

# Gold

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Gold around his neck (8 ball rollin')  
Gold around his neck (24-7)  
Gold around his neck (8 ball rollin')  
Gold around his neck (14k heaven)

Clockin' lots of dollars, cruisin' in his benz  
Clockin' lots of dollars, got no place to go  
Clockin' lots of dollars, rollin' with your posse  
Clockin' lots of dollars, we all got gold

Listen up brothers it's the rhyme I can't repeat  
I'm sportin' more gold than a rock 'n' roll freak  
Mix is my name, bustin' rhymes is my game  
Don't disrespect me cause I kill then I take your chain  
Life is pretty tough gettin' gold's kinda rough  
Stealin' and you're dealin' but you just can't get enough  
Now you're crying cause my rope is 20 millimeters fat  
You're stealin' gold emblems down at Fredrick Cadillac  
Walkin' round San Fran, rippin' up the set  
Homeboys on the corner ask us where we rock next  
I'm not in town to smoke dope, if you broke you can't cope  
We're back in San Francisco and we're looking for the gold rope  
Saw the rock man and we tailed his benz  
He drove Powell Street to where the trolley cars end  
He sipped his soda pop, came to a complete stop  
Looked over to the left it was a... gold shop!

Yo baby check out this big gold nugget ring!

Walked into the shop and I had to stare  
This freak was in the corner with the long blonde hair  
I knocked her out the way cause she was standin' in my vision  
I saw this gold rope and Maharashi started fishin'  
Walked up to the counter and we hit the bell  
We all had money for the big gold sale  
From back behind the counter came the big gold mon  
Last name, kinda funny, but his first name was Jahan  
He said, "Put your money down that's nothing to me  
Got the real rock man buying my jewelry  
So that mean I gots money from american games"  
The AMG kick on my 516 Mercedes  
So I reached into my pocket and I pulled thick bank  
I would have bought the store but my bank just sank  
I know I got points cause my gold shines bright  
Gonna sport it to the solar system Saturday night  
Maharashi's up next for the big gold deal  
Flipped dead presidents and cold got ill  
Smile on his face with a grand in his hand  
Bought a Turkish gold rope with the 30 inch span  
Kid Sensation was the next at bat  
Bought a big nugget watch, face up a Cadillac  
He saw this gold rope and said "How much for that to go?"  
Told him 700 dollars everybody said "woooaaahhhh"  
Security came over as the kid count bank  
Gave him fourteen fifties and his face stayed blank  
I grabbed the sack of gold and Jahan, we told 'em bye  
We'd like to stay and kick it but we can't we gotta fly

Break!

We left the gold shop kinda broke but happy  
Promoter put us up in an '86 Caddy  
Crossed the Golden Gate and headed for the Napa Valley  
No liter in the car because we threw it in the alley  
Everybody's trippin' off the Mix-a-lot crew  
Pose fresh dipped all filas are blue  
Caddy pushin' 80 like a big black rocket  
We're looking for a posse with no money in their pockets  
We made a right turn there's the pose on the left  
Before we get busy just remember we're def  
Maharashi took the bank roll, Larry took the car  
Kid Sensation had a plan thinking he was superstar  
Step aside kid I control this jam  
You are my partner and here's my scam  
I'll take the homeboys you take the skeezer  
The boys got gold but they ain't got filas  
Larry made a move with the black briefcase  
5000 dollars worth of fila in your face  
They ain't got money but they had a lot of dope  
I said I don't want drugs just give me your rope  
To sell a suitcase of filas boy it ain't no thing  
Just give me that gold that includes all rings  
Maharashi snatched the gold out the homegirls nose  
Man we would have took her bra if the sucka was gold

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