

# Fatlip, What's Up Fatlip

Feeling downtrodden  
Fresh kid turned rotten  
I can't believe how naive that I've gotten  
Over the years seems like I'm getting dumber  
Reminiscing to a time when I was younger with a hunger  
Full of dreams, determination, self-esteem  
But now it seems they hesitate to be on my team  
You know the routine  
When you winning they grinning  
All up in your face, like they was with you from the beginning  
But on the flipside, when you washed up like a riptide  
Fools clown 'bout how you slipped and let shit slide  
Besides the fact my voice is whack  
Clowns is running round talking 'bout I smoke crack  
Ain't got no homies that got my back  
Yeah I'm a brother, but sometimes I don't feel black  
My girl is white, my game ain't tight  
Niggaz who ain't seen me in a while be like, "Dude, you aight?"

[Chorus]

Who am I kidding, who am I fooling when they be like  
"What's up FatLip?" and I say "Cooling" (x4)

Blowing like a sucker almost everyday  
In the back of your mind you probably thinking I was gay  
But naw, I'm just a bitch-ass nigga  
The type that'd get jacked if I was a rich-ass nigga  
See, I've been a loser just about all my life  
The type to try to turn a ho to a housewife  
What do you expect, I give respect  
And feel for hos, niggas keep in check  
I'm far from hard, emotionally scarred  
On Pico Boulevard I was regarded as a retard  
I make myself sick, get on my own nerves  
Immature, insecure, grown-up nerd  
A half-bit MC on a label that's unstable  
Chopping bliggy on the table

[Chorus]

Hey man, yeah man, what's up wid' it  
I still got it  
Yeah yeah, I been working on my step  
Hey check this out  
Yo check this out:  
"She keeps on"  
"She keeps on"  
Haaaa, I still got it