

F The Bs

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'ma 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'ma chillin
To your girllies I'ma hero, to you suckers I'ma 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 niggaz 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 sucker

F the BS
F the BS
F the BS

Reconnect 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'ma (ROUGH BOY)
Yes so rough boy, creepin up the backside
Mix-A-Lot sign 'em up for the (BIG FIGHT)

Raised, raised in LA

Dynamo, 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 BS ..

Look 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