Ms. Fat Booty

Mos Def

I know I can't afford to stop
For one moment, that it's too soon to forgetMan, duke I was in love with this girl, duke
I was tore up dog, I'm telling you man
Shit is wild man, for real
It's, she's from, let me tell you about herIn she came with the same type game
The type of girl giving out the fake cell phone and name
Big fame, she like cats with big things
Jewels chipped, money clip, phone flip, the six range
I seen her on the Ave, spotted her more than once
Ass so fat that you could see it from the front
She spot me like paparazzi, shot me a glance
In that catwoman stance with the fat booty pants, hot damn!
What's your name love, where you came from?
Neck and wrist laced up, very little make-up
The swims at the Reebok gym tone your frame up
Is sugar and spice the only thing that you made of?
I tried to play it low key, but couldn't keep it down
Asked her to dance and she was like, "Yo, I'm leaving now"
An hour later, sounds from Jamaica
She sipping Cris straight up, shaking, winding her waist up
Scene 2: my fam throwing the jam
Fareed is on the stand, big things is in the plans
The brother Big Mu makes space for me to move
"Ayo, this my man Mos, baby, let me introduce"
I turned around (Say word!) it was the same pretty bird
Who I had priorly observed trying to play me for the herb
Shocked as hell she couldn't get it together
I just played along and pretended I never met her
How you feeling? "Oh, I'm fine" My name is Mos "I'm Sharice"
I heard so much good about you, it's nice to finally meet
We moved to the booth reserved for crew especially
And honey love ended up sitting directly next to me
I'm type polite but now I'm looking at her skeptically
Cause baby girl got all the right weaponry
Designer fabric, shoes and accessories
Chinky eyes, sweet voice is fucking with me mentally
We conversated, made her laugh, yeah, you know me bro
Even though I know the steelo, she wild sweet, yo
I'm 'bout to murk, I say peace to the family
She hop up like, "How you gon' leave before you dance with me?"She blew my whole head with that duke, I was like, word?
I played it low though, I was like, yeah, aight, come on then, let's go

Niggas was mad, niggas was so sick, I tell ya
Yo, honey was so blazing she was just
Yo, she looked like Jayne Kennedy, word bond, to my mother man
She was that ill man, she take me to the dance floor
And she start whispering to me and shit
"Yo, let me apologize for the other night
I know it wasn't right, but baby you know what it's like
Some brothers don't be coming right, I understand, I'm feeling you
Besides, can I have a dance ain't really that original"
We laughed about it, traced her arms across my shoulder blades
They playing Lovers Rock, I got the folded fingers on her waist
Heating my blood up like the Arizona summer
Song finished then she whispered, "Honey, let's exchange numbers"
Scene 3: weeks of dating late night conversation
In the crib heart racing, trying to be cool and patient
She touched on my eyelids, the room fell silent
She walked away smiling, singing Gregory Isaacs
Like, "If I don't, if I don't have you"
Showing me her tan line and her tattoo
Playing Sade, Sweetest Taboo
Burning candles, all my other plans got cancelled
Man I smashed it like a Idaho potato
She call me at my J.O., come now, I can't say no
Ginseng tree trunks, rocking the P-funk
Cocking her knees up, champion lover not ease up
Three months, she call I feel I'm running a fever
Six months, I'm telling her I desperately need her
Nine months, flu-like symptoms when shorty not around
I need more than to knock it down, I'm really trying to lock it down
Midnight we hook up and go at it
Burn a stoge and let her know, sweetheart I got to have it
She telling me commitment is something she can't manage
Wake up the next morning, she gone like it was magic
Ahh, damn it, my shit is on Harrison Ford Frantic
My 911's unanswered by my fly Taurus enchantress
Next week, Mu hit me up, I saw Sharice at the Kittie club
With some banging ass Asian playing lay it down and lick me up
What!?

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