

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

### **"Somebody Else Bumped Your Girl"**

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[Verse 1]

Did you ever have a girl and you thought she was it  
To find out in the long run she ain't even shit  
Dress her up nice, sport her all over town  
And then behind your back she likes sleepin around  
She's steppin out late while you're home in bed  
To another brother kickin bass all in her head  
You're layin there, lookin at her photo in frame  
And you're chirpin like a bird while you're singin her  
name  
You call her every night, then you're off by 10  
When you hang up the phone, she hits the road again  
Sad what I'm sayin, but it's gotta be true  
Everybody knows your girl better than you  
But what I'm sayin is this: you said she'd never do  
wrong  
You met her at first, she did a dancin song  
Said "I'll stay with you forever and brighten your world"  
Face it, somebody bumpin your girl

Somebody else bumped your girl  
And the thought of it wrecked your world  
Somebody else bumped your girl  
It makes you mad, don't it?

Somebody else bumped your girl  
And the thought of it wrecked your world  
Somebody else bumped your girl  
It make you ill, won't it?

[Verse 2]

I met this kid named Jesse on my way uptown  
Sittin on the train, on his face was a frown  
I said "My man, what's the matter?" then he started to  
sweat  
Said "My girl left the crib, and she didn't come home  
yet  
Foxxx, I'm hurt, sad as could be  
Cause everytime she leaves, she always calls me  
But I ain't heard a word, I'm worried to death  
I can't understand why she up and just left"

"How long has it been?" He said "About six days  
And man, I did a lotta prayin, and I hope that it pays"  
I looked him in his face, told him "don't be a cad  
Cause ain't a girl in the world, it's insanity, mad  
You better start thinkin and preparin your heart  
Cause if you hear the wrong thing, you'll be torn apart"  
Jesse stood up, the train came to a stop  
Had a look on his face like he was about to pop  
I said "So what's up?" Then he looked in my grill  
Kinda like I look myself when I'm bout to get ill  
He was lookin on a platform, right by a can  
His girl lockin lips with another man  
Jesse broke stupid, and pulled out a tool  
And started lickin off like a crazy fool  
The brother went rambo, actin wild  
And shot sixteen people at the turnstyle  
The girl got sick when she saw blood flowin  
The brother she was with did a Jesse Owens  
I couldn't believe the brother ruined his world  
All because somebody else bumped his girl

Somebody else bumped your girl  
And the thought of it wrecked your world  
Somebody else bumped your girl  
It makes you mad, don't it?

[Verse 3]

Now I'ma tell you all a story bout my man Jim Stone  
Who had a three-floor mansion and a yacht of his own  
He had enough money, but what capes the cake  
He had the baddest girl in about 10 states  
All about he ever talked about was lovin his girl  
And how he'd never touch another in the whole wide  
world  
Jim got the nerve, wants to buy her a ring  
And when he put it on her finger, she was ready to  
sting  
The brother had a party at his crib one night  
Had the place laid out, and the music was hype  
About 100 people, I would say, no less  
Freddie foxxx ain't stupid, I can knowledge a mess  
I noticed his girl, she kept grinnin a lot  
She was hangin round the fireplace in this one spot  
She looked like she was waitin for a train or a bus  
She was waitin for Jim's best man, his boy Gus  
Gus got slick, took the girl by the hand  
And dipped the step like the Bionic Man  
I stood there shakin my head, I had a flashback  
Bout what happened uptown by the traintracks  
Jim came over and he said to me "Fred  
I got a real bad thought bumrushin my head"

I said "So what's the matter?" Then he looked at me  
twice  
And said "I can't find my best man Gus or my wife"  
Jim was on a mission, I could look in his eyes  
And see the meter on his blood pressure startin to rise  
He headed up the steps and I followed behind  
And I could tell by his face he had death on his mind  
He stood by the room and the door was cranked  
Then he took off his shirt, and then we both stepped  
back  
Jim kicked the door open and he stuck in his head  
And saw Gus and his wife both naked in bed  
Jim grabbed a bat, and I tell you the truth  
He was swingin homeruns like my man Babe Ruth  
He left em both layin there, stiff as a board  
And he turned to me and said "Freddie Foxxx, I  
scored"  
Two accounts murder one, now he sits in his cell  
With a life-long sentence and a story to tell  
I couldn't believe the brother ruined his world  
All because somebody bumped his girl

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(You mean that's it?)

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