

# Shorty Gotta Fat Ass

Fat Joe

Well it's Friday night, I'm in a club with a crew just maxing  
Cuties and booties and yo I'm ready for action  
Cause Fat Joe doesn't go to clubs for his health  
It's too many skins, so every man for himself  
I got me a Sex on the Beach from the bar  
I know this girl was looking at me from afar  
Plus she with a crew, they all got it going on  
She came over and asked me if my name was John  
I said, "Yeah, John Doe, so what's it to you?"  
She said "Sorry yo, I just thought I knew you"  
She walked away dissed because I had dropped the bomb  
I felt bad so I reached out and snatched her arm  
I pulled her back, gave her my apologies  
She accepts it, but now she starts to follow me  
Watching where I'm going, seeing who I know  
Once she saw the Gucci, she said "Oh, that's Fat Joe"  
I could hear the conversation, Shorty was digging me  
No way she was igging me, ayo she was big on me  
Throughout the night she remained in my eyesight  
My man Black Caese was telling me "Yo she's fly, right?"  
No that the jam is over there's no need to front  
Cause she's leaving out the club and I'm right behind her  
Now we in the deli butt naked catching wreck at last  
Cause shorty gotta fat ass

Shorty gotta fat ass She got a big fat...

Driving in my Five on the live side of town  
One of those days I just wanna ride around  
With three deep, me Diamond D, and Peep  
(Who's Peep?) That's my man that be whipping the white jeeps  
So bust it, I hit Fordham road in the town  
Cause I'm rifting in the front fool, Luther Vandross  
Never too much, and what did I see?  
Honeygrip had a little too much for me  
Diamond said "Damn!" Peep said "I know her!"  
Yeah right, whatever, I'm still pulling over  
Hey mamita, Spanish I'm assuming  
A Spanish caught wreck and that ass was booming  
I couldn't see her face cause she wouldn't turn around  
Peep is out the window staring Five-0 down (Bo bo bo!)  
Chill with that, cause I wanna stop and chat  
Like a diplomat, yo you're fucking up my rep  
She wouldn't turn around so I reached for her pelvis  
She turned around, ugly hound dog, and I felt this (God damn!)  
Money grip was ugly, I had to find out at last  
But shorty had a fat ass

Shorty gotta fat ass She got a big fat...

No need to be ill come all out my face  
But the name is Fat Joe and in love I got good taste  
Big butts come a dime a dozen in New York  
I couldn't help but notice when I watch you walk  
You got the booming system and I don't mean sound  
I want to smack it up, flip it, and rub it down  
I know girls try to say I'm living foul

But you know you can't trust a big but and a smile  
I'm not concerned with the niggas in your past  
But straight up and down, shorty gotta fat ass

Shorty gotta fat ass She got a biiiiig...

Shorty gotta fat ass She got a biiiig, ha ha