

Fat Raps

Big Sean

And it's falling off the side like back fat
Giving girls rides to the crib not a rat trap
Cheese, peanut butter freeze raps I want all these snapped
In his back in the day, like a tall tee tag
I need that whip clean, G, what's the weather gon be?
Drop top, no drips on this upholstery
Supposed to be headed downtown, car wash like blaow
And my girl drive the Chevy while I break this tree down
Roll the window back up, good, turn it back up
Ugh, UGK: "Diamonds & Wood"
Hold up, yeah, roll up, that's tight, that's right
You do this right, you might have the time of your life

Coming from the Westside but my fitted say Sox
Where you get banged on if you in it or not
Looking like Cain cause I watch Menace a lot
And I'm tryna fuck your friend, so is she with it or not?
Shout out to ATL cause I'm in Lennox a lot
And I don't like looking, I go in there to cop
Houston High Rollers, I go in there a lot
Spending money with the strippers, you go in there to watch
Blowin on L's (L), smelling like Chanel (uh-huh)
You say you the man but dawg, these bitches can't tell (nah)
But ladies love Dom cause I'm gettin that mail (c'mon)
To make it out my hood is like to make it out of jail (yeah)
Put the tens up and start breaking out the twelves
Bet I have your girlfriend shaking out her heels (uh)
We shaking all deals (uh) and chasing all meals
I'm popping all over, how you haters all feel?

Sean Don, nigga
Boi, boi, boi, boi, okay

Smoke good (smoke good), fuck better (fuck better)
Count money (count money), what's better? (what's better?)
These lil niggas can't hang (can't hang)
Big shit poppin', bitch, I'm Big My-First-Name, mama
I'm a Westsider, Detroit player ('Troit player)
Fuck around and I might bring back gators (nigga what?)
Everyday I leave the crib with no money (with no money)
And come back later with that muthafucking paper
Finally Famous Over Errythang, that's just how I feel, bitch
They trying to stop my shine, they yellin hit the kill switch
Wrong nigga to deal with 'less you doing a deal with
Grind hard, that's how I was built bitch
Whoa there, whoa there, I'm who everybody know here
I come through in the club and get more money than promoters
Oh, that's your girl? I see her at my show there
I be off in the hood I bet you don't ever go there
Ayy, so slow there, boy, don't go there, boy
It's people you dont know there, boy
Young nigga that's addicted to the Polaroids (*flash*)
And I gave these niggas more lines than corduroy
And my bitches be gorgeous boy
Showtime I hope you record em boy, I'm out here

Let's re-up half of a brick and bring it back to the kitchen

See the crack its fizzing, then bring it back when its finished
Jimbo put that on a dish and Chizzel will bag it and sell it
Then boldly factor the digits to know the cash that I'm flipping
Six gonna get stashed in the ceiling, 6-0's in traffic
I'm pitching this o that one get split and broke to halves
And this one his o, and that one is his, and this o, I'm bagging
And this one, this o the last one, Boldy a crack-a-matician
Rolling the ave cause I'm getting dough in that slab
Cause I'm getting over, they mad
I just grin and ball with my mag on my britches
Know I'll blast if you tempt him, bro you will crash in your whip
With holes in your back cause you hit, going as fast as your engine
Go when you smash in the strip, smoking a bag with your bitch
Choking, gasping for breath holding, grabbing your chest
From Boldy magging that tech, unload it faster than Vick's
It's Concrete, the school crafted the sick
Bones and bricks

I be frustrated with the way that shit's been aging
And I'm about to take a break and get away on a vacation
Like, maybe Malaysia to escape the meditation
I'll just eat, pray and wait for my day of revelation or I'll
Take peyote, roam the rivers of Nairobi
Change my name to Navajo and live alone and only grow weed
Cause this Naomi flowing show gets pretty lonely
Don't nobody ever know you, everybody call you homie, uh
Mo-ney, mo-ney, they'll be sure to treat you phony
As soon as you hit your low they won't be picking up the phone
See, I move the Comey, show these fools that I am home
And when I'm on the microphone, all you wannabes can blow me
So, take this boner to the dome, you little bo-peeps
That may be inapprop-y but I'm certain-a-ly no sheep
See, I only lead in this game of entertainment
Roth and Big Sean, we on, Finally Famous

Yea, now roll ten of em up
Fuck the rules, we Auntie Anne's pretzel-bendin em up
Don't give a fuck, word to your daddy leather sandals
Either pay the light bill or light up them candles
Regular White Owl Cigarillo, no flavors
Break that bitch down and peel of the first layer
Smooth, like a baby's ass, Mercedes pass
The ladies ask can they be next cause I'm kicking their favorite raps
Life is playing 2K and kicking raps all day by the lake
Smoking truth till I collapse in broad day
I'm surfing, radical, gnarly, far out
My stoner chicks gather 'round soon as I break the jar out
Ay, baby girl, pass the blizz-ard
Your woman chose me so I had to jizz her
Don't be sleeping or taking no cat naps
We leaders of the new school with these fat raps, nigga