

# Like That

1TakeJay

(You aren't even a cool breeze for my man Taz)  
Fine face, fat ass  
Fine face, fat ass (Damn, she like that)

Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Oh, you like that, you really like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, ayy  
Fine face, fat ass

Your face card more than ten, you like that  
Your best friend Mercedes-Benz, you like that  
Your credit score say too much, you like that  
I like the way she get it clappin', ooh, you like that  
You so fine, I don't wanna get off FaceTime  
Book you a massage after this, I break spine  
You a crackhead, askin' people for her line  
I don't need nobody to plug me, I'm that guy  
Stop askin' me where I'm at, bitch, I'm high  
Nowhere near shy, I pull panties to the side  
We at Six Flags, she on D like it's a ride  
If she don't pick up at 4 a.m., that ain't your vibe  
Shake it, she don't wanna cuddle  
Suck it more than once, now we a couple  
Introduce me to the fam', meet your uncles  
She sent the addy, she was way in the jungles

Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Oh, you like that, you really like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, ayy  
Fine face, fat ass

Fine face, fat ass  
Oh, you like that  
I was mindin' my business, then overheard that you ain't fight back  
I done jointed up and told the label, "I need more than that"  
Can't believe we fell out, but I'll never take that blower back  
All these niggas lil' pups, bitch, I'm really up, up  
She had a fine face and fat ass so we did up  
All that shit he rappin' 'bout we cashed, why he still stuck?  
I don't give a fuck about them comments, six figures up  
We don't give who in that Dodge 'cause we blowered up  
We don't give a fuck who just the mob, we'll tie you up  
Run up on a nigga at his job, had him spooked up  
Told the bitch to arch that shit up so I can do my stuff

Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Oh, you like that, you really like that

Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, ayy  
Fine face, fat ass

If I hit her from the back, you'll like that  
Slim, pretty bitch with lil' ass that don't fight back  
Beat the pussy up, left it swole, she need an ice pack  
Kick her out, told the bitch, "Beat it", you'd think Mike back  
"Ain't gon' lie, Ralfy, you was goin' crazy, fucked my back up"  
You like it when I bust on your face and fuck your makeup  
You really wanna be on team Ralfy, get your racks up  
That lil' loaf can't get the Plug attention, better stack up  
Ridin' 'round the city, presidential in them black trucks  
Had his bitch in the backseat baggin' it up  
On the 'Gram with that lil' bitty money, them ain't racks to us  
Hittin' it so hard we make Magnums bust, the Plug

Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Oh, you like that, you really like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, oh, you like that  
Fine face, fat ass, ayy  
Fine face, fat ass