

# Ludacris, Fatty Girl

(feat. LL Cool J, Keith Murray)

Na na na gonna have a good time  
Na na na gonna have a good time  
Hey hey hey

[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 pusher ludacris king ding-a-ling sheet smusher  
Sweet street pusher give me that gusher.. nasty stuff  
Looker I took her..ran out of liquor... (time to re-up)  
Here comes her nigga (who give's 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 times of the essence  
Make em undress in less then 3 seconds  
So whore's keep steppin whore's keep slobbin  
Sex as a weapon clothes that I slept in streets keep mobbin  
Thieves keep robbin get two in yo butt three to yo 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  
Risky and clean crispy of creams  
You lookin mighty fine in them jeans

[Chorus:]

All you brothas want a fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl (who, me?)  
You know I gotta fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl (what do ya mean?)  
It means I gotta fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl (fat as a bitch)  
Fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl

[LL Cool J]

International baller baby...  
Young birds in the coupe goin  
(Papi tell me if you don't feel me)  
Easy.. I feel greasy when you squeeze me  
(Cause de blood claat talk can do if 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 claiming they glocks but really dillingers  
Get it?.. glock dillingers  
I'm big you small.. more nuts on yo 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 .. its like a scene out of player's magazine  
Let them other cats holla.. L will make you scream

[Chorus]

[Keith Murray]

This isn't thought? of those broads who got the goods  
To the chicks who don't and its still all good  
Some broads got an automatic thickness for 8  
You'll soon get it just stay workin hard at it  
Goodness gracious good god almighty  
You got a baduka girl don't hurt nobody

Toes all painted .. feet all out  
Here's an aphrodisiac for the mall without a doubt  
Juicy chunky stanky funky gut slappin ball slappin  
Cater to yo every fantasy  
You got the tongue clitoris tits and belly pierced  
necklace around yo waist toe rings  
Girl do yo thing  
I mean in them jeans yo shape is beautiful  
And everything is clean cut down to the cuticle  
Whoo-wee Jesus JoJo K-Ci and Mary  
Girl you don't know what you do to me  
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]