

Ludacris

"Fatty Girl(feat. LL Cool J, Keith Murray)"

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Na na na gonna have a good time
Na na na gonna have a good time
Hey hey hey

[Ludacris]

Yo, girl you taste like a cinnabun
So sweet from the thighs to the cheek
Sex on the beach check the size of my meat
Call me the pusher ludacris king ding-a-ling sheet
smusher
Sweet street pusher give me that gusher.. nasty stuff
Looker I took her..ran out of liquor... (time to re-up)
Here comes her nigga (who give's a fuck)
Rap fame and plat thangs they can't hang
I mack dames and pack thangs and act strange
Jang-a-ling dang-a-ling oh no they can't stop
Take it to the floor back up and then drop
Effervescent.. time times of the essence
Make em undress in less then 3 seconds
So whore's keep steppin whore's keep slobbin
Sex as a weapon clothes that I slept in streets keep
mobbin
Thieves keep robbin get two in yo butt three to yo
noggin
Creepin and crawlin I'm incogneg
can't catch the balls then you in the wrong league
Let a dog breathe watch a pimp walk
Shut yo ass up when you hear a pimp talk
Risky and clean crispy of creams
You lookin mighty fine in them jeans

[Chorus]

In them jeans you got a
Fatty girl (whoo)(uh) fatty girl(ahh) fatty girl(uh) [repeat
1x]
Fat as a midge
In them jeans you got a
Fatty girl(uh) fatty girl(ah) fatty girl(uh) [repeat 1x]

[LL Cool J]

International baller baby...

Young birds in the coupe goin
(Papi tell me if you don't feel me)
Easy.. I feel greasy when you squeeze me
(Cause de blood claat talk can do if ya wan please me)
I'm talkin down home smothered in gravy cool J be
Havin young ladies bustin like 380's
Lubricated silencers crushin all challengers
Gats that be claiming they glocks but really dillingers
Get it?.. glock dillingers
I'm big you small.. more nuts on yo face than graffiti on
the wall
Hair like brillo .. cuttin up my pillow got em sayin (hello)
Naked in a tub of a jello.. still no competition
Still flow nigga listen
(I'm not supposed to do this type of thing I'm a
christian)
Amen .. its like a scene out of player's magazine
Let them other cats holla.. L will make you scream

[Chorus]

[Keith Murray]

This isn't thought? of those broads who got the goods
To the chicks who don't and its still all good
Some broads got an automatic thickness for 8
You'll soon get it just stay workin hard at it
Goodness gracious good god almighty
You got a baduka girl don't hurt nobody
Toes all painted .. feet all out
Here's an aphrodisiac for the mall without a doubt
Juicy chunky stanky funky gut slappin ball slappin
Cater to yo every fantasy
You got the tongue clitoris tits and belly pierced
necklace around yo waist toe rings
Girl do yo thing
I mean in them jeans yo shape is beautiful
And everything is clean cut down to the cuticle
Whoo-wee Jesus JoJo K-Ci and Mary
Girl you don't know what you do to me
Ain't no doubt about it..
When she walk by tongues hang out eyes pop out the
socket
(BING!) cats cringe and point like pssh ummph
You can see that thang from the front
We gas those up like full service
and keep 'em drunk like Kathie Lee Curtis
And when you shake it.. you rock my world
I done died and went to heaven.. you got a fatty girl

[Chorus - repeat to the end] [Thanks to
subrulh@yahoo.com for correcting these lyrics]

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