XXL

Akala

Well, mama was exhausted
After she had me
It took two nurses to hold me
One nurse to slap me
Doctor turned to mama
And shook his head
Wiped the sweat off his brow
And then he said
"This boy is way off the charts
As far as I can tell
Ooh, brrr, mama he's a double XL"

By the second grade
I was five foot two
Fifth grade, I was wearin'
A size-twelve shoe
Eighth grade, I was shoppin'
At The Big And Tall
And the coaches had me playin'
High school football
Uncle Roy said, "Boy you'll make the NFL
Ooh brrr son, you're a double XL

[Chorus:]
Double XL, double XL
Don't call me on the phone
Just ring my dinner bell
Double XL, double XL
I'm a lean, mean love machine
That likes to be held
Ooh brrr baby, I'm a double XL

Here we go
County cuties in Texas
String bikinis in Florida
Barbie dolls drivin Lexus' out in California
A skinny, little pretty boy
Ain't what they wanna hold
They want a real man

With meat on his bones
I'll yank their Yankees
Ring their southern bells
They say, "Ooh brrr
We love a double XL"

[Chorus x2]

Well if you have any doubts
Come see for yourself
Why all the girls love a double XL
Ooh brrr, yeah I'm a double XL
Yeah, oh whoa

Triple XL too

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Anderson, Keith / Dipiero, Bob
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/