

Luda

"Fatty Gurl"

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"Fatty Girl"

(feat. LL Cool J, Keith Murray)

Na na na gonna have a good time

Na na na gonna have a good time

Hey hey hey

[Ludacris]

Yo, girl you taste like a cinnabun

So sweet from the thighs to the cheek

Sex on the beach check the size of my meat

Call me the pusher ludacris king ding-a-ling sheet
smusher

Sweet street pusher give me that gusher.. nasty stuff

Looker I took her..ran out of liquor... (time to re-up)

Here comes her nigga (who give's a fuck)

Rap fame and plat thangs they can't hang

I mack dames and pack thangs and act strange

Jang-a-ling dang-a-ling oh no they can't stop

Take it to the floor back up and then drop

Effervescent.. time times of the essence

Make em undress in less then 3 seconds

So whore's keep steppin whore's keep slobbin

Sex as a weapon clothes that I slept in streets keep
mobbin

Thieves keep robbin get two in yo butt three to yo
noggin

Creepin and crawlin I'm incogneg

can't catch the balls then you in the wrong league

Let a dog breathe watch a pimp walk

Shut yo ass up when you hear a pimp talk

Risky and clean crispy of creams

You lookin mighty fine in them jeans

[Chorus]

In them jeans you got a

Fatty girl (whoo)(uh) fatty girl(ahh) fatty girl(uh) [repeat
1x]

Fat as a midge

In them jeans you got a

Fatty girl(uh) fatty girl(ah) fatty girl(uh) [repeat 1x]

[LL Cool J]

International baller baby...

Young birds in the coupe goin

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

Easy.. I feel greasy when you squeeze me

(Cause de blood claat talk can do if ya wan please me)

I'm talkin down home smothered in gravy cool J be

Havin young ladies bustin like 380's

Lubricated silencers crushin all challengers

Gats that be claiming they glocks but really dillingers

Get it?.. glock dillingers

I'm big you small.. more nuts on yo face than graffiti on the wall

Hair like brillo .. cuttin up my pillow got em sayin (hello)

Naked in a tub of a jello.. still no competition

Still flow nigga listen

(I'm not supposed to do this type of thing I'm a christian)

Amen .. its like a scene out of player's magazine

Let them other cats holla.. L will make you scream

[Chorus]

[Keith Murray]

This isn't thought? of those broads who got the goods

To the chicks who don't and its still all good

Some broads got an automatic thickness for 8

You'll soon get it just stay workin hard at it

Goodness gracious good god almighty

You got a baduka girl don't hurt nobody

Toes all painted .. feet all out

Here's an aphrodisiac for the mall without a doubt

Juicy chunky stanky funky gut slappin ball slappin

Cater to yo every fantasy

You got the tongue clitoris tits and belly pierced

necklace around yo waist toe rings

Girl do yo thing

I mean in them jeans yo shape is beautiful

And everything is clean cut down to the cuticle

Whoo-wee Jesus JoJo K-Ci and Mary

Girl you don't know what you do to me

Ain't no doubt about it..

When she walk by tongues hang out eyes pop out the
socket

(BING!) cats cringe and point like pssh ummph

You can see that thang from the front

We gas those up like full service

and keep 'em drunk like Kathie 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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