

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort

"Fat Chicks in Spandex"

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Oh no, there they go another herd of elephants
With big fat legs in tight black pants
And an image of themselves that can't be clear
'Cause it's obvious they ain't never looked in a mirror
Following fashion is no surprise
But when the fashion follows the form of your thighs
And reveals every mound and cluster of fat
Then it's time to take 'em off and take the damn things
back
But no, they gotta go strut their stuff
And I'm here to say that enough is enough
Spandex shorts, stretch pants and such
If you weigh too much you're showin' way too much
Spandex doesn't hide where you sag
You look like a goddam hefty bad
Wrappin' up all your cellulite wreckage
Somethin' tells me it's gonna be one of those decades
Marchin' in the mall two ton by two
I guarantee that they're gonna sit by you
Showin' off everything the fabric ain't fixin'
Please God please no more fat chicks in spandex

Everywhere I go I just can't get away
From the overweight legs gift wrapped every day
I'm a humble man, I don't ask for much
But it would be nice to keep down my lunch
But I can't, they always walk by when I'm eating
My muscles all lock and my heart starts beating
Irregularly every time that I see
A walking wooly mammoth in a woman's size three
Clumps of fat popping out everywhere
Her pants are so tight I can see all her hair
It wiggles and wobbles when they're ridin' on a bike
Now I know what Al Bundy must feel like
The only thing I can imagine that would be any worse
Is Roger Ebert in a speedo but that's a whole nother
verse
They wear 'em so much they're gonna wear the things
up
And when the pants give away they're gonna all hang
out

Beauty's in the eye of the beholder but
When these beauties walk by I keep my eyes shut
Black abominations they're squeezin' their hips in
Please God please no more fat chicks in spandex

If the back of your legs look like cottage cheese
If you're talking scale says "get off please"
If both of your breasts hang down to your knees
Then you shouldn't be wearin' any spandex
If you look like you're related to the Toxic Avenger
If a whale gets beached and you try to befriend her
If a mechanic sees your body and attaches a fender
Then you won't look good in those spandex
I'm gonna find who designed them it's all his fault
I'm afraid I'm gonna turn into a pillar of salt
When I accidentally look at a derriere
That looks like a walking bean bag chair
This has to be a dream but I can't wake up
It's too horrible a story to ever make up
It's the curse of the 20th century man
To be subjected to this torture again and again
By comparison the Spanish Inquisition was tame
Undersize pants on an oversize dame
Just ain't the way I like to get my kicks
Oh please God please no more fat chicks in spandex

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