

## **Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ The Wicked One**

### **"Make 'Em Feel It"**

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This is another jam from F-o-x-x-x  
Extra-special from the master, so let's jet  
Speakers are pumpin, so it's hard to survive  
But you need more than the cops just to save lives  
Fasten your seatbelt, put on your crashing gear  
Prepare yourself for the single, Foxxx is here  
Lyrically fit like a mack man, comes equipped  
With a guard and a style that won't flip  
I step smooth, I never break stride  
Keepin my man Kut Terror on the right side  
You got up to get down and got slapped  
Tryin to get paid with some old bullshit Saran (W)rap  
I put the pressure on, touched a nerve  
And now you're outside, just a bum on the curb  
Used to be the mack daddy of the microphone  
But you can't get nothin now cause (Freddie's home)  
I don't care if you're worldwide and your pride  
Won't allow you to play the side  
Cause you're just a mere mortal, nothin extraordinary  
Beats are under-average and your rhymes are ordinary  
I'm hearin pros on their third LP's  
Soundin like a bunch of schoolyard MC's  
Man, I wish I'd catch a rapper tryin to play my style  
Tellin people that we're cool with a grin and a smile  
I mush his face, give him a smack  
Then I slam him on his head and cut 'Foxxx' in his back  
When I tell him all the real bad things that I heard  
I'ma squash him like a dead bird  
And make em feel it

( \*DJ Kut Terrorist cuts up\* )  
(Can you feel it)

I make a rapper feel the pain, rap's my trade  
To kick a rhyme ain't nothin, the key's to get paid  
Before I made records you played me to the left  
But now you bought my jam and you run it to death  
Mellow rapper was smooth, remember the name  
I used to wax chump rappers like it was a game  
The rhymes that I've accumulated and lyrically created  
I counted and amounted everyone I ever stated

Play second fiddle to rappers, I hate it  
But I made it and made it to the top  
Now I'm a lot of people's idol, it don't go to my head  
Suckers can't be me, they rather be dead  
Lotta people do what I do, say what I said  
But then you always hear that people wanna be like  
Fred  
I'm super nice with mines and I'm much sweeter  
Than any Tom, Dick, Bob, Harry or Peter  
Cause I'm a general generatin rhymes at a 1000 watts  
Simultaneously handin out knots  
I'm a Foxxx rappin with class, I whip up pantsless ass  
Take his cash and sit back and laugh  
And make him feel it

( \*DJ Kut Terrorist cuts up\* )  
(Can you feel it)

Now I'm a one-man choir, takin rap higher  
Ex-friends lost their minds, saw me on the flyer  
And was buggin their eyes like neighborhood  
baseheads  
Tryin to convince themselves, "That ain't Fred"  
But my sound made you get down, you recognize my  
style  
Started to smile and gave me a pound  
When I broke it down ain't nobody wanna give me  
mines  
I came through like a champ kickin behinds  
Male and female, rappers as well  
Know they just can't front cause their rhyme'll tell  
Lotta rappers fall off but keep on tryin  
But they'll never survive cause they're slowly dyin  
Everybody has a posse and gases em up  
Gets their braincells hype but that ain't enough  
Cause when it's rough and the pressure's too much to  
bear  
That's when you notice - the posse ain't there  
Then you're all alone with your microphone  
Freddie Foxxx is in the vicinity scopin your home  
Take your moms and your pops and your kids as  
prisoners  
And they become my brand new listeners  
Freeze, sucker, thought I'd warned ya  
The triple x got to drop on ya  
Now you're layin on the sidewalk, I dare you to talk  
If you can kick the right rhyme you can get up and walk  
But if you don't, you'll be a pitiful sight  
I'll take your heart and take your mic  
And make you feel it

( \*DJ Kut Terrorist cuts up\* )  
(Can you feel it)

I make you feel it

Kut Terrorist  
(Can you feel it)  
Listen  
(Can you feel it)  
Make em feel it  
(Can you feel it)

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