

Ms. Fat Booty (Louis Futon Remix)

Mos Def

In she came with the same type game
The type of girl giving out the fake cell phone and name
Big fame, she like cats with big thangs
Jewels chip, money clip, phone flip, the six range
I seen her on the Ave, spotted her more than once
Ass so fat that you could see it from the front
She spot me like paparazzi
Shot me a glance in that catwoman stance with the fat booty pants
Hot damn
What's your name love, where you came from
Neck and wrist laced up, very little make-up
The slims at the Reebok gym tone your frame up
Is sugar and spice the only thing that you made of
I tried to play it low key but couldn't keep it down
Asked her to dance she was like, yo I'm leaving now
An hour later, sounds from Jamaica
She sipping Cris straight up, skanking, winding her waist up
Scene two: my fam throwing the jam
Fareed is on the stand big things is in the plans
The brother Big Moon make space for me to move in
Hey, this my man Mos, baby let me introduce
I turn around, say word
It was the same pretty bird who I had priorly observed
Trying to play me for the herb
Shocked as hell she couldn't get it together
I just played along and pretended I never met her
How you feeling
Oh, I'm fine
My name is Mos
I'm Sharice
I heard so much good about you it's nice to finally meet
We moved to the booth reserved for crew especially
And honey-love ended up sitting directly next to me
I'm type polite but now I'm looking at her skeptically
Cause baby girl got all the right weaponry
Designer fabric, shoes, and accessories
Chinky eyes, sweet voice is fucking with me mentally
We conversated, made a laugh, yeah you know me bro
Even though I know the steelo, she wild sweet, yo

I'm about to murk, I say peace to the family
She hop up like, how you gon' leave before you dance with meYo, let me apologize for the other night, I know
it wasn't right
But baby you know what its like, some brothers don't be coming right
I understand, I'm feeling you, besides
Can I have a dance ain't really that original
We laughed about it, traced her arms across my shoulder blades
They playing Lovers Rock, I got the folded fingers on her waist
Heating my blood up like the Arizona summer
Song finished then she whispered honey, let's exchange numbers
Scene three: weeks of dating late night conversation
In the crib heart racing, trying to be cool and patient
She touched on my eyelids, the room fell silent
She walked away smiling, singing Gregory Issac
Like, if I don't, if I don't
Showing me that tan line and that tattoo
Playing Sade, Sweetest Taboo
Burning candles, all my other plans got cancelled
Man I smashed it like an Idaho potato
She call me at my J.O., come now, I can't say no
Ginseng tree trunks, rocking the P-funk
Cocking her knees up, champion lover not ease up
Three months, she call I feel I'm running a fever
Six months, I'm telling her I desperately need her
Nine months, flu-like symptoms when shorty not around
I need more than to knock it down I'm really trying to lock it down
Midnight we hook up and go at it
Burn a stoge and let her know, sweetheart I got to have it
She telling me commitment is something she can't manage
Wake up the next morning, she gone like it was magic
Ah damn it, my shit is on Harrison Ford frantic
My 911's unanswered by my fly Taurus enchantress
Next week, Moon hit me up, I saw Sharice at the kitty club
With some banging ass Asian playing lay it down and lick me up
What

Songwriters

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