

## **Michael Jackson % Band Aid**

### **"Fat Lady"**

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[Kool Keith]

Yeah y'all it's me, devastating Reverend Tom  
The church is open here  
Sessions will get bigger, my stats will grow  
I don't call my stuff funk  
Gospel-vomic, let's get raw  
Yeah...

I used to look at girls, they were slim with fat stomachs  
In restaurants, dog face, your girl made me vomit  
I took my goggles off, threw up in the garbage can  
I spit up more, earlin more on the garbage man  
She called her boyfriend, her girlfriend look like Pigpen  
I got loose and grabbed the horse right from the  
moose  
Right in L.A., Hollywood, in front of Roscoe's  
Plastic freaks, lookin at me like I'm an average Joe  
She said, "I think you're stupid," I said, "You're big and  
fat -  
I'ma have to diss you, and step up in that rectum crack"  
Take off that hair, now you bald, let me make the call  
Watch your lip, and I'ma make your guts fall  
I see stretch marks that's dark like {\*censored\*}  
You best to kneel, let the Reverend heal you

[Chorus: Ultra]

Fat lady! (Big woman)  
Fat lady! (Big woman)  
Fat lady! (Big woman)  
Fat lady! (Big woman)

[Kool Keith]

Here's a napkin, wipe off your lips and lose them fat  
hips  
I know your toes smell, your butt smell like corn chips  
You was about what? Lookin bougie, I ain't the one  
You try to pour your drink on me, go' head call the  
bouncers  
My cousin outside, with two tecs, and forty ounces  
Them homos at the door, didn't want none - further  
more

You started first fats, I'ma quench your thirst  
Don't need no pens, why them niggaz lookin at my  
hearse?  
With two grenades in my coat, a bomb in my pocket  
I'll make this club jump off just like a Houston Rocket  
Like Monica said, "Just one of those days - you take it  
personal"  
Yes..  
You tried to laugh at me, my thousand dollar white  
shoes  
Don't mess with me my girl, I'll put your business in the  
news  
Take off that wig and hairpiece  
Remove your contacts, I'll break you down like a clown  
(Man, why you wild man?)

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Standing over there with fat cellulite, lookin goofy  
With NBA players with cheap suits lookin doofy  
My shit's Italian, and made by Lou Bernazini  
You havin Fatburgers, wine please with linguini  
My girl's from Paris, she models - do you feel  
embarassed?  
Aluminum foil dress that won't impress  
Wipe that chili off your neck, them hamburgers is a  
mess  
With more red meat, you can't look so petite  
The devil's cookin, your pot of grease smells sweet  
You in this land of Sodom & Gomorrah  
Should steal away in prime time, your makeup is the  
poorest  
You lookin almost white like Michael Jackson  
Mariah Carey flap but you gets no rectum action  
Stomach out, doo doo stain I spray with Shout  
I'm innocent, I never bothered anybody  
You gets trained, remain seated on the potty  
Truly yours

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Once again, devastating Reverend Tom  
I'd like to say peace to my man out there Kool Keith  
Automator, Kut, T.R. Love, Biz  
Devastating Reverend Tom

