

## 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 papas 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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