

Fat Kidz

Twiztid

Yo fritz, put on a mothafucking beat, that we can shake our mothafucking rolls to

Yo, fat kidz are ya with me?

Put your mothafucking hands high in the air, let me see your little chubby digits

It's about to get sweaty in here ya'll, you might want to bring a fan

It ain't easy, being about 250, when you're 15 years old

That's what real life's about Hey yo, fat people are hard to kidnap

So if you're fat and you're all in this bitch, then grab your nutsack

Fat bitches, don't feel left out

Cause you can grab one of them skinny bitches, and knock her ass out

Chubby love, show a ninja some

Cause this fat motherfucker stay ready however they come

A hungry rapper, cannible lyricist

I got host of MC's like you inside my shit

Standing poolside with a t-shirt on

Unless I'm showering or fucking, my clothes stay on

I got double cheeseburgers chasing me in my sleep

And fine hoes checking me out but scared to speak

Off the chain, off the scale, I ain't watching no weight

I'm at the barbecue high ass hell fixing my plate

XX to the X-L, hit me 3 times

Come correct with my burger and fries, the king sized "This song is dedicated to all the fat people world wide,
dead or alive. Biggy Smalls, The One Man Gang, Chubb Rock, Chris

Farley, 8 Ball, John Candy, Big Pun, Bam Bam Bigalow, Fred Bearing, Kevin Smith, E-40, Matt Nips, King
Kong Bundy, Fat Joe,

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Fat Albert, and the Fat Boys, and Grimace. Monoxide use to be fat."

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