

Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ Malika**"A-Lot F/ Malika - Lead Yo Horse"**

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[CHORUS]

You can lead yo horse to water
But you cannot make him drink
I'm just tryin to spit some game
So you might wanna stop and think (2x)

[VERSE 1: Malika]

Okay, 'Lik's gon' come anew for '9-6
Lead yo ass to the aqua, but I can't make a brother rich
You gotta go for self, and then help others
Mama wasn't lyin when she put you up on game,
brother
All up in the house gettin loud and disrespectin
'Lik steps in, regulatin and hoe-checkin
All them makes wishes, ain't already tryin to
sympathize
Players stay paid all day, but yo ass stays broke and
high
Oh my, kids and stuff all over like some roller skates
Still I keeps it on my pape and niggas be tryin to play-a-
hate
But that'll get you rolled up sideways
Whoever said crime pays never got 3 strikes in L.A.
Makes you lonely, sayin, contributin to mines
You could be hella fine, but ain't nobody spendin mines
Mobbin with the Crowbar with some common sense
You can stay hella bent, I be at the water stackin
presidents

[CHORUS]**[VERSE 2: Sir Mix-A-Lot]**

One of these goddamn set-backs of havin your mail fat
Is some of these lax-ass wanna-be macks, and you
hoes in black
They tracks sound booty, and they ain't doin they duty
In the studio, and only if you knew me, though
You'd see that I puts in work, and puts hurt
On your flirts that wanna wear skirts and try to jerk
But you'se in love with a fantasy, trick
You wanna 'sit on yo ass, collect checks and shit'

You was younger than me, so I schooled ya
Gave you the tools to come up and get down like a ruler
Took you to executive brunches, high-powered lunches
Gave you dough in bunches
So get your fried chicken and your watermelon
Start the yellin, Mix-A-Lot is why you ain't sellin
Old Uncle Tom nigga gettin mad
But you know you never worked for the shit you had
Start drinkin, bitch

[CHORUS]

Hey yo, 'Lik, fill in the blanks
What's up with these would-be gold diggers chasin
entertainer niggas
Handin out sugar daddy contracts to big black macks
in black pimp Caddies
I mean excuse me for pimpin, but ah...

[VERSE 3: Malika]

Tryin to see a meal ticket like's they big goals
Rollin fat hoops and rollin gizzy stashin big loads
Jump your woman, but ain't handlin yo business
County aid plea, check so small you can't buy bisquits
Got you a family, still you all up in mines
Fuckin off's the hot rule, but see, 'Lik gon' fit to be fine
She ain't right, got her shorties runnin the streets with retardation
Bein barely sleep, puttin on that sneaky dick in her
Boys will be boys, that's how the game goes
Ask Mix-A-Lot, they all hoes, and this player knows
Better bumrush school and get your G.E.D.
Cause welfare, homey, been cuttin back since '83
Two carts ??? and still be tryin to front
Use your diaper money to load up them Philly blunts
Get a 9 to 5, change your whole mindframe
Cause doin without ain't what's happenin, put yourself
up on game
Kill or hustle, somethin, gotta drink the water, girl
That's from a sister, 'broke' don't exist in Malika's world

[CHORUS]

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