

Travis

"Shorty Gotta Fat Ass"

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Well it's Friday night, I'm in a club with a crew just maxing
Cuties and booties and yo I'm ready for action
Cause Fat Joe doesn't go to clubs for his health
It's too many skins, so every man for himself
I got me a Sex on the Beach from the bar
I know this girl was looking at me from afar
Plus she with a crew, they all got it going on
She came over and asked me if my name was John
I said, "Yeah, John Doe, so what's it to you?"
She said "Sorry yo, I just thought I knew you"
She walked away dissed because I had dropped the bomb
I felt bad so I reached out and snatched her arm
I pulled her back, gave her my apologies
She accepts it, but now she starts to follow me
Watching where I'm going, seeing who I know
Once she saw the Gucci, she said "Oh, that's Fat Joe"
I could hear the conversation, Shorty was digging me
No way she was igging me, ayo she was big on me
Throughout the night she remained in my eyesight
My man Black Caese was telling me "Yo she's fly, right?"
No that the jam is over there's no need to front
Cause she's leaving out the club and I'm right behind her
Now we in the deli butt naked catching wreck at last
Cause shorty gotta fat ass

Shorty gotta fat ass (Repeat 3x)
She got a big fat...

Driving in my Five on the live side of town
One of those days I just wanna ride around
With three deep, me Diamond D, and Peep
(Who's Peep?) That's my man that be whipping the white jeeps
So bust it, I hit Fordham road in the town
Cause I'm riffing in the front fool, Luther Vandross
Never too much, and what did I see?
Honeygrip had a little too much for me

Diamond said "Damn!" Peep said "I know her!"
Yeah right, whatever, I'm still pulling over
Hey mamita, Spanish I'm assuming
A Spanish caught wreck and that ass was booming
I couldn't see her face cause she wouldn't turn around
Peep is out the window staring Five-O down (Bo bo bo!)
Chill with that, cause I wanna stop and chat
Like a diplomat, yo you're fucking up my rep
She wouldn't turn around so I reached for her pelvis
She turned around, ugly hound dog, and I felt this
(God damn!)
Money grip was ugly, I had to find out at last
But shorty had a fat ass

Shorty gotta fat ass (Repeat 3x)
She got a big fat...

No need to be ill come all out my face
But the name is Fat Joe and in love I got good taste
Big butts come a dime a dozen in New York
I couldn't help but notice when I watch you walk
You got the booming system and I don't mean sound
I want to smack it up, flip it, and rub it down
I know girls try to say I'm living foul
But you know you can't trust a big but and a smile
I'm not concerned with the niggas in your past
But straight up and down, shorty gotta fat ass

Shorty gotta fat ass (Repeat 3x)
She got a biiiiiig...

Shorty gotta fat ass (Repeat 3x)
She got a biiiig, ha ha

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