

# Fat Pat, Why You Peepin Me

(Spoken)

Say, fool, every time I turn around this girl steady lookin me in my eyes...What's the deal? You think she wanna hit it up?

Why you peepin me  
Everybody knows that I'm a G  
Hey, Hey, she's peepin me, she's peepin me

Last night was a mother, your body was revealin  
Sexual healin was a killin, it's a feelin you feelin  
When I'm chillin on ben lows and sisters and brothers  
I wear hats and pack gats the same color as my L's  
I'm ridin twenties baby, catch the passenger seat  
Mezzantine on my neck, princess cut on my teeth  
Let you lay on satin sheets, lingerie from Chanel  
Mashed potatoes and rump roast with the red post gonna catch hell  
You fail to see, my game tight like a virgin  
Just strut we can fuck up at the park up in my Burban  
Disappear in the Lexus with the eyes that she gave me  
Rendevouz to my boo and pick her up in my Bentley  
Discreet me, they hate me, thay also wanna lay me  
Make my ends and call my friends so they can display me  
So baby, baby, we can floss away and keep creepin  
Back to back she was beepin, steady peepin

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Once again P-A-T, they peepin a G  
Now what it's gonna be, oh you and me  
Take the broads, take charge, cause you know we live large  
If she with the cat, say what, you know we don't bar  
I'm Mr Fat Pat, hold up on all that  
Haters don't know how to act when they gal choose Max  
No slack in my game, have her screamin my name  
We all claim to be down, since a player got bang  
But aint nothing changed, we still brakin them bops  
Beep-beep goes my page when I pass by her house  
Know what I'm talkin bout, ain't no remedy for that  
Lovin this cool cat, leave and don't come back  
As a matter of fact, peep game aint got on no ring  
No commitment, just hit it, go on and let Ke get it  
Pass it on, we gettin gone, turn some more homies on  
Lookin out your window peepin while those twenties lead you home  
You keep peepin

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She's peepin me from the corner of her eyes  
I imagine myself all up between her thighs  
Close your eyes, let me take you there, but you beware  
Aint no limit to this thug love that I display  
On the way to the bathroom down to the kitchen  
Bumpin hard, breathing hard hittin every position  
My intentions, did I mention when I saw you peepin

Ain't seekin no relations, just straight freekin  
One hour of pleasure, we can do whatever  
Nobody does it better, nobody gets it wetter  
Spendin the high cheddar, hold you tight like a sweater  
If you was a letter I'd call you A  
Everything A-O-K when its our way  
Ain't nothing more to say, ta-ta baby  
You done let me parlay, now I'm on my way  
Once again, in the wind, hit me don't hesitate  
Because you peepin

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