

Slum Village

"Fat Cat Song"

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Uhh, yes yes, y'all
To the beat, and the S.V.'s is rockin it swift
Yes y'all, lyrics just come off like shifts
See when I'm on the microphone how fly I get
Yes y'all, my crew don't take no bullshit
Bullshit not never, never get wet up
Your hoe want to know why the crew's gettin better
Not sayin shit, just gettin my flows together
Yes y'all, to the beat and
What y'all, if you hear what I am sayin
Hoes get dig down and get dug down when I start
sprayin
Cause when I'm on the microphone there will be no
delayin
No playin

You think we talk cause we don't bust gats
Others be like they're weak cause they don't kill in they
raps
(Kill in they raps) Fuck that! We from the city of crooks
Niggaz be dyin for givin them fake-ass looks'll
get yo', shit took quick, check it in
Niggaz pony down while the hoes Errol Flynn

OOH, OOH! With the usual
My niggaz sip on chamille to a fruit Mentos, Mentos

What do you get with fruity Mentos
You get a phone # and a light-skinned hoe
Let me tell you 'bout redbone, she give a good blow
Just to let you know that my crew is the dome
The good ol' boys, flat out, we number uno
The S, capital V-E-E
My name is Baatin, ras O-Y-C
Like to get busy, just, let me know
I like a good freak, after a show
It's nice to penetrate, a beautiful hoe
Pick up a microphone, then I'm at it again
Tell the whole damn world that I'm, just a friend
Rip yo' lady, because she called me her master
Your whole damn crew wanna, do me slow

Now I'm back, wearin yo' momma like a lambskin
We can do this, like never before
I'm a FREAK~! And if I tell you once mo'
It'll be the third time like my nigga Arell
Mysteriously the S, prevail
Like them niggaz in penitentiary jail cell

When you grip the mic boy you whack as hell
And I can tell, and on the mic they call me RL
This is for the niggaz who get rail for rail
Doin tricks with the mic like Michelle Farreil
And I'm real with the mic boy as you can tell
And my crew is the whole ride, you see we never would
fail
Or front subject, and if we do - tch, oh well
It'll never happen thus we have protective shells
And to the beat, my crew's never obsolete
With techniques, either you six feet deep

And to the beat, and you don't stop
And to the beat, and you don't stop
And to the beat, and you don't stop
S.V. got the shit that just drops
And to the beat, and you don't stop
And to the beat, and you don't stop
And to the beat, and you don't stop
S.V., is the in-fi-not
And to the beat, and you don't stop
And to the beat, and you don't stop
And to the..

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