

# Timbaland & Magoo, Fat Rabbit

(feat. Ludichris)

[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  
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 in 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 to the coming side  
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 they used to  
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