

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

### "Part of My Life"

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Intro: samples

--Freddie Foxxx-- --Let me tell you--  
--Who's the real divine?-- --You like that--  
--Freddie Foxxx-- --Let me tell you--

[Verse One]

I be all in you like you disrespected space in my lyric  
zone  
I'm like a pit, with a leg in his mouth, I bring it home  
Bumpy ripping everything known, block every blow  
zone  
I make you sit your ho ass down, turn off your  
microphone  
Cause after me its un-rippable  
I slap you in your mouth, your drinks'll be unsippable  
I got miles of styles, you must be out your motherfuckin  
brain  
To think I'm not the nicest in the game  
Disconnected from your mainframe, punched cocked  
Twirl your nose up Murray the cop, to the beat down  
you don't stop  
When Fox and Bumpy keep it hot  
End the whole beef with just one shot, niggaz I fear not  
This piece of steel with the screen on top  
Projects uncut chyna white dope  
Leave a freeze in a nigga throat  
I fight for this like the right to vote  
The poison I spit, they'll never be an antecdote  
You niggaz thought I put my mic down  
Cause the industry's scared cause I put my fight down  
Before I do that, I sell it out the trunk and make a mill  
Now thats a real rap nigga deal  
In 99 I'm droppin niggaz like flies  
Fuck flowin, I'm turning niggaz into Jesse Owens  
Cock the four pound, keep it going, I'm in your dresser  
room layin  
You bitch ass niggaz just start prayin baby

Chorus:

Rhymin is a part of my life  
I'ma die with rhymin kids and a rhymin wife

I don't let nobody judge me that don't know how to do  
what I do  
So if you don't like it then fuck you!  
\*repeat\*

[Verse One]

I watch niggaz get hyped up with one single and get  
gassed  
Then fall like a bad pass  
Niggaz run outta New York, to live in other places  
Hopin somebody remember old rap faces  
Fuck that, I'ma five borough thorough MC  
Where I go, New York goes, keepin New York flows  
Niggaz be switchin cause they not sure  
Your style is played out soft shit like Valure  
In red and black living rooms when the system booms  
He's a nice little diss to whomever whom  
Come against me and I give you one of three picks:  
Get shot, get stuck up, get your ass kicked  
Bring your whole unit, and I be lyrically gunning em  
Cause Freddie Foxxx be the illest thing since Run and  
em  
I be running through you like a Hummer, you don't want  
none o'  
So hot I turn December 25 into summer  
I scrutinize niggaz and bring em down to size  
My lyrical body slam will leave you paralyzed  
Fuck what you memorize, I take you out of drive  
And leave you neutralized and black in both your eyes  
My rise is your demise, shut down your enterprise  
Fox and Primo, we stay close like thighs  
Bumpy got nine lives, like a cat  
With a full gat, keep it underground fuck that!

Chorus

[Verse Three]

For every verse I ever spit, for every mic I ever rip  
I still got a full clip of unstoppable shit  
You mean to tell me motherfuckers never knew  
That I be bustin niggaz in the head with beer bottles  
like Guru  
Check the mic one, two make sure its on  
When I bring it to your headquarters, word is bond  
Heads up, eyes and ears open  
I got you hopin  
That you could catch rec like me  
You got a better chance at kickin down a tree  
With no legs, doing a handstand on two eggs  
Motherfucker, I got lyrical instinct, fuck what you write  
I'm The Source like magazine, on the cover with the

Ruger 16

I ain't scared to diss a MC, but ask him if he scared to  
diss me

I bet he won't disagree, he'll probaly start sayin his  
throat

hurt, his mom's is sick with a bad knee

Or start screamin he's about dough

He's just a faggot with a whack flow

Don't walk up on me talkin freestyles and off the top of  
the dome

I beat you down and send your ass home

I'm on my own time, I write my own rhymes

You wanna be the nominee? you brave now?

I carve my rhyme in your back and bury you face down

Just remember nigga:

I'm Freddie the Foxxx I break his back and buck em  
buck em down

Chorus

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