

# Baby Phat

De La Soul

Phat Phat, uh  
Ain't nothing wrong with big broads  
Phat Phat

It's a sure bet  
When I stare into your dark browns I get  
Overwhelmed, overjoyed, overstep  
My bounds, on your touchy subject  
Your weight, your shape's not what I date  
It's you, my crew don't mind it thick (Uh-uh)  
Every woman ain't a video chick (Nah)  
Or runway model anorexic  
I love what I can hold and grab on  
So if you burn it off then keep the flab on  
We gonna stay gettin our collab on (Oww)  
Girl we gonna stay gettin our collab on (Ooh, ooh)  
We gonna stay gettin our collab on

Don't stuck on the things they say, now you know it's a nasty world  
Tryin to get with ya anyway cause I know you're a nasty girl  
We ain't never gon' discriminate so let me compliment your size  
Oooh oohh oooooooh ooooooh

Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat  
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat  
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat  
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat  
Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat

Claim you outta shape, you not outta place (Uh-uh)  
You keep it natural with no powdered face  
Without exercise you got the eye  
Starin you down, make me wonder why  
You women wanna frown at them stick figures  
On them little ass girls, when a clique of niggas  
Run up and try to hurl game for real  
Your frame holds appeal in the everyday  
World, and conceal is not the way  
To go, I'm tellin you I had to let  
Ya know, ya need to let it all hang

Don't be scared to show a little of that thang thang  
No matter how you weigh it girl, it's feminine  
Kinda body everybody wanna know (Yea yea)  
Be the private dancer in my Luke show (C'mon girl)  
Skip the salad girl, bring us both a menu  
Eat the whole box of chocolates I send you (Heh)  
See girl, ya more than just an apple in my  
Eye/I, confess I wanna get up in ya  
Thighs, the rest'll tell you all the things..

I love it when y'all broads wear it skintight (Skintight)  
Make the big panties look like little panties (Heh)  
Tryin to lose that bottom girl you been right  
I saw who make ya cookies I should go and thank ya granny (Uh-huh)  
Don't mind you being conscious of ya calories  
If gettin paper was fat man you'd be salaries

You ain't in this alone I got a tummy too  
Just lemme watch the weight don't let it trouble you (C'mere girl)  
Nine ten specimen up in ya jeans  
You buy the size seven and just make it fit  
Slim Fast, lypo, and body creams  
I pray you won't endorse, I got a candle lit