

Swass

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Like it was before, as usual
Somethin different, the boy never sounds the same
Body by Nautilus and you ain't even with this
I'm the man, all the homeboys wanna dis
Crushin, killin, never beat stealin
But I'm hell when it comes to rhyme dealin
Death to competitors, long live Mix-A-Lot
You understand motherfucker I'm a hard rock
Beat 'em up and pick 'em up and make 'em miss the stick up
But my gat close range, take his wallet, kick him in his cup
Drop the games, cause they really ain't necessary
You can be a water rated, boy you ain't legendary
Sue it far in the Caddy, I'm a chillin
To your girlies I'm a hero, to you suckers I'm a villian
I've done, get me mad I might try
Can't find a better rhyme, if you do you better buy it
Serious and callous could be deadly to competitors
What am I sayin? (your gonna get yours)
F the BS
F the BS
F the BS
Memories of bein broke, keep me on the war path
Hittin like a wreckin ball, Lord it's like a punk blast
Swayed, raid in effect, my posse's with it
Put a fifty on the floor, like a punk you wouldn't get it
Neck snap, head crack, put you on a meat rack
I ain't playin with you boy, you know I mean that
Physical rhymes all meant to intimidate
All niggas take note, don't imitate
Rippin is the cut, freaks scurry for my T-I-P
Tryna get an autograph from M-I-X-A-L-O-T
Down for the title match and you know what I'm talkin about
Muscle bound, full of things, knock a sucker's lights out
Bring it to my level, boy you better start climbin
When she's grindin, I'm hardcore rhymin
Lyric to your gut and all your lines just buckle
When you make it to the top, I put these boots on your knuckles
Walk into the party like a mob, wearin jet black
"Swass" skin in effect, sportin coon hat
Walk by sucker punk, look like eat crackers
He mumbled somethin, so my posse walked backwards
Catch 'em on the corner stone and hit 'em with the gat chrome
Let 'em know my posse's gettin bigger, when were back home
A big maulin, you know my beat is def

You know who you are, F the BS
 Yeah boy, they rappin five slang
 Cuttin, you know who it is
 Comin back at ya, ain't gonna put your name on wax
 I really don't wanna make you famous suckerF the BS
 F the BS
 F the BSReconnect my dialect with modified jargon
 Heavy snaps, never lookin for a bargain
 Tumble when the pressure's on, walkin like a movie clips
 Slow mo, pants low, jeans layin off my hip
 Big shoes, laces loose, a rap warrior
 Real beat boy, leavin crowds in euphoria
 Transform, super fast, nice slice, what a blast
 Movin like the speed of light, so quick I shatter plexiglass
 Here's the beat and c'mon girlies get with it
 You like my tuning capabilities, admit it
 It's the man with the westbound attitude
 Big gold rope, rusty knuckles, ain't afraid of you
 Raise an eyebrow, try to figure out how
 Mix-A-Lot made the drums go (POW POW)
 Understand it's the undercover game plan
 Mix-A-Lot soon to be your (TOP MAN)
 Yes sirry and put my hammer on a convoy
 Mix-A-Lot on the stage I'm a (ROUGH BOY)
 Yes so rough boy, creepin up the backside
 Mix-A-Lot sign 'em up for the (BIG FIGHT)Raised, raised in LADynamo, good to go, rough
 on your stereo
 I'm like a cannibal, got you like "Rambo"
 Don't like riff-raff kick you in the left calf
 I ain't a joke and no coke, buddy don't laugh
 I'm serious, my intention is to overthrow
 The rap government from Crenshaw to Tupelo
 It's like a bug always tickin in my mind
 It's tellin me "buddy, it's time"F the BS
 F the BS
 F the BSLook here sucker, this is my program
 I'm about to throw down and take over the rap land
 You know what I'm sayin?
 Somethin different, somethin new
 Ain't none of that same old stuff you hear on your stereo
 You know I'm sayin, you know who I am
 Check me out
 F the BS, sucker
 Yeah, F the BS

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