Da Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze

Lil' O

You know Lil' O
Hit the brick and turn thirty-six to fifty-four
Get the rental, hit the interstate and get the dough
I keep my game face onH-Town niggas stay paper chase on
All that "what's up kinfolk?" we ain't no relation
I got my dough, you wanna play you get a game station
'Cuz I don't want the block, I want the whole nationI'm greedy, envy, trife and lust creation
I'm the, the fat rat with the cheddar
When I blast my Beretta, slugs smash through your sweater
And if you come, I'm sho' know when I mash it's whateverI spin a nigga hot and turn his ass into leather
Two bricks in the dash, fifty g's in the fender
Throw stash spot from my glock, I call it blender
Do menage a trois with them broads, Kim and Brenda
I'm the cat that separate the ballers from pretendersI'm the, the fat rat with the cheeze
The boy that got the work, from half O's to Ki's
They call me, the fat rat with the cheeze
I bleed niggas' blocks and stab O's and G'sThey call me, the fat rat with the cheeze
The little nigga, that push them big body V's
They call me, the fat rat with the cheeze
There's stealers on my team that smash blows and freezeYou know when fat rat hit the club I always ride through stuntin'
There's somethin' big and wide, and it's glidin' on buttons
'Cuz the wool lookin' phat my insides lika a glutton
And I don't say hi to these hoes that ain't fuckin'And if you wanna check, go ahead and try it ain't nothin'
There's killers on my side, just dyin' to spray sumthin'
Paint somethin' wrap up the tape somethin'
That's what happened to the last niggas came through frontin'Now I'm in the field, arms in the Lexus
In the bitch like they mommas keep they heads put away
Every soldier on my team all about gettin' cake
When they bust out of line, we do em to set em straightNow it's the thug ones, who snatch your loved ones
And call you for the ransom we want it in all ones
[Incomprehensible] debatin', we all duns
Them niggas alright, but me, I'm awesome, I'm theThe fat rat with the cheeze
The boy that got the work, from half O's to Ki's
They call me, the fat rat with the cheeze
I bleed niggas' blocks and stab O's and G'sThey call me, the fat rat with the cheeze
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There's stealers on my team that smash blows and freezeI'm still a vida loca slangin' coke-a

Block leadin', tryna get money like Oprah
In the kitchen cookin' these chickens like okra
I can get it raw, white, yellow, tan or mochaAin't no game is over, it's just a lot of new heads
Now a niggas winnin' wars, giving game to the feds
That's the type that cats that get found with a brain full of lead
In the living room, tied up and gagged, laying in red, laying and dead'Cuz nigga if you mention my name
I will break every bone and every inch of your frame
When I throw you off the roof and have you wrenchin' in pain
There's nuthin' in the world like the stench of remains'Cuz when I throw em I don't play no elementary games
Not when he drunk, ice grill, catching a flame
He could bust, anything, tryna get at my change
I got the streets on lock like penitentiaries, manI'm the, the fat rat with the cheeze
The boy that got the work, from half O's to Ki's
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