

# Put 'em On The Glass

Sir Mix-A-Lot

"C'mon now" - repeated  
Got 'em up, yeah my Taliano, not many brothers is rollin in Diablos  
Hittin the hard rock, to finish my work spot  
I'm lookin for females to cop (yeah)  
You thinkin past me, I'm rollin up a five point O like pimps on ho, G  
And I'm sittin in third, I'm never on swerve, to the right I merge  
Now I'm patrollin and I'm lookin for a skirt, this thing I'm holin  
I still got game ain't a damn thing change  
I spot ten V's in the left lane  
Eye contact is on, I'm rollin down windows pointin at thongs  
And she's poppin them buttons and yankin that blouse  
Girl let it all out!  
And that's what she did, baby ain't no kid  
36 D's a make a man skid  
I'm puttin in work on the freeway pass  
Cause she put 'em on the glass (yeah)

Put 'em on the glass ..  
Put 'em on the glass, girl  
Put 'em on the glass

Yes he's kinky, weenie and jinky  
Got fresh rock on his pinkie  
He gets paid to stay laid  
My copycats fade, evade to unpaid who's stay played  
Girls when I'm on the freeway  
Cats jumpin in, givin me leeway  
And then drop them things on the dash  
This Porsche is quick so don't try to run fast  
At speed I got a need to see you breathe  
And proceed with the kinky tease  
Indecent exposure can't hold ya, it's makin you bolder  
Cause baby is a Mix-A-Lot soldier  
But lustin is on balls  
Everybody's beggin to get into your draws  
What's makin you hit brown?  
+Baby Got Back+ or (shake it up and down)  
You can follow me home cause this bone is on full blown  
Straight growin all night long  
I like my females nasty  
Never try to drive straight past me  
Just get in the left lane and show me your insane  
And fill up the window with fangs  
Puttin niggaz on skids, jump out and straight crash  
Cause she put 'em on the glass

How many times will you play this  
before your ban this, I heard Mix so I can't stand this  
But I got a family, lovin this scandalous rap  
Guess who I got layin on the canvas  
D-R R-I-C-H-A-R-D  
Hard from the three way party  
Baby them things is workin  
Fillin up the passenger window with Jergens  
You hit the gas I hit my drool  
Baby can I get with you?  
Rush the blood 'til the glass gets dressed

Obsessed with the ways you express yourself  
Some say I only rap about wealth  
But baby can I talk about your health?  
Lungs, lungs, motherfuckin lungs  
Get a brother oh so strung  
I'm lovin this window draftin  
The whole right lane is draftin  
Offend me, offend me, you can freak me if your friendly  
B double O B S, straight sittin in the window  
I'd rather kiss them than indo  
And if you see me on the freeway, baby don't pass  
Slow down and put 'em on the glass

Put 'em on the glass  
Put 'em on the glass, girl  
Put 'em on the glass  
Now shake them titties ..  
Shake 'em ..  
Put 'em on the glass ..  
Put 'em on the glass