

Sleepin' Wit My Fonk

Sir Mix-A-Lot

How can a brother like Mix get played on?
Used to get my fade on, now I'm sprayin Raid on
Tryin to keep my game buck proof
Salt-N-Pepa said +Shoop+, now my girl done cut loose
One down, too many more to go
But when did my game slip, bro?
Cause I can't stand when a man reads my game plan
Took my number, two girl, then ran
Uhhh, now she got a brother named Dexter
In a drop-top, rollin down Gessler
But I'm the biggest mack in this town
Lose one girl and muthafuckas wanna trip now
Feel me, cause I'm about to get real, see
Mad suckas wanna get 'em up wit me
Get back, cause I bought me a big gat
Now I got him on flat back
Back to the brother named Dexter
Feelin kinda proud I betcha, but I won't let cha
Brag to the suckas in the hood though
When you's a black man lookin like Fabio
So when my girl comes back
Tryin to get nasty n' make Dr. Richard get fat
Get me sprung, you wish you could
Now Mix gotta get wit Dexter's goods

Don't funk with my fonk
That's a no-no, partner
Mmm-hm

Mista Dexter is kinda feelin like a hero
Watch Mix-a-Lot put him on zero
Hit the streets in my Benz
I'm lookin for Dexter's girlfriend
If he got mine, I'm about to get his
Cause that's the way it is in the mack biz
Dexter's girl said she was his wife
So now I gotta hit him with the mack knife
So I pulled up (uhh!) tough, to get my mack on
Baby girl tryin to show a little back bone
But it's all good when she's seen
That white 500 sittin in the front
And get dressed, c'mon we gotta head west
You can tell Mix what you wanna do next
She said roll on down to the Edgewater Inn
Aw, Mix done done it again
A gut check, operatin on the suspect
The object to make a girl's sex flex
Baby starts to squiggle n' squirm
And watch out baby, cause it's my turn
Now I'm takin baby back home
The rendezvous is straight ON
Cause this is the game that I'm playin
Now Dexter's bout to start sayin ...

Don't funk with my fonk
I done told ya, boy
Gotta watch it, Dexter!

Now I'm feelin like a champ, bumpin my amps
Rollin wit a pocket full o' green stamps
Picked up the cellular, callin my main thang
But the phone just rang
Uh oh! Paranoia got me trippin
Am I slippin or is another brother spittin?
Backtrackin my game, I remember one loose end
Everybody's seen my Benz
Damn, now I'm pullin on my goatee
Jealousy'll make my enemies snitch, see
Too many mack rhymes, too many mack lines
Now it seems I'm about to get mine
Walk into the crib-ah
Check in like Virgil Tibbs-ah
Lookin up under the bed fah evidence of Dexter
Wonderin, wonderin if ...

Don't funk with my fonk
I done told ya, boy
It's a step, partner
Now walk it on down