

Shorty Gotta Fat Ass

Fat Joe

Well, it's Friday night, I'm in a club with a crew just maxing
Cuties and booties and yo, I'm ready for action
'Cause Fat Joe doesn't go to clubs for his health
It's too many skins, so every man for himself
I got me a sex on the beach from the bar
I know this girl was looking at me from afar
Plus she with a crew, they all got it going on
She came over and asked me if my name was John
I said, "Yeah, John Doe, so what's it to you?"
She said, "Sorry yo, I just thought I knew you"
She walked away dissed because I had dropped the bomb
I felt bad so I reached out and snatched her arm
I pulled her back, gave her my apologies
She accepts it, but now she starts to follow me
Watching where I'm going, seeing who I know
Once she saw the Gucci, she said, "Oh, that's Fat Joe"
I could hear the conversation, shorty was digging me
No way she was igging me, ayo she was big on me
Throughout the night she remained in my eyesight
My man black cease was telling me, yo, she,s fly, right?
No that the jam is over there's no need to front
'Cause she's leaving out the club and I'm right behind her
Now we in the deli butt naked catching wreck at last
'Cause shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
She got a big fat
Driving in my five on the live side of town
One of those days I just wanna ride around
With three deep, me diamond D and peep
That's my man that be whipping the white jeeps
So bust it, I hit Fordham road in the town
'Cause I'm rifting in the front fool, Luther Vandross
Never too much and what did I see?
Honeygrip had a little too much for me
Diamond said damn peep said I know her
Yeah right, whatever, I'm still pulling over
Hey Mamita, Spanish I'm assuming

A Spanish caught wreck and that ass was booming
I couldn't see her face 'cause she wouldn't turn around
Peep is out the window staring five-o down
Chill with that, 'cause I wanna stop and chat
Like a diplomat, yo you're fucking up my rep
She wouldn't turn around so I reached for her pelvis
She turned around, ugly hound dog and I felt this
Money grip was ugly, I had to find out at last
But shorty had a fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
She got a big fat
No need to be I'll come all out my face
But the name is Fat Joe and in love I got good taste
Big butts come a dime a dozen in New York
I couldn't help but notice when I watch you walk
You got the booming system and I don't mean sound
I want to smack it up, flip it and rub it down
I know girls try to say I'm living foul
But you know you can't trust a big but and a smile
I'm not concerned with the niggas in your past
But straight up and down, shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
She got a big
Shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
Shorty gotta fat ass
She got a big

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