

Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ The Wicked One

"Rough Enough"

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Yo
Y'all
Y'all!
Drop that, man

Yeah
On a gangsta tip
Freddie Foxxx in the house
You know what I'm sayin?
Rollin with the Flava
We gon' set it off like this
Check it out

On the one...

Let me hear you say
Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go
(Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go)
Yo, let me hear you say
Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go, come on
(Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go)

(Get on the mic and get rough) --> KRS-One

[VERSE 1]

I'm back again to wreck mics and threat the mic-holder
I'm still hardcore gettin mines, like I told ya
I still keep a gun on my waistline, clip in a fat rhyme
Shoot you in the chest with the tec, in the head with the
nine
You rappers can't swing the Freddie Foxxx style
Man, I make the softest nigga think he's buckwild
I never won a Grammy, never made a hit
But everytime a rapper get on stage with Freddie
Foxxx, he get his ass whipped
I break em down daily
My voice so ill, I make Barry White sound like Philip
Bailey
You rappers don't faze me with the rough talk
Boy, you better back up and pack up
Before I load the mack up

I swing with the mic, and zhigge-zhigge-zhig it right
And beat you rappers down that just can't speak it right
I been a ruffneck since I was a baby, ask my mama
When I got out, it was just for bringin niggas drama
So set up the beef, I bust it down
And guarantee the opposition never see the 2nd round
And by the end of the song, you're in a trap
Screamin in the crowd, "Freddie Foxxx, bust a rap!"

(Rough)

(Get on the mic and get rough)

[VERSE 2]

A lotta rappers try to front like they're rougher than
they really are
But you're just a booty-ass nigga with a nice car
I bet the girls just like you cause they seen you on the
video
You wanna meet a real live nigga, here we go, hoe
First I teach you not to talk back, teach you to be loyal
Show her that my gangsta style's above royal
Teach her bout the murder game, so she'll never hate
it
Then hit her with a .380 snub-nose nickel plated
See, ladies know the only thing that I like is my gun and
my mic
A piece of ass, and a good fight
I'm still knockin niggas out, ain't nothin changed, gee
My bodyguards hold me back when there's beef
So understand the Militant Mack will never switch up
A lotta y'all talk behind my back, but in my face y'all
bitch up
Yo baby boy, hold me down
While I go inside a sucker nigga's house and bust a
couple of rounds
It's like the nigga in white that'll blast you in daylight
And stand there till the cops come and fight
And even if they lock me in jail, I be aight
I do a lotta push-up's, and kill a lotta mice in the night
But once they let me go
You suckers better know
I hit my stash
Then I'm comin for that ass

Yeah
Flippin it on the one
For the Flavor
We gon' set it off hardcore like this
Let me hear you say
Rip it Fox-o, rip it Fox-o rip it

(Rip it Fox-o, rip Fox-o rip it)
Yo, let me hear you say
Rip it Fox-o, rip it Fox-o rip it, come on
(Rip it Fox-o, rip Fox-o rip it)
Let me hear you say
Break, Fox-o, break Fox-o break
(Break Fox-o, break Fox-o break)

(Get on the mic and get rough)

[VERSE 3]

I like to cruise through Brooklyn in my old Buick Regal
And right on my left my .45 Desert Eagle
Say what's up to my boys still rappin on the corner
They want me to hang, but I'm solo, I don't wanna
Check it, I knock boots like a superstar
Girls know who they are
My name ain't Bobby Brown
Girl, I'm humpin around
So you see Freddie Foxxx, girl, you wanna get laid
My name ain't Aaron Hall, girl, you better be afraid
I jump inside your ass like I was Johnny Meat
And do the Sweet-Dick-Willie to a fat beat
I hump you gangster style, and turn you out
Went through all the positions that the girls love to talk
about
I have you strung out, hopin that we blow up
Waitin for me all day, but I never show up
Because the mic is my first love, it'd never leave
I stick a mic in a rapper's ass and make him bleed
I'm Mr. Nice Lyrical Style, Freddie Foxxx, did it
Stamina Daddy, freak the funk, girl, don't forget it
So next time you see me killin on the ave., baby
With a hoodie and a .45 mag, baby
Don't play me close, cause it's beef and I'm on a
mission
I'm huntin down the fox, so baby listen

Yeah, you know the flavor, baby
And before we slide
We gon' do it on the ill, knowmsayin?
One for the road, and we gon' set it off like this
On the one
Check this out

Let me hear you say
Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go
(Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go)
Yo, let me hear you say
Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go, come on
(Go Fox-o, go Fox-o go)

Yo, let me hear you say
Rip it Fox-o, rip it Fox-o rip it, come on
(Rip it Fox-o, rip Fox-o rip it)
Let me hear you say
Break, Fox-o, break Fox-o break
(Break Fox-o, break Fox-o break)
(Get on the mic and get rough)

You know the Flava, you soft-ass nigga
Whenever you see me, back the fuck up
Or might catch one in the forehead
Punk
Peace

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