

Timbaland, Fat Rabbit

(Ludichris - Verse One)

I be that nigga named Ludi
a k a L-O-V-A L-O-V-A
Fuck that shit
Nigga what you wan say one time
Southside let's ride (say what)
And if you love what you do, do what you feel
Then I know you gonna mark my words
Yall drop shit like birds
Then it's about the 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 phat tracks
That that nigga Timbaland put down
Oh yes, let's get it on down to the nitty grit
Don't have no time for the patient
Cuz I got more dick than a lil' bit
And time flies, when I'm havin' fun
I can make a hoe get like Forrest Gump and just "run baby run"
I guess that they can't handle this
Tha Brothers just to scandalous
If you don't wanna get freaked
then get out my way like an ambulance (say what)
Gitty up gitty up ride up on the real, let death to the fake
And tell you boyfriend just to chill, don't playa hate
Kick back relax, and just take off yo shoes
Cuz I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)
Yea

(Timbaland (Crowds) - CHORUS)

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 (fat rabbit, fat rabbit, fat rabbit)
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-that rabbit (ohhh, c'mon)
Let me touch it (let me touch it)
Let me feel it (let me feel it)
Let me grab it (let me grab it)
Fat rabbit (fat rabbit, fat rabbit)
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-that fat rabbit (uh oh)

(Ludichris - Verse Two)

Fatter than fat facts like a dove sack
Showin' them where that love's at
So open up your eyes and get a surprise like in CrackerJacks
Punan' Don happy
Givin' up that nappy dug out
Get the cut up, then I cut out
Why you standin there wit yo' butt out (whoa)
And it's always in the back of my mind
Wherever the place, whenever the time
Even in College Park, after dark, I'ma get my sunshine
Closer than close, closer than most, then I'm all up in ya
Beginner, give me a thigh, breast, and wing like Ms. Winner
And let dinner be served
Can I get it on a platter, shatter your bladder
and put so much light'n yo' life I'll make the roaches scatter

The wetta the betta, I'm ready to get ya
Gotta have rabbit like that cheddar
So I can freak ya like I just met ya
Hot like a sauna, get comfy like in a Cadillac
Nick nack paddy wack give a dog a bone Jack
Kick back relax and just take off yo shoes
Cuz I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)
Yea

(Timbaland (Crowds) - CHORUS TWO)

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 (fat rabbit, fat rabbit, fat rabbit)
Let me touch it (let me touch it)
Let me feel it, girl (let me feel it)
Let me grab it, girl (let me grab it)
That-that rabbit, girl (ohhh, c'mon)
Let me touch it, girl (let me touch it)
Let me feel it, girl (let me feel it)
Let me grab it, girl (let me grab it)
Fat rabbit, girl (fat rabbit, fat rabbit)
Let me touch it, girl (let me touch it)
Let me feel it, girl (let me feel it)
Let me grab it, girl (let me grab it)
That-that fat rabbit, girl (uh oh)

(Ludichris)

Yo' love is supa-cala-fragalistic
You don't know how bad I missed it
If it broke then don't fix it
Yo stuff is butta like a biscuit
Reminisce like Mary
I gotta pop that cherry
Kinda like that coochie
You wanna be my hoochie
Better than my advesary
Don't be so scary
I, never thought that you could act up
Make a nigga wanna back up
Keep it tight through 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 ya to cum inside
Got you where I want yo ass
In the case of an emergency, break the glass
Keep yo eyes on the President, erase the past
We be happy if we had more blunts to pass
Get done up and run up
And the guts of yo butt don't shake like it use' ta
I wake 'em up like a rooster
Take it slow, not faster than a turbo rooster
No worry, no hurry
No pain, no gain
Keep yo eyes on strain
Cuz ain't a damn thing changed
Kick back, relax and take off yo shoes
Cuz I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)
Yea

(Repeat CHORUS TWO)

(Crowds)

Let me touch it, let me touch it

Let me feel it, let me feel it
Let me grab it, let me grab it
Fat rabbit, fat rabbit
(repeat x4)

(Timbaland)
Wha, uh huh
Yea
Dirty South, can y'all really feel me
East Coast, feel me
West Coast, feel me
Dirty South, can y'all really feel me
East Coast, feel me
West Coast, feel me
Dirty South, (uh huh) can y'all really feel me
East Coast, feel me
West Coast