

Ludacris, Phat Rabbit

I be that nigga named Luda
AKA L-O-V-A L-O-V-A
Fuck that Shit
Nigga what you wanna say
One Time
South Side lets ride
And if you love what you do
Do what you feel
Then I know you gon mark my words
I drop shit like birds
And its about that time for yo ass to get served
Just lay it on down
Just lay it on down
While we relax to the tight raps
And the fat tracks
That the nigga Timbaland put down
Oh yes
Lets get it on down to the nitty grit
Don t have no time for no petty shit
Cause I got more dick than a little bit
And time flies when I m havin fun
I can make a ho get like Forest Gump and just run
Baby run
I guess that they can't handle this
The brother just too scandals
If you don t wanna get freaked
Get up out my way just like in an ambulance
Getty up getty up right on to the real
And death to the fake
And tell your boyfriend just to chill
Don t playa hate
Kick back relax and just take off yo shoes
While I kinda tell you whats I want to do
(Hook)
Let me touch it (Let me touch it)
Let me feel it (Let me feel it)
Let me grab it (Let me grab it)
That fat rabbit (That fat rabbit)

(Verse 2)

Fatter than fat
Fat like a dub sack
Showin em where that loves at
So open up yo eyes and get a surprise like
In Cracker jacks
Pooh Nan Don Happy
Giving up that nappy dugout
Get the cut up then I cut out
Why you standing there wit yo butt out
And its always in the back of my mind
Whatever the place whatever the time
Even in college park after dark
Im a get that sunshine
Closer than close
Closer than most then Im all up in ya
For beginners give me a thigh, breast and leg
Like Mrs. Winner s
And let dinner be served
Can I get it on a platter
Shatter yo blatter
And put so much light in yo life
Ill make the roaches scatter
The wetter the better

Im ready to get ya
Got to have that rabbit like that cheddar
So I could freak you like I just met ya
Hot like a sauna get comfy like in a Cadillac
Nic nack paddy wack
Give a dog a bone jack
Kick back relax and just take off yo shoes
While I kinda tell you what I wants to do
(Hook)

(verse 3)

Your love is supercalafragalistic
You don t know how bad I missed it
If its broke then don t fix it
Yo stuff is butta like a biscut
Reminisce like Mary
I got to pop that cherry
Kind of like that coochie
You wanna be my hoochie
Better than my adversary
Don t be so scarey
I never thought that you could act up
Make a nigga wanna back up
Keep it tight for the night
While I wet this track up
So we can slip and slide
Make you wanna dip and dive
Trippin while we rip and ride
Til I get you to come inside
Got you where I want your ass
In the case of an emergency brake the glass
Keep yo eyes on the present
And erase the past
And be happy if we got more blunts to pass
Get done up and run up
In the guts of ya butt
Don t shake like it used to
I wake em up like a rooster
Take it slow not fast
In a turbo buster
No worry
No hurry
No pain no gain
Better keep yo eyes on strain
Cause ain t a damn thing changed maine
Sit back relax and just take off yo shoes
While I gotta tell you what I wants to do
Yeah
(Hook)