

Yo fritz, put on a mothafucking beat, that we can shake our mot  
hafucking rolls to  
Yo, fat kidz are ya with me?  
Put your mothafucking hands high in the air, let me see your li  
ttle chubby digits  
It's about to get sweaty in here ya'll, you might want to bring  
a fan  
It ain't easy, being about 250, when you're 15 years old  
That's what real life's about

Hey yo, fat people are hard to kidnap  
So if you're fat and you're all in this bitch, then grab your n  
utsack  
Fat bitches, don't feel left out  
Cause you can grab one of them skinny bitches, and knock her as  
s out  
Chubby love, show a ninja some  
Cause this fat motherfucker stay ready however they come  
A hungry rapper, cannible lyricist  
I got host of MC's like you inside my shit  
Standing poolside with a t-shirt on  
Unless I'm showering or fucking, my clothes stay on  
I got double cheeseburgers chasing me in my sleep  
And fine hoes checking me out but scared to speak  
Off the chain, off the scale, I ain't watching no weight  
I'm at the barbecue high ass hell fixing my plate  
XX to the X-L, hit me 3 times  
Come correct with my burger and fries, the king sized

"This song is dedicated to all the fat people world wide, dead  
or alive. Biggy Smalls, The One Man Gang, Chubb Rock, Chris  
Farley, 8 Ball, John Candy, Big Pun, Bam Bam Bigalow, Fred Bear  
ing, Kevin Smith, E-40, Matt Nips, King Kong Bundy, Fat Joe,  
Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Fat Albert, and the Fat Boys, and Grimace.  
Monoxide use to be fat."