

Fat Pat

"Why You Peepin Me"

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(Spoken)

Say, fool, every time I turn around this girl steady
lookin me in my
eyes...What's the deal? You think she wanna hit it up?

Why you peepin me
Everybody knows that I'm a G
Hey, Hey, she's peepin me, she's peepin me

Last night was a mother, your body was revealin
Sexual healin was a killin, it's a feelin you feelin
When I'm chillin on ben lows and sisters and brothers
I wear hats and pack gats the same color as my L's
I'm ridin twenties baby, catch the passenger seat
Mezzantine on my neck, princess cut on my teeth
Let you lay on satin sheets, lingerie from Chanel
Mashed potatoes and rump roast with the red post
gonna catch hell
You fail to see, my game tight like a virgin
Just strut we can fuck up at the park up in my Burban
Disappear in the Lexus with the eyes that she gave me
Rendevouz to my boo and pick her up in my Bentley
Discreet me, they hate me, thay also wanna lay me
Make my ends and call my friends so they can display
me
So baby, baby, we can floss away and keep creepin
Back to back she was beepin, steady peepin

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Once again P-A-T, they peepin a G
Now what it's gonna be, oh you and me
Take the broads, take charge, cause you know we live
large
If she with the cat, say what, you know we don't bar
I'm Mr Fat Pat, hold up on all that
Haters don't know how to act when they gal choose Max

No slack in my game, have her screamin my name
We all claim to be down, since a player got bang
But aint nothing changed, we still brakin them bops
Beep-beep goes my page when I pass by her house
Know what I'm talkin bout, ain't no remedy for that
Lovin this cool cat, leave and don't come back
As a matter of fact, peep game aint got on no ring
No commitment, just hit it, go on and let Ke get it
Pass it on, we gettin gone, turn some more homies on
Lookin out your window peepin while those twenties
lead you home
You keep peepin

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Hey, Hey, she's peepin me, she's peepin me

She's peepin me from the corner of her eyes
I imagine myself all up between her thighs
Close your eyes, let me take you there, but you beware
Aint no limit to this thug love that I display
On the way to the bathroom down to the kitchen
Bumpin hard, breathing hard hittin every position
My intentions, did I mention when I saw you peepin
Ain't seekin no relations, just straight freekin
One hour of pleasure, we can do whatever
Nobody does it better, nobody gets it wetter
Spendin the high cheddar, hold you tight like a sweater
If you was a letter I'd call you A
Everything A-O-K when its our way
Ain't nothing more to say, ta-ta baby
You done let me parlay, now I'm on my way
Once again, in the wind, hit me don't hesitate
Because you peepin

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