

F.A.T. Boys 08

Pac Div

I'm a fat boy, I'm a I'm a fat boy
I'm a fat boy, I'm a I'm a fat boy

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I'm a fat boy (yup), I'm a fat boy (yup)
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Now let's go heavy on the beat
I lean with my Chevy on the creep
Squeak through ya neighborhood very discreet
Peace as I turn into Andretti on the streets
I'm well tuned and the sound is fresh air
Now just assume it's goin' down like pressed hair
Now what can ya tell me
I kick it like Pelle
With pretty young things that got rings in they bellay
Welcome to L.A., home of the Ese
Chrome on the Chevay
Take a few tokes and then choke off the Pepé Le Pew
And yes they da crew that finna rule for a decade or two
There's nothin' you can do besides stand there and watch
With hands in your pockets, sayin' Nigga they can rock it
I'm I'm a fat boy, I'm I'm a fat boy
Yea you heard the track boy
Now let's bring it back boy like

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Ay yo, PAC DIV's chillin', Chillin' is good
Just got paid, do my thang as I should
In my new car speakers bang, let 'em push
Girlie say Be Young that hook is no good
Speakers understood, there ain't none fresher
So cool in school I skipped both semesters
Girls blew me kisses and sent over letters
Sayin' dey luh my style, when they wanna know better
Well uh, I tell 'em I do dis in my leisure
Sean John, Gaultier, D&G sneakers
Yea sean short nay it's colder as ya freezer
Broke as a joke but I still toke Visas
(Woah) Yo check how we kill em from da door (doh)
PAC DIV man we kill em with the flow (flow)
And I'm a fat boy so you know how it go
B-boy pose, chillin' with uh

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Yeah, you heard the hook right?
The new school fat boys, what it look like?
We spit rounds to ya beats for a good price
We crisp down to the sneaks, make you look twice
Look twice, won't get a third time
See I'm from planet Mars, I'm not from Earth, I'm
Something different, I crash landed
This whack shit I'm seein', I can't stand it
You dudes rap like, they got a Mac, right?
Lip gloss be poppin', better act right
I spit awesome, sick cough and crack light
The flow's dope, though I never lived a trap life
Yeah, the fat boy I got my swag right
We never left, but it feels like we back, right?
PAC DIV in this bitch getchya facts right
3 in the front, 20 more in the back, like

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Woah, I'm a fat, fat, fat boy (woah)
I'm a fat (yup), fat boy (yup), slap (yup) dat PAC (yup)
I'm a fat (woah) fat boy, I'm a, I'm a (woah) I'm a fat boy (yup) boy, boy (
yup)
I'm a fat boy slatch dat PAC boy (yup, woah, yup, woah) (huh, woah)