

## Eric Clapton

### "Phat Rabbit"

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\* originally appeared on Timbaland's "Life From Da Bassment"

[Ludacris - Verse One]

I be that nigga named Luda  
A.K.A. L-O-V-A, L-O-V-A  
Fuck that shit, nigga what you wanna 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  
I drop shit like birds  
And 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 fat tracks  
that a nigga Timbaland put down  
Oh yes, let's get it on down to the nitty grit  
Don't have time for the petty shit  
Cause I got mo' diiick, 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  
The brother's just too scandalous  
If you don't wanna get freaked,  
get up out my way just like in an ambulance (say what)  
Gitty up gitty up ride on to the real, lay in death to the  
fake  
And tell your boyfriend just to chill, don't player hate!  
Kick back relax and just take off yo' shoes  
While I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)  
Yeah

[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)

[Ludacris - Verse Two]

Fatter than fat, fat like a dub sack  
Showin them where that love's at  
So open up yo' eyes, and get a surprise like in Cracker  
Jacks  
Punan' Don happy, givin up that nappy dug out  
Get the cut up, then I cut out  
Why you standin there wit yo' butt out (whoo)  
And it's always in the back of my mind  
Whatever the place, whatever the time  
Even in College Park after dark I'ma get that sunshine  
Closer than close, closer than most, then I'm all up in  
ya  
But beginners give me a thigh, breast, and leg like Mrs.  
Winter  
And let dinner be served  
Can I get it on a platter, shatter your bladder  
and put so much light in yo' life I'll make the roaches  
scatter  
The wetta the betta, I'm ready to get ya  
Gotta have that rabbit like that cheddar  
So I can freak you like I just met ya  
Hot like a sauna get comfy like in a Cadillac  
Nick nack paddy wack, give a dog a bone Jack  
Kick back relax and just take off yo' shoes  
While I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)  
Yeah

[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)

[Ludacris - Verse Three]

Yo' love is supa-cala-fragalistic  
You don't know how bad I missed it  
If it broke then 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 adversary  
Don't be so scary  
I, 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 you to cum inside  
Got you where I want yo' ass  
In the case of an emergency, break the glass  
Keep yo eyes on the present and erase the past  
And be happy if we got mo' blunts to pass  
Get done up and run up  
in the guts 'til yo' butt don't shake like it used to  
I wake 'em up like a rooster  
Take it slow, not faster than a turbo booster  
No worry, no hurry - no pain, no gain  
Better keep yo' eyes on strain  
Cause ain't a damn thing changed, mayn  
Sit back, relax and just take off yo shoes  
While I gotta tell you what I wants to do (uh oh)  
Yeah

[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 y'all really feel me  
East Coast, feel me  
West Coast, feel me  
Dirty South, can y'all really feel me  
East Coast, feel me  
West Coast, feel me

Dirty South, (uh huh) can y'all really feel me  
East Coast, feel me  
West Coast

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