

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 "For You, By You" 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