

## Fatty Boo

Faithless

Hey, nicknamed Fatty Boo with a name Lisa  
She no have no boyfriend, she live up the fridge freezer  
Triple chin or facial hair, she favor geezer  
Although she friend recommend, certain cream and tease her

She favorite tippie is Bacardi Breezer  
Claim she's thirty one but no one believe her  
Love randomer restaurant with she friend Anita  
You should meet her, Anita's another big eater

Slipped disc for the waiter then there's always a feature  
When they run go carrying food for them two creature  
One night she come so much rice she nearly have a seizure  
Fall off she chair, licked she head and catch amnesia

Wake up in A and E and bellows she want pizza  
(Give me food, ya)  
Doctors quickly sign paper and release her  
(One time)  
Cough, 'nough police to police her  
Fatty Boo you better pray nobody sees ya  
(This time)

Be careful of the things that you do  
Say now you got plenty but the plenty could be few  
This is my chance to shout it in other avenue  
Say don't you be a sinner, don't you keep all for you, yeah

I said a long time no you start warm as a ripple  
Every little dime, every nickel, you are trouble  
Watch you're little head, Fatty Boo  
And give the dog a bone that could never be for you

Nicknamed Fatty Boo but we call her Mel life  
Changed forever when she discovered channel  
Now she has a mind to buy designer apparel  
She no, favor gazelle but she bounced like hell

Whenever she spy something to die for on the fashion channel  
(Seventeen breezer, choom)  
And one like Tinker Bell, fatty, big like two church bell in parallel  
Cats walk and Mel never match up too well

But fatty was saucy, couldn't be told  
She loved margo with her big nick, drifling the cold  
She even bolder than the skinny girls, shoulder less  
(They're mine)  
And admired everywhere from her openness

Microphone check one, two, one, two, one, two, one, two, one, two

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Say don't you be a sinner, don't you keep all for you

Yeah, I said a long time no you start warm as a ripple

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And give the dog a bone that could never be for you

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Say now you've got plenty but the plenty could be few

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Finally Fatty Boo you stood with me in '73  
Saturday night playing the music at my father's party  
Six records on the changer often with Dan Settee  
Still your gram six years old and I'm the man

Steady with calypso to start then play reggae  
One thousand bolts of holts, huh, for everybody  
In the days when R&B meant Arthur Conroy  
Otis Reading, Booker T and the MG's

Every, little piece of attention as we tried to squeeze  
From the father, his friends and their families  
Sometime deliberately tease with the tune that won't please  
And the whole room reaction set my young heart at ease

It used to be black suits and shirts with skinny ties  
And they was wise and funny and funny and wise  
Staying up late and playing the music  
With grown ups was my prize  
The little fat kid with sparkling eyes