

Keith Murray "Fatty Girl"

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F is for the fattys wearin' my shit
[Incomprehensible]

Girl, ya taste like a cinabun, so sweet
From the thighs to the cheek, sex on the beach
Check the size of my meat, call me Da Butcha
Ludacris, king dingaling, seat smusha

Sweet street pusha, gimme that gusha
Nasty stuff, look up, I took her
Ran out of liquor, time to re-up
Here comes her nigga, who gives a fuck

Rap fame an' plat thangs, they can't hang
I mack dames an' pack thangs an' act strange
Dingalang, dangalang, oh, no, they can't stop
Take it to tha floor, back up an' then drop

Effervescent time, time of the essence
Make em' undress in less than 3 seconds
The whores keep steppin', whores keep slobbin'
Sex as a weapon, clothes that I slept in

Streets keep mobbin', theives keep robbin'
Get 2 to ya butt, 3 to ya nogin
Creepin' an' crawlin', I'm incognege
Can't catch the balls? Then ya in the wrong league

Let a dog breathe an' watch a pimp walk
Shut yo ass up when you hear a pimp talk
Friskier dream, crispy or cream
Ya lookin' mighty fine in them jeans

All you brothas want a fatty girl
Fatty girl, fatty girl, who me?
You know, I gotta fatty girl
Fatty girl, fatty girl, what she mean?

An' that means I gotta fatty girl
Fatty girl, fatty girl, fat as a bitch
Fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl

International balla, baby, young birds in the coupe
goin'
Papi, tell me if you don't feel me
Easy, I feel greasy when you squeeze me
Stop the small talk, papi, and do what you want, please
me

I'm talkin' down how smothered in gravy, Cool J be
Havin' young ladies bustin' like 380s
Lubricated silencer, crushin' all challengers
Cats that be claimin' they glocks but really dillingers

Get it glock, dillingers, I'm big, you small
More nuts on ya face than graffiti on the wall
Coochie hair like brillo, cuttin' up my pillow
Got em' sayin', "Hello", naked in a tub of jello

Still no competition, still flow, nigga, listen
I'm not suppose to do this type of thing, I'm a Christian
Amen, it's like a scene out of playa's magazine
Let them otha cats holla, L a make ya scream

All you brothas want a fatty girl
Fatty girl, fatty girl, who me?
You know, I gotta fatty girl
Fatty girl, fatty girl, what she mean?

An' that means I gotta fatty girl
Fatty girl, fatty girl, fat as a bitch
Fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl

This is in thought of those broads who got the goods
For the chicks who don't, it's still all good
Some broads got a automatic thickness for it
You'll soon get it, just stay workin' hard at it

Goodness gracious, good God Almighty
You got a badoonkadoon, girl, don't hurt nobody
Toes all painted, feet all out
It's a aphrodisiac for the mall without a doubt

Juicy, chunky, stanky, funky
Guts slappin', balls flappin' hit into your every fantasy
You got your tongue, clitoris, tits an' belly pierced
Necklace around your waist, toe rings, girl, do your
thang

I mean in them jeans, your shape is beautiful
An' I'm for you, by you, like Fubu
Jesus, Jo-Jo, K-Ci an' Mary
Girl, you don't know what you do to me

Ain't no doubt about it when she walks by
Tongues hang out, eyes pop out the socket
Cats cringe a point like, "Feew"
You can see that thing from the front

We gas those up like full service
An' keep em' drunk like Kathy Lee Curtis
An' when you shake it, you rock my world
I done died an' went to Heaven, you got a fatty girl

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