fire.. hot  
(Step up and represent player) International baller baby

HEESHY! Young birds in the Coupe goin  
HEESHY! (Papi tell me if you don't feel me)  
Easy; I feel greasy when you squeeze me  
(Cut de blood claat talk and do what ya wan' please me)  
I'm talkin down home smothered in gravy, Cool J be  
havin young ladies bustin like 380's  
Lubricated silencers, crushin all challengers  
Gats that be claimin they Glocks but really Dillingers  
Get it? Glock Dillinger, I'm big you small  
More nuts on your face than graffiti on the wall  
Hair like Brillo, cuttin up my pillow  
Got 'em sayin (hello!) naked in a tub of a Jello  
Still no competition, still flow nigga listen  
(I'm not supposed to do this type of thing I'm a Christian)  
Amen! It's like a scene out of Player's magazine  
Let them other cats holla, L'll make you scream

[Chorus]

[Keith Murray - overlaps Chorus]  
Aiyyo welcome home Murray!

Yo, this is in thought of those broads who got the goods  
To the chicks who don't - ehhhh it's still all good  
Some broads got an automatic thickness for eight  
You'll soon get it, just stay workin hard at it  
Goodness gracious, good God almighty  
You got a badoonka donk, girl don't hurt nobody!  
Toes all painted, feet all out  
It's an aphrodisiac for the mall without a doubt  
Juicy chunky stanky funky  
Gut slappin ball slappin cater to your every fantasy  
You got your tongue clitoris tits and belly pierced (all that?)  
Necklace around yo' waist toe rings - girl do yo' thang!  
I mean, in them jeans yo shape is BEAUTIFUL!  
And I'm &quot;For You, By You&quot; like FUBU (bitch you know the name)  
Whoo-wee Jesus JoJo K-Ci and Mary  
Girl you don't know what you do to me (lord have mercy!)  
Ain't no doubt about it, when she walk by  
Tongues hang out, eyes pop out the socket (BING!)  
Cats cringe and point like pssh  
Ummph you can see that thang from the front  
We gas those up like, full service  
And, keep 'em drunk like Kathie Lee Curtis  
And when you shake it, you rock my world  
I done died and went to heaven, you got a fatty girl!

[Chorus] - repeat to the end