

# Fatty Girl

## Keith Murray, LL Cool J & Ludacris

F is for the fattys wearin' my shit  
(Do you want me to?) Girl ya taste like a cinabun, so sweet  
From the thighs to the cheek, sex on the beach  
Check the size of my meat  
Call me da butcha Ludacris king dingaling seat smusha  
Sweet street pusha gimme that gusha  
Nasty stuff look up I took her  
Ran out of liquor time to re-up Her comes her nigga who gives a fuck  
Rap fame and plat thangs they can't hang  
I mack dames and pack thangs  
And act strange Dingalang dangalang oh no, they can't stop  
Take it to tha floor, back up and then drop  
Efferfisent time, time of the essence  
Make em' undress in less than 3 seconds The whores keep steppin', whores keep slobbin'  
Sex as a weapon clothes that I slept in  
Streets keep mobbin' thieves keep robbin'  
Get 2 to ya butt 3 to ya nogin' Creepin' and crawlin' I'm incognege  
Can't catch the balls then ya in the wrong league  
Let a dog breathe and watch a pimp walk  
Shut yo ass up when you hear a pimp talk Friskier dream crispy or cream  
Ya lookin' mighty fine in them jeans All you brothas want a fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl  
(Who me?)  
You know I gotta fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl  
(What she mean?)  
That means I gotta fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl  
(Fat as a bitch)  
Fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl International balla echie young birds in the coupe goin' echie  
(Papi tell me if you don't feel me)  
Easy I feel greasy when you squeeze me  
(Stop the small talk, papi, do what want, please me) I'm talkin' down, how smothered in gravy, Cool J be  
Havin' young ladies bustin' like 380's  
Lubricated silencer crushin' all challengers  
Cats that be claimin' they glocks but really dilengers Get it glock dilengers I'm big you small  
More nuts on ya face than graffiti on the wall  
(Coochi)  
Hair like Brillo, cuttin' up my pillow  
Got em' sayin, "hello" naked in a tub of jello Still no competition, still flow nigga listen  
(I'm not suppose to do this type of thing, I'm a Christian)  
Amen, it's like a scene out of playa's magazine

Let them otha cats holla, L. A. make ya scream  
 (Ooh)All you brothas want a fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl  
 (Who me?)  
 You know I gotta fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl  
 (What she mean?)  
 That means I gotta fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl  
 (Fat as a bitch)  
 Fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girlWelcome home MurrayThis is in thought of those broads who got the goods  
 For the chicks who don't, ehh it's still all good  
 Some broads got a automatic thickness for it  
 You'll soon get it just stay hard workin' at itGoodness gracious good God Almighty  
 You got a badoonkadoon, girl don't hurt nobody  
 Toes all painted feet all out  
 It's a aphrodisiac for the mall without a doubtJuicy, chunky, stanky, funky  
 Guts slappin', balls flappin' hit into your every fantasy  
 You got your tongue, clitoris, tits and belly pierced  
 (All that)  
 Necklace around your waist, toe rings girl do your thangI mean in them jeans your shape is beautiful  
 And I'm for you by you like fubu  
 (Bitch you know the name)  
 Oowwee Jesus, Jo-Jo, K-Ci and Mary  
 Girl you don't know what you do to me  
 (Lord have mercy)Ain't no doubt about it when she walks by tongues hang out  
 Eyes pop out the socket  
 Cats cringe a point like  
 (Few)  
 (Emmm)  
 You can see that thing from the frontWe gas those up like full service and  
 Keep em' drunk like Kathy Lee Curtis  
 And when you shake it you rock my world  
 I done died and went to Heaven, you got a fatty girlAll you brothas want a fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl  
 (Who me?)  
 You know I gotta fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl  
 (What she mean?)  
 That means I gotta fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl  
 (Fat as a bitch)  
 Fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl

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