

Sir Mix-A-Lot F/ The Wicked One

"Serious"

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Huh
Do it

(Serious)

[VERSE 1]

Now sit back in your seat and kick up your Nikes
And listen to Freddie Foxxx cold rip the mic
The microphone's burnin like a flaming torch
And my lyrics are hot, so they can burn and scorch
So here's a little something for you hip-hop whimps
Try to come down hard on the hip-hop prince
Get your rhymes all together, your microphones ready
Cause you're about to meet the hip-hop terror - Freddie
For all you other rappers with self-proclaimed titles
Shut up and face the true supreme idol
Rappers, I'm here, so come get it
But those that tried are real sorry they did it
Cause I hit it - hard, nail on the head, now they're dead
But that's what you get when you're messin with Fred
Ain't no jokin or playin around, just listen to the sound
While I get down, this is serious

[VERSE 2]

So serious when I take the stage
Kinda like lettin a pitbull out of a cage
For blood or raw meet - huh, sound sweet
But I take the mic and a milky beat
And drop one rhyme that's self-defined
And then you lay back and relax while I climb
Into your mind, every opening hole
Walk through your body and take over your soul
This jam is deep, when I speak you turn chicken
Scared to death because my bassline's kickin
Jump off and grab the mic - I dare you
Then I'ma open you up and then wear ya
Drag you all over like Raggedy Ann
Rough up the wanna-be's, make you a man
Then when you jump up to talk crap
You'll get slapped with a rap that makes your neck snap
back

Down for the count, my hand is raised
My rhyme is praised, and you feel dazed
I'm gonna take you deeper, down to the bottom
When my voice hits the mic, it'll sound like I shot him
I'm like Rikers, buckwild in dozens
And you'll be lookin around like, who was it?
Hit from all sides, all you feel is pain
And you don't even know your own name
Try to get up for the next round and pout it
You think you survive? I doubt it
Bring the stretcher, jumpstart the brain and heart
Of a rapper that's been torn apart
This is serious

This is serious

[VERSE 3]

Now I'ma tell you somethin you should never forget
Fred could stand in hell and won't sweat
Don't believe it? This is hell
Bring the rapper, then ring the bell
Then once we start rappin it's a hell of a round
It takes you, your crew and the cops to bring me down
The rapper of rap, rhymes my occupation
Here we go, pump up your radio station
The Kut Terrorist scratchin like a maniac
Fred's kickin rhymes like a natural born brainiac
It's like your standin in water and touched a livewire
Boom - you're on fire
And I keep rollin, rhymes keep projectin
Hittin like a punch to the jawbone connectin
You see me with the mic in my hand and you're jealed
up
Schemin with your posse, but y'all got held up
Serious business, the only way to go
I'm all about makin beats, rhymes and dough
And once in a while I'm a stick man
But girls ain't a problem to Foxxx, cause I'm in, man
I got rappers on the mic delirious
You know why? Cause this is serious

[SHOUT OUTS]

This one is a special dedication for all the posse out
there
This one goes out to Eric B. & Rakim
This one goes out to my man Ant Live
This one goes out to Premo
Sha, Let's Jet and the Louisville Slugger
This one goes out to my DJ the Kut Terrorist
This one goes out to Laser Mike
This one goes out to Pat

I take this one deep for my physical Taheim Shabazz
This one goes out to the Almighty Supreme Easy E
This one also goes out to the Master Kevvon
I'ma take this mile-deep for Brooklyn
And I'ma slam one out left field for Queens
And knock a homerun for Strong Island
This one also goes out to the Southside Posse
This one goes to the Paid In Full Posse
And I'ma take this one down for my man Barney Barn
And I'm also gonna say peace to all the Gods
And I'm also gonna say.. out

(Serious)

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