

Fat Lady

Ultra

[Kool Keith]

Yeah y'all it's me, devastating Reverend Tom
The church is open here
Sessions will get bigger, my stats will grow
I don't call my stuff funk
Gospel-vomic, let's get raw
Yeah...

I used to look at girls, they were slim with fat stomachs
In restaurants, dog face, your girl made me vomit
I took my goggles off, threw up in the garbage can
I spit up more, earlier more on the garbage man
She called her boyfriend, her girlfriend look like Pigpen
I got loose and grabbed the horse right from the moose
Right in L.A., Hollywood, in front of Roscoe's
Plastic freaks, lookin at me like I'm an average Joe
She said, "I think you're stupid," I said, "You're big and fat -
I'ma have to diss you, and step up in that rectum crack"
Take off that hair, now you bald, let me make the call
Watch your lip, and I'ma make your guts fall
I see stretch marks that's dark like {*censored*}
You best to kneel, let the Reverend heal you

[Chorus: Ultra]

Fat lady! (Big woman)
Fat lady! (Big woman)
Fat lady! (Big woman)
Fat lady! (Big woman)

[Kool Keith]

Here's a napkin, wipe off your lips and lose them fat hips
I know your toes smell, your butt smell like corn chips
You was about what? Lookin bougie, I ain't the one
You try to pour your drink on me, go' head call the bouncers
My cousin outside, with two tees, and forty ounces
Them homos at the door, didn't want none - further more
You started first fats, I'ma quench your thirst
Don't need no pens, why them niggaz lookin at my hearse?
With two grenades in my coat, a bomb in my pocket
I'll make this club jump off just like a Houston Rocket
Like Monica said, "Just one of those days - you take it personal"
Yes..
You tried to laugh at me, my thousand dollar white shoes
Don't mess with me my girl, I'll put your business in the news
Take off that wig and hairpiece
Remove your contacts, I'll break you down like a clown
(Man, why you wild man?)

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Standing over there with fat cellulite, lookin goofy
With NBA players with cheap suits lookin doofy
My shit's Italian, and made by Lou Bernazini
You havin Fatburgers, wine please with linguini
My girl's from Paris, she models - do you feel embarrassed?
Aluminum foil dress that won't impress

Wipe that chili off your neck, them hamburgers is a mess
With more red meat, you can't look so petite
The devil's cookin, your pot of grease smells sweet
You in this land of Sodom & Gomorrah
Should steal away in prime time, your makeup is the poorest
You lookin almost white like Michael Jackson
Mariah Carey flap but you gets no rectum action
Stomach out, doo doo stain I spray with Shout
I'm innocent, I never bothered anybody
You gets trained, remain seated on the potty
Truly yours

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Once again, devastating Reverend Tom
I'd like to say peace to my man out there Kool Keith
Automator, Kut, T.R. Love, Biz
Devastating Reverend Tom