

# Da Fat Rat Wit Da Cheeze

Lil' O

You know Lil' O  
Hit the brick and turn thirty-six to fifty-four  
Get the rental, hit the interstate and get the dough  
I keep my game face on

H-Town niggas stay paper chase on  
All that "what's up kinfolk?" we ain't no relation  
I got my dough, you wanna play you get a game station  
'Cuz I don't want the block, I want the whole nation

I'm greedy, envy, trife and lust creation  
I'm the, the fat rat with the cheddar  
When I blast my Beretta, slugs smash through your sweater  
And if you come, I'm sho' know when I mash it's whatever

I spin a nigga hot and turn his ass into leather  
Two bricks in the dash, fifty g's in the fender  
Throw stash spot from my glock, I call it blender  
Do menage a trois with them broads, Kim and Brenda  
I'm the cat that separate the ballers from pretenders

I'm the, the fat rat with the cheeze  
The boy that got the work, from half O's to Ki's  
They call me, the fat rat with the cheeze  
I bleed niggas' blocks and stab O's and G's

They call me, the fat rat with the cheeze  
The little nigga, that push them big body V's  
They call me, the fat rat with the cheeze  
There's stealers on my team that smash blows and freeze

You know when fat rat hit the club I always ride through stuntin'  
There's somethin' big and wide, and it's glidin' on buttons  
'Cuz the wool lookin' phat my insides lika a glutton  
And I don't say hi to these hoes that ain't fuckin'

And if you wanna check, go ahead and try it ain't nothin'  
There's killers on my side, just dyin' to spray sumthin'  
Paint somethin' wrap up the tape somethin'  
That's what happened to the last niggas came through frontin'

Now I'm in the field, arms in the Lexus  
In the bitch like they mommas keep they heads put away  
Every soldier on my team all about gettin' cake  
When they bust out of line, we do? em to set? em straight

Now it's the thug ones, who snatch your loved ones  
And call you for the ransom we want it in all ones  
[Incomprehensible] debatin', we all duns  
Them niggas alright, but me, I'm awesome, I'm the

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I'm still a vida loca slangin' coke-a  
Block leadin', tryna get money like Oprah  
In the kitchen cookin' these chickens like okra  
I can get it raw, white, yellow, tan or mocha

Ain't no game is over, it's just a lot of new heads  
Now a niggas winnin' wars, giving game to the feds  
That's the type that cats that get found with a brain full of lead  
In the living room, tied up and gagged, laying in red, laying and dead

'Cuz nigga if you mention my name  
I will break every bone and every inch of your frame  
When I throw you off the roof and have you wrenchin' in pain  
There's nuthin' in the world like the stench of remains

'Cuz when I throw? em I don't play no elementary games  
Not when he drunk, ice grill, catching a flame  
He could bust, anything, tryna get at my change  
I got the streets on lock like penitentiaries, man

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