

Hey Phatty

Jamie Madrox

Hey phatty phat phat (manners are the happy ways of doing things)

Phatty phat phat

What you got for us (and Emerson was right.)

Hey phatty phat phat (be natural. Be yourself, but be yourself as others see you)

Phatty phat phat

What you got for us I'm sick eating Jello mix straight up out the packet

While wearin a brown leather Indiana Jones jacket

I'm not the run of the mill or flash of the pan

Keyed up like Jim Hellwig with tight wrist bands

I'm like a mix of Zartan, Batman and Hobgoblin

The Multiple Man metamorphosizin and transformin

Abuse a mic like a junkie would do a drug

As I smack my head against the wall and catch me a buzz

No sound, sounds like this does here

And if you're quiet you can hear the music crawlin in my ears

I'll split your melon with a mallet like I'm Gallagher's brother

And if it wasn't for talent we'd be some broke mother fuckers

I'm a cannibal I'm salted and twisted while eatin pretzels

Screaming eat beef stabbin you with dinner utensils

I'm under pressure like a paper weight

Sick minds are curved so we have a hard time getting things straight[x2:]

Hey phatty phat phat (oh)

Phatty phat phat (what)

What you got for us (I'm phat they call me phatso)

Hey phatty phat phat (oh)

Phatty phat phat (what?)

What you got for us (straight up asshole) Yo I'm a giant like a Sentinel and my subliminal visuals

In the shape of an individual pissed off

And lookin to lift off the rocket launch and blast off

Into outer space where the stars be at

I'm phat they call me phatso straight up asshole

Save my Big Mac boxes and build my mac ass a castle

A sick son of a bitch and dirty bastard

My product is toxic so they labelled it biohazard

Hasn't it been a while since you wanted to crank the dial to ten plus

And bust the speakers and rip the cones

Blown like the minds of those

Who been exposed to the frigid and frosty flows

Fillin a hole in the soul feelin out of control

Enough to wanna wrap your ride around a phone pole
I'm loco and grande like a luchador
Pullin aerial maneuvers at three hundred pounds or more[x2:]
Hey phatty phat phat (oh)
Phatty phat phat (what)
What you got for us (I'm phat they call me phatso)
Hey phatty phat phat (oh)
Phatty phat phat (what?)
What you got for us (straight up ass hole)[x3:]
What you got for us[x4:]
Hey phatty phat phat (oh)
Phatty phat phat (what)
What you got for us (I'm phat they call me phatso)
Hey phatty phat phat (oh)
Phatty phat phat (what?)
What you got for us (Straight up ass hole)[x5:]
What you got for us
What you got for us
What you got for us
What you got for us

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>