

# Ms. Fat Booty

## Mos Def

I know I can't afford to stop  
For one moment, that it's too soon to forget  
Man, 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 her  
In 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!?

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>