

Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ The Wicked One

"Keep Doin' it Like This"

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(As we go a little something like this
Hit it --> Slick Rick)

(Like this)

[Verse 1]

Now I'ma pump a new record up loud like thunder
Get your minds goin, so you all wonder
How does he do it, grab his mic and run through it
Over to the public, so suckers can chew it
Kut Terror, terrorize wanna-be stars
While I rip through my rhymes like a rocket to Mars
The man keeps goin, strong forever
Over bumps and bruises, but loses never
I gotta move, I can't sit too long
Cause if I'm idle, I start thinkin somethin is wrong
Cause I'm a warrior, can't be beat and won't lose
Rap is the life and profession I choose
Can't take a rest, I'm still in a rush
I'm out to conquer and just cold crush
Condition my mind and keep both eyes open
Even at night when I'm restin I'm scopin
See, once I start, I gotta finish up
Nobody leave until the record is cut
When I aim, I aim for the stars, and I won't miss
Cause I'ma kick it like this

(Like this)

[Verse 2]

People all over had a serious doubt
That I could grab the microphone and burn it out
But microphone-burnin is a serious sport
So I burned every rapper that played on the court
Terror's a Kut Terrorist, seem to scare
A lotta deejays gettin paid out there
They hear about speed and a accurate scratch
So bring the whole batch cause no one can match
Quality shows and the style of the rhyme
But when a scratch track hits the charts are all mine
Cause I work hard, and never was a quitter

Like Les Foxxx is a homerun hitter
If you follow the intro, you know what I'm sayin
See that I'm business, and I ain't playin
Light shines on the man that you see, and you're
present
Those that are jealous are mere peasants
When a child is born, he's already a striver
You make him like the Foxxx, a soul survivor
I shoot for the stars at the top, and won't miss
Yeah, and I'ma kick it like this

(Like this)

[Verse 3]

Now gettin on the top ain't hard to do
And if I gotta ruin reps, I'ma do that too
Cause I'ma take out the maddest, outtrap the baddest
With just my mind, slim up the fattest
I'm on a mission to house competition
Freddie the Foxxx got you hopin and wishin
You could grab your mic and knock me out the box
Come on - not the Foxxx
Now here's an example of poetry in motion
Grab your trunks cause I'ma flow like the ocean
You rappers ain't ready yet, Freddie is right
I pump about a million watts through a mic
Keep you dancin all night till your feet start achin
Bass pumps loud till your bones start breakin
Security runs because the walls start splittin
I'm tryina explain to you how hard I'm hittin
Girls out front can't wait to touch me
Fellas look mad, but they won't rush me
Keep it all cool, and the jam won't miss
And I keep kickin it like this

(Like this)

[Verse 4]

The next century waits for a man with a new style
And I get greeted with a hug and a big smile
Solo, I walk forever in a world of my own
Without guns and knives, just a microphone
Travel the land to see rappers that step to me
In my quest for fame, are bound to get done, you see
I won't shoot the next man down until
He gets disrespectful or acts real ill
Then I gotta smash like a roller steamin
Doin it like this while you keep dreamin
Rappers that press me know Foxxx is a top man
Cause I rule the mic and enthrall with a strong hand
My rap juices flow like a river

Around your heart and down past your liver
You can't take the pain cause it's rough
Screamin to your partners, you had enough
You wanna step to Foxxx, then you like to get dissed
Cause I'ma kick it like this

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