

Grand Puba "Fat Rat"

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Chorus: repeat 2X

"Over like a fat, RAAAT"
"You can't deny it""so never stop"
"Rising to the top!"

Verse One:

Here I go with the new style, such a versatile child
Hons crack a smile as the dancers hit the tile
General like Custer, spread skins like mustard
Brothers try to copy but they shit sound busted
or should I say chopped, brothers need to stop
Once Puba shits, you know the joint is grit
More followers than Jehovah, call me Casanova
Used to drive a Nova, but now I push a Rover
Pumpin nuff hits, scoopin mad chicks
A golden brown complexion and you won't find a zit
I take a sip of my brew, before the night is through
Honies askin Pu', "Can you woo woo woo?"
Yes I got the skills that'll always pay the bills
"My, my, my," like Johnny Gill
Quick to knock the block baby all around the clock
Ticky-ticky-tock, ticky-ticky-tock

So don't try to play the Puba (cause ain't nothin
happenin)
Don't even waste your time (cause ain't nothin
happenin)
Step left with that garbage (cause ain't nothin
happenin)
You know why black? (Why is that?) Bust it, cause I get

Chorus

Verse Two:

Follow me now see
Ooh la la la, me say take to dis guy on de natural high
Ooh la la la, me say come follow me, come come now
Ooh la la la, me say take it to dis guy on de natural high
Ooh la la la, me say come follow me, bust it

I caught wreck in a sec with a girl that I met
at this discotheque, now let me recollect
Mmm, the night was lovely, oh so lovely
She still thinks of me
Now I keep my hair peasy, mo' fine and greasy
Never hit the skins if the skins look sleazy

Sweetheart, here goes a hint, you better take a mint
cause I can smell the scent
Now if I smoked a bag of sess, I still wouldn't mess
with a girl in a tight dress, cause a tight dress
just won't impress, but you can try your best
and it still won't matter
Game for a quickie, I can make a sticky
Hold on the hickie, cause next week it's Vicky
Rhyme style fat, the God'll break a back
of a new jack, or old jack, who wants to sweat the sac
Time for the papes so you better drink some coffee
Hon thinks she knows me, but bitch back up off me
Puba, you know my word is bond, peace to the Gods
and I got to move on, cause you know I get

Chorus

Verse Three:

Bust it I'ma drop one more before I travel like sound
Brothers say Puba, I'm happy that you makin it
Then turn around and tell a female some other shit
Sincere, you bear my witness (True indeed)
A nobody in somebody's business
Mind your own neck, and go collect your Mickey D's
check
But when you see me give me nuff respect
Sincere Allah how do you think I should take it?
(Let's slide them niggaz down Lincoln butt naked) Bust
it!
I'm not the Captain or the Skipper, got it good behind
the zipper
Now if honey wants to flip you know the God'll have to
flip her
I won't smack it but I'll flip it and I'll rub it down
Catch a movie and a dinner and then I'm back uptown
I rock beats on the daily really when I'm in the mood
Attitude never screwed, I only eat the righteous food so
cut on the amp and I can show you who's the champ
The man who leaves with all the scamps cause I gets
over

Chorus to fade

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