

Veruca Salt

"Fat Cats, Bigga Fish"

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Well now haha what have we here?

chorus

c-c-c-come with it

get down get down get down 2ce

repeat

It's almost ten o'clock see i got a ball of lifted property
so i slid my beanie hat on sloppily
and promenade out to take up a collection
i got game like i read the directions
i 'm wishing that i had an automobile
as i feel the cold wind rush past
but let me state that i am a hustler for real
so you know i got the stolen bus pass
just as the bus pulls up and i step to the rear
this ole lady look like she drank a forty of fear
i see my ole school partner said his brother got popped
pay my respects
can you ring the bell we came to my stop
the street light reflects off the piss on the ground
which reflects off the hamburger sign as it turns round
which reflects off the chrome of the bmw
which reflects off the fact that i am broke
now what the fuck is new
i need loot i sweat the motherfucka
in the tweed suit
and i'm on his ass quicker than a kick from a grease
boot
eased up slow and discreet
could tell he was suspicious by the way he slid his feet
didn't wanna fuck up the come on
so i smiled with my eyes said hey how it's hanging guy
bumped into his shoulders but he passed with no
reaction
damn this motherfucka had a hella of andrew jacksons
i'm a thief or pickpocket give a fuck what you call it
used to call em fat cats.
i just call them wallets getting federal aint just a klepto
master card or visa i'd gladly accept those
sneaky motherfucka with a scam know how to pull it

got a mirror in my pocket but that wont stop no bullets
story just begun but you already know
aint no need to get down shit i'm already low

chorus

My footsteps echo in the darkness
my teeth clenched tight like a fist in the cold sharp mist
i look down and i hear my somach growling
step to burger king to attack it like a shaolin
i never pay for shit that i can get by doing dirt
link up to the girl cashier and start to flirt
all up in her face and her breath was like murder
damn the shit i do for a free hamburger
(girl)"well you got my number you gonna call me
tonite"
it depends is them burgers attached to a price
"sorry sorry"
im just kidding i'ma call you write you love letters
"it's all good"
thanks for the burgers emm hook me up with a dr
pepper.
(girl)thats cool you want some ice
yeah and some fries will be hella nice
(girl) damn my managers coming play it off okay have
a nice day
im up outta here anyway
i use peoples before they use me
cos you could get got by an uzi over an oz
thats what an og told me
gots to find someplace warm and cozy to eat the vittles
that i just got
came to an underground parking lot
this place is good as any fuck its all good
walked in found a car hopped itself up on a hood
ate my burger threw back my cola
somebody said hey it was a rented pig i thought it was
a roller
"want me to call the cops?"
i dont want them to see me
looked down and saw that i was sitting on a
lamboughini
it was rollses ferraris and jags by the dozen
a building door opened
damn it was my cousin
getting offa work dressed up no lie
tux cummerband and a blackbow tie
i was like hey
"who is it"
me
"oh whats up man i just quit this company

they hella racist and the pay was too low "
i said arite what was up in there though
"a party with rich motherfuckas i dont know the
situation
i know they got cabbage owning corporations
ibm chryslers and shit is what they seeing"
just then a light bulb went off in my head
they be thinking all black folks is resembling
gimme your tux and i'll do some pocket swindling
fit the change in the bathroom and i freeze off my nuts
lets take a short break
while i get into this tux
grunt zipp
alright i'm ready

chorus

Fresh dressed like a million bucks
i be the flyiest muthafucka in an afro and a tux
my arm is at a right angle up silver tray in my hand
may i interest you in some caviar mam
my eyes shoots round the room there and here
noticing the diamonds in the chandelier
background barry manilow copacobana
and a strong ass scent of stoagies from havana
what no place where a brother might be
snobby ole ladies drinking champagne with rich white
men
allrite then lets begin this
nights like this is good for business
five minutes in the mix noticed several diffrent cliques
talking giggling and shit
well one mother fucka gave me twits
and everbody else jacking it throttling
found out later you know coca cola bottling
talking to a black man who he's confused
we looking hella bourgie
ass all tight and seditty
recognized him as the mayor of my city
who treats young black man like frank nitty
mr coke said to mr mayor "you know we got a process
like ice t's hair
we put up the fund for your election campaign
and oh um waiter can you bring the champagne"
a real estate fronts as opportunities arousing
to make some condos out of low income housing
immediatly we need some media heat
to say that gangs run the street and then we bring in
the police fleet
harrasing me everbody till they look inebriated
when we bought the land motherfuckas will appreciate

it
dont worry about the urban league or jesse jackson
my man that owns marlboros
donated a fat sum
thats when i step back some to contemplate what few
know
sat down wrestle with my thoughts like a sumo
aint no one player that could beat this lunacy
aint no hustler on the street could do a whole
community
this is how deep shit can get
it reads macaroni on my birth certificate
poontang is my middle name but i cant hang
i'm getting hustled
only knowing half the game
shit how the fuck do i get out of this place.

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