

Phat People

Childish Gambino

One, two, three, check it out
On the road to sandwiches and chicken wings
Phat people do phat things
Using salt and pepper for their seasonings
Phat people do phat things
Check it out

It's B to the I to the double L-Y
My friends all know I'm not an ordinary guy
I like little things, like chicken wings
BBQ sauce, honey mustard, onion rings

And when my cell phone rings it goes jingle-jing
I say hello, I say hello, I say who this be?
They say it's Fancy Ned, I got a fancy head
I'll eat a fancy ass sandwich on some fancy ass bread

The wait is over, shut up, bend over
I hang with bar stools, I chill with Grover
The boy Ebola, my boy phat too
And my girl so phat that they call her Oprah

I got that green like a bowl of okra
Loose change so phat can't fit my sofa
I head to the bank, call the shit my grocer
It's Sex in the City, get the phat mimosa

Me and B, we phat boys, hang with phat girls
Driving phat toys, fuck Dan Aykroyd
I'm live on a Saturday night
I got two phat girls, I'm doing it right

Like my name John Goodman
I got the phat crib so I'm doing real good, man
And I'm up to no good, man
This is how I get phat, call the shit cooking

Phat people do phat things

I tip waitresses, I tip scales
My style is kind of phat like an Orca whale
I'm sipping whole milk as I stare
Thinking I can be your Oprah, you can be my Gail

Cause I am a phat boy, never been to Bally's
Married to this phat life, call me Kirstie Alley
Married to the snack life, counting every calorie
Might just open up a phat boy art gallery

What else you do, B?
I'll make it easy
What else you do, B?
For girls to squeeze me

I'm phat but my numbers run
Listen son, I'm a show them how it's done
When my swagger weighs a ton

Stickin' straws inside of girls, you can call me the
Capri Sun