

Avoiding Mirrors

Krizz Kaliko

Now check out that big old boy
He don't really think we do, we got options
But a lot to pop and stop stopping, just watch 'em
He's a lot to watch, he probably didn't block 'em
Never did take my shirt off in public, think he never had a girl
Then he'd jerk off and love it, eating ice cream
[?] I been nightly eating my Cheez Whiz
You ain't got all the answers
Sway got to fit a bit or pick the chicks to get with
Spit quick and I'm fat with a big dick
No neck and I never had a picknic
Treat 'em like a prostitute like I'm Slick Rick
Pig
I don't be pigging out with sis away from me
I cut his liver out just get away from me
You ain't got nothing to say to me
Think that you cut me and I'll bleed out gravy
It's crazy the way that they view you
You think you sexy and flexing and they see right through you
Don't look in the mirror, now do you?
Cause what you see ain't what you pulled up in
I go "Boy I'm thick"
Think I'm a pig in a wig while I'm digging your bitch
If I start I don't quit
You gon' be seeing her leaving and she screaming "Aye Krizz"

Yeah, fat boy lit, talk shit
I don't politic with dudes
Eat your food, swallow it
I don't care about your blue checks
I don't follow it
And I came before the mess
Cause it ain't 'bout modeling
Watch out

I'm already dead
Somebody try to kill me put the bullets in the bread
I ate it up
I'm already cold
Somebody told me no fingers in the sugar bowl
I ate it up
Watch what you say
Watch what you say
Watch what you say
I'm all fucked up, aye

Fuck the calculator that's counting all of the carbs
My counselor said to stop cause it's bound to fuck with my heart
I just had a Big Mac, now I'm downing it with a pop
No one knows if I don't get no sodium, that's withdrawal
I'm a fat fuck
I need mayonnaise in a major way
Always keep a couple bags of chips on layaway
Lost a bunch of weight cause I ate no food
Now it's all coming back like deja vu
I hate the fucking mirror and it hates me too
But I'm blessed motherfucker, I should say achoo

Every buffet lineup, I'm the first they feed
Hurts to breath, worst you see when I merk the beat
Every Thanksgiving they calling me Turkules
That bad, I need lap band surgery
I'm always going for seconds like certainly
And every time I leave the crib I bring desert with me
The fuck is against you
I can't seem to kick it
I'm so fucking fooled that I can't clean the dishes
I swear to God being this fat's my religion
I get off the stage and go back in the kitchen
Like fuck diabetes I have all the symptoms
Well put down the burgers
I can't they're delicious
I tuck in my gut when they asking for pictures
So shorty come over, we're having a picknic
I'm fucking over it

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Aye, bloodshot, you can tell I'm lit
You probably think because I'm fat I smell like shit
You probably think because I'm big my bitch ain't bad
Found out she is, now bitch, your bitchass mad, oh
I bet you think you digging for gold
Nah bitch cause the sheriff spit shivering cold
So froze you would think I spit the shit in the snow
On top of that, you should know I'ma hit it and go
I'm really smooth, mix me with your ridicule
Eat a bag of edibles, bitch that's what I'm finna do
I'm all firing up, this shit is killing you
A fat boy but I swing dick like I'm a skinny dude
Give me some pizza and I'm fucking it up
Outside the club getting my dick sucked in a truck
Light girls with a thin waist and junk in the trunk
And I like my Waffle House smelling covered in chuck
Fucking hourglass-shaped models, bottle full of sand man
Meanwhile you fucking a fat girl and a grandam
Three girls hit me popping pussy on a handstand
And I'm taking all three home, that's a grand slam

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