

Former Fat Boys

"Imagine"

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in the club in Champaign they saying Garbe you hot
they like me they can't wait for my album to drop
i won't stop, RaCheer Records don't release no flops
like pearl necklace, girl i'm coming up top
and the crowd goes silent when S hits the room
i look good motherfucker i'm hot like June
kaboom, nothing to lose, hit the saloon
been drinking hardcore at the bar since half past noon
see this is my life, to live till i'm dead
my dream's to make it to 25 with some hair on my head
hate looking in the mirror after i get dressed
fuckin almost washboard abs ruined by washboard
chest
i'm deep there's always mail in my mailbox
i rep third grade so all my jokes is knock knocks
got villains scared like an alligator that tick tocks
tip top shape, like Mike Tyson on the punch out box
hit that's what this is, i never kid
takin off my careers never gonna skid
was fatboy as a kid, got Underoos under the lid
fuck my ego, this one is for my id

cuz in my imagination
cuz in my dreams
i'm a lot of people
i'm a lot of things
when i'm your arms
when i'm up on floor
i don't need to imagine no more

i'm single with 1 more year of college I'm out to get laid
but part of me's hoping my heart'll get in the way
and she's 5 foot 3 hair brown eyes green
with the cutest fucking ass that a boys ever seen
and i'm thinking as I'm winking that there's got to be
catch
but I'm caught I want a deposit i think i wanna invest
in her thighs, inside, i wanna look into her her eyes
and when its all done i wanna hold her through the
night
and my defenses were built tough like i was a tonka

but she's blowing through like a tsunami and I'm Sri Lanka
but come naw, Colin Powell, i need aid or i'll drown
cuz she's sweeping me away, i may never be found
cuz every guy that walks past, i wanna kick his ass
relax, \$ucksex, sit back, don't overreact
and i noticed i stopped checking when some trim rolls past
just tip my hat, someone's got my heart, imagine that

i like fake boobs now cuz i'm in love with my girl
she took be by surprise and now i'm takin on the world
and i won't stop till i'm crowned the first king of the moon
insane like Fudge, mad props out to Judy Blume
assume and assumpt, your an ass and a clown
the truth ain't hard to find you don't need no
Encyclopedia Brown
insane as it sounds, like houses built upside down,
headed to the Grammy's to drop trow for the crowd
and as they out loud fucking snicker and giggle
i won't care a bit, not even a little
cuz my egos not brittle,
go ahead and belittle, DJ hit the fiddle
and lets all Piggie wiggle

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