

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

### "Stop, Look and Listen"

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(Warning)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Turn up your radio, stand by the speakers  
Brace yourself, or you might get weaker  
My rhymes hypnotize your total insides  
Now we're about to take a serious ride  
Meet me, here's the introduction  
My name's Freddie Foxxx, and I'm the rap seductor  
You wanna run up, run up right to come get this  
So you can all witness lyrical fitness  
The rapper that you're hearin is the microphone killer  
The b-boy idol and the fly girl thriller  
The microphone mangler, MC strangler  
Milky as silk pads, rougher than Wrangler  
Mad for the mic, waitin in a rage  
I'm tight and all anxious to rush the stage  
Rappers sit back, relax and get cosy  
I'm about to play y'all like ring around the rosie  
Pack up your rhymes and move south  
Or else it's '1st round, Freddie by a knock-out'  
You can't move, I got you surrounded  
Huh, cause I wrote rhymes and bass pounded  
To the body ( \*cutting\* ) to the head ( \*cutting\* )  
How you gonna last on stage with Fred?  
Your mind's workin overtime thinkin bout the latest  
Hit from the baritone voice of the greatest  
Open your eyes, so you can all see it  
If you wanna go out like a whimp, then so be it  
I keep comin, it never stops  
Kill your brain, give you no props  
Blast the music, see what you're missin  
Stop (stop) look (look) and listen

(Warning)

Watch the Foxxx

[ VERSE 2 ]

Time is precious, so I'ma keep goin  
Bustin off rhymes, watch me keep flowin  
When I storm, you're in my way, you're smashed

Drug to the Dungeon, and then crashed  
Line em up one at a time, and I take em  
Bring em up, 5s and 10s, and I break em  
Nobody walks, all comers get hurt  
Killin up MC's, that's my work  
See, rappers wanna strong-arm, but they ain't strong  
enough  
To bite a rhyme, cause their wind ain't long enough  
Take the breath of death when you chew my rhymes  
If you wish to die so early, fine  
Music in the background sets the sound  
For me to grab the mic and break it down  
One line compliments the next, and you're fiendin on it  
It's like you can't even walk, so you lean on it  
Then I guide ya, saddle and ride ya  
The voice of the Foxxx ringin all inside ya  
Place your bets, his rhymes will wet  
And even if I dried him off, he still sweats  
Soak him in scratches, beats and rhymes  
Nobody else's - mines  
Walk on stage and try to be the man  
And watch Foxxx kick the mic our your hand  
Call you 'son', make you sit in your corner  
And slap you up like little Jack Horner  
If the message ain't clear by now, you won't know it  
Be careful, steppin to Foxxx and you'll blow it  
Blast the music, see what you're missin  
Stop (stop) look (look) and listen

[ VERSE 3 ]

Yo, Kut Terrorist, back up the music  
Break out some hip-hop, watch me protrude this  
The music is well composed  
If you cover your ears, the beat'll bust your nose  
My style is dark, indeed, goes a thousand leaps  
Into the minds of those that sleep  
For those wide awake, sit and observe  
The musical master of a million words  
Or would you rather see a basic MC?  
If so, leave, cause that ain't me  
The brag-andboastin, so-called hostin  
Need a little lesson in burn-and-roastin  
Catch the beat, and clap your hands  
And see if we can get all the skins to dance  
Open your eyes and ears, stop and look, this ain't  
dissin  
You just have to listen

