

# Fat Pat, Superstar

(Billy Cook)  
Ooooooh-oooooh

(Hook - 2x)  
Playa haters, wanna know who you are  
When you coming down, like a superstar  
If you really wanna know, who it be  
It's Fat Pat, and the boy Mike D

(Fat Pat)  
Playa haters, wanna know who I be  
The capital letters, F-A to the T  
Coming down slow, in my candy red drop  
Everybody looking at me, but I don't stop  
Thangs done changed in the game, since way back  
Cause I done came up, a playa got what stacks  
Now broads on my jock, got to back-back  
Cause everybody wanna be, with that Fat Pat  
Hard to see reality, done brought me to a G  
Thangs done changed, I got paper in my hands see  
Paid in full, make stacks  
So a young...don't know, how to act  
So I think back in the game, when broads use to diss  
Now I'm coming up, and them shops can kiss  
A real playa's..., cause I'm crawling down slow  
Come up in the game, just to let everybody know

(Hook - 2x)

(Mike D)  
It's been a long long time, in the game  
21 young, and I finally got my fame  
Dollas and cents, can't let it change me  
True to the game, so the fame don't amaze me  
Living my life, as a hustler  
Doing this dirt, since a youngster  
So Mr. what you saying, ain't doing nothing to me  
Got to come with it, if you really wanna do me  
I remember back in, 90 what 3  
Me and Bamino, was in the J-A-G  
Boys ain't like it, I don't really care  
Cause down in H-Town, we was born to be playas  
Broke my paper down, I'ma still make my ends  
1996, came hopped off the Benz  
Boys in my face, like it wasn't really nothing  
That's why I came down, chopping on them buttons man

(Hook - 2x)

(Fat Pat)  
Hit a lick I came up, I'm back in the game  
I came up, and now a playa got a bigger name  
Now I got fame, I ain't the one to blame  
Now them boys wanna be trying to what, claim  
A big old pimp, by the name of P-A-T  
Living in luxury, doing it like a O.G  
Everyday, all day  
I'm starched down, piece on my neck I don't play  
Ike will spray, leave candy red  
Came up out the shop, and I turned a lot of heads  
Got new friends, cause I got ends  
When I came back, I picked up a bubble twin  
Old school partnas, like Blunt and Chris  
Everybody know, we do it just like this

Syrup and lemonade, with Sacci shades  
We gon parlay, and I just say

(Hook - 2x)

(Billy Cook)

Yeeeeeeeeeeeah, ooooooooh yeah

Oh-oh-oh, yeeeah, yeeee-eeeah

Hooo-ooooo, yeeeeeah

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