

Timbaland f Ludichris

"Fat Rabbit"

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Ludichris - Verse One]

I be that nigga named Ludi

a k a L-O-V-A L-O-V-A

Fuck that shit

Nigga what you wan say one time

Southside let's ride (say what)

And if you love what you do, do what you feel

Then I know you gonna mark my words

Yall drop shit like birds

Then it's about the time for yo ass to get served

Just lay it on down

Just lay it on down

While we relax to the tight raps

And the phat tracks

That that nigga Timbaland put down

Oh yes, let's get it on down to the nitty grit

Don't have no time for the patient

Cuz I got more dick than a lil' bit

And time flies, when I'm havin' fun

I can make a hoe get like Forrest Gump and just "run
baby run"

I guess that they can't handle this

Brothers just to scandalous

If you don't wanna get freaked

then get out my way like an ambulance (say what)

Gitty up gitty up ride up on the real, let death to the
fake

And tell you boyfriend just to chill, don't play a hate

Kick back relax, and just take off yo shoes

Cuz I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)

Yea

[Timbaland (Crowds) - CHORUS]

Let me touch it (let me touch it)

Let me feel it (let me feel it)

Let me grab it (let me grab it)

That fat rabbit (fat rabbit, fat rabbit, fat rabbit)

Let me touch it (let me touch it)

Let me feel it (let me feel it)

Let me grab it (let me grab it)

That-that rabbit (ohhh, c'mon)

Let me touch it (let me touch it)

Let me feel it (let me feel it)

Let me grab it (let me grab it)

Fat rabbit (fat rabbit, fat rabbit)

Let me touch it (let me touch it)

Let me feel it (let me feel it)

Let me grab it (let me grab it)

That-that fat rabbit (uh oh)

[Ludichris - Verse Two]

Fatter than fat facts like a dove sack

Showin' them where that love's at

So open up your eyes and get a surprise like in
CrackerJacks

Punada happy

Givin' up that nappy dug out

Get the cut up, then I cut out

Why you standin' ther wit' yo Bud out (wha)

And it's always in the back of my mind

Wherever the place, whenever the time

Even in College Park, after dark, I'ma get my sunshine

Closer than close, closer than most, then I'm all up in
ya

Beginner, give me a thigh, breast, and wing like Ms.
Winner

And let dinner be served

Can I get it on a platter, shatter your bladder

And put so much lighter in yo life, make the roaches
scatter

So what does it matter, I'm ready to get ya

Gotta have rabbit like that cheddar

So I can freak ya like I just met ya

Hot like a sauna, get comfy like in a Cadillac

Nick nack paddy wack, give a dong a bone, wack

Kick back relax and just take off yo shoes

Cuz I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)

Yea

[Timbaland (Crowds) - CHORUS TWO]

Let me touch it (let me touch it)

Let me feel it (let me feel it)

Let me grab it (let me grab it)

That fat rabbit (fat rabbit, fat rabbit, fat rabbit)

Let me touch it (let me touch it)

Let me feel it, girl (let me feel it)

Let me grab it, girl (let me grab it)

That-that rabbit, girl (ohhh, c'mon)

Let me touch it, girl (let me touch it)

Let me feel it, girl (let me feel it)

Let me grab it, girl (let me grab it)

Fat rabbit, girl (fat rabbit, fat rabbit)

Let me touch it, girl (let me touch it)

Let me feel it, girl (let me feel it)

Let me grab it, girl (let me grab it)

That-that fat rabbit, girl (uh oh)

[Ludichris]

Yo love is supa, kinda fragilistic

You don't know how bad I fist it

Broke and don't fix it

Yo stuff is butta like a biscuit

Reminisce like Mary

I gotta pop that cherry

Kinda like that coochie
You wanna be my hoochie
Better than my advesary
Don't be so scary
Never thought that you could act up
Make a nigga wanna back up
Keep it tight through the night while I wet this track up
So we can slip and slide
Make you wanna dip and dive
Trippin' while we rip and ride
Til I get to the coming side
Got you where I want yo ass
In the case of an emergency, break the glass
Keep yo eyes on the President, erase the past
We be happy if we had more blunts to pass
Get done up and run up
And the guts of yo butt don't shake like they used to
I wake 'em up like a rooster
Take it slow, not faster than a turbo rooster
No worry, no hurry
No pain, no gain
Keep yo eyes on strain
Cuz ain't a damn thing changed
Kick back, relax and take off yo shoes
Cuz I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)
Yea

[Repeat CHORUS TWO]

[Crowds]

Let me touch it, let me touch it

Let me feel it, let me feel it

Let me grab it, let me grab it

Fat rabbit, fat rabbit

(repeat x4)

[Timbaland]

Wha, uh huh

Yea

Dirty South, can yall really feel me

East Coast, feel me

West Coast, feel me

Dirty South, can yall really feel me

East Coast, feel me

West Coast, feel me

Dirty South, (uh huh) can yall really feel me

East Coast, feel me

West Coast

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