

Ludacris "Fatty Girl"

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F is for the fattys wearin' my shit
(Do you want me to?)

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

Her comes her nigga who gives a fuck
Rap fame and plat thangs they can't hang
I mack dames and pack thangs
And act strange

Dingalang dangalang oh no, they can't stop
Take it to tha floor, back up and then drop
Efferfesent 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' thieves keep robbin'
Get 2 to ya butt 3 to ya nogin'

Creepin' and crawlin' I'm incognege
Can't catch the balls then ya in the wrong league
Let a dog breathe and 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?)
That means I gotta fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl
(Fat as a bitch)

Fatty girl, fatty girl, fatty girl

International balla echie young birds in the coupe goin'
echie

(Papi tell me if you don't feel me)

Easy I feel greasy when you squeeze me

(Stop the small talk, papi, do what want, please me)

I'm talkin' down, how smothered in gravy, Cool J be

Havin' young ladies bustin' like 380's

Lubricated silencer crushin' all challengers

Cats that be claimin' they glocks but really dilengers

Get it glock dilengers I'm big you small

More nuts on ya face than graffiti on the wall

(Coochi)

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

(Ooh)

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(Who me?)

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(Fat as a bitch)

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Welcome home Murray

This is in thought of those broads who got the goods

For the chicks who don't, ehh it's still all good

Some broads got a automatic thickness for it

You'll soon get it just stay hard workin' 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 and belly pierced

(All that)

Necklace around your waist, toe rings girl do your

thang

I mean in them jeans your shape is beautiful
And I'm for you by you like fubu
(Bitch you know the name)
Oowwee Jesus, Jo-Jo, K-Ci and Mary
Girl you don't know what you do to me
(Lord have mercy)

Ain't no doubt about it when she walks by tongues hang
out
Eyes pop out the socket
Cats cringe a point like
(Few)
(Emmm)
You can see that thing from the front

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

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