

Ultra

"Fat Lady"

Visit "[Fat Lady](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Kool Keith]

Yeah y'all it's me, devastating Reverand 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 resteraunts, 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 Reverand 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 teecs, 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 Reverand Tom

I'd like to say peace to my man out there Kool Keith

Automator, Kut, T.R. Love, Biz

Devastating Reverand Tom

