

Mix-a-lot Sir

"One Time's Got No Case"

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I'll be askin' the questions, Leroy.
Hey my name ain't Leroy, Man.
Ya, alright Jerome. Out of the car.
Man, why I gotta be Jerome, man? Why can't I be
Tommy, or Phillip, or
something?
Just put your hands on the hood, Mohammad.)
It's the man that you love to hate.
Commin' out of Washington State.
Cops don't like my profile.
'Cause Mix-a-lot kicks much style.
So the man is on my trail.
He want to take Mix to jail.
If he does, I make the bail.
'Cause I know a lot of rich females.
I'm shakin' 'em just like this.
Keepin' that porche in fifth.
King county. Cops don't quit.
Even when a young brother's legit.
So they follow me wherever I go.
I hear 'em on the radio.
With a scanner that I bought from the store.
'Cause a brother like Mix gotta know.
I'm checkin' them cops with radar.
They don't believe I'm a rap star.
'Cause my brain is up to par.
And I'm ready when they follow my car.
I know they want to spray me with mace.
'Cause my truck keep pumpin much base.
But they best get out of my face.
'Cause one time's got no case.
GIVE IT TO ME
ONE TIME'S GOT NO CASE
The police think I'm movin them keys.
They trip 'cause I crock much dees.
They pull a gat and they yell out freeze.
I'm wippin out my ID.
My gat sits unda my seat.
The cops throw me out in the street.
They found my gun like deat.
Officer Friendly has got a new beat.

So I show 'em my gun permit.
I told them I roll legit.
And they test to see if I'm drinkin'
They claim my breath was stinkin'
They had me walk out on the line.
I walked backwards, stopped on a dime.
My female just reclines.
'Cause she knows I know the TIME!
I'm hip to the cop procedure.
They get 'cha every time they see ya.
They stop ya. They cuff ya.
They roll ya and they rough ya.
They ask what I do for a livin'
Should this information be given?
This is what keeps me driven.
Some cops want a brother in prison.
So I got me a few attournies.
Just incase a cop want to burn me.
They protect me from the state.
'Cause one time's got no case.
BRING IT ON DOWN
(Cops don't like me)
ONE TIME'S GOT NO CASE
(Cops don't like me)
A cops asks me what's my name: I don't lie.
And I'm askin' officer why.
Why you want to mess with a rebel like Mix,
When you know I'm livin' legit?
The cop said don't get smart.
I tear soul brothers apart.
I said while take off your gun if you want to get done,
and I'll show you that I ain't the one.
The cop rolled up his fist.
Put the hand cuffs on my wrist.
Then he threw a straight jab and he missed.
A female cop pulls up, and she's pissed.
But this cop had K9.
A soul sister, yes she's fine.
I said why don't 'cha help a brother out of bind.
But that badge was going to her mind.
So she stuck a billy-club in my back.
She said, don't think because your black,
That I won't beat you, crack. Hit you with the gat, huh.
Hard enough it starts to last.
So they took me on down to the jail.
PLB came to pay my bail.
Then we called Goldstein and Claire.
There's my lawyers, walkin' up the stairs.
To the court room, dressed in suits.
'Bout to give a couple cops the boot.
So the female cop takes the stand.

Took her oath with the wrong damn hand.
My lawyers ate her up like catfish.
The other cop plays the fifth.
She lost her job. I seen a few tears on her face.
Sorry, baby. One time's got no case.
HA HA HA
ONE TIME'S GOT NO CASE
ONE TIME'S GOT NO CASE
Ya, you all hate to see a brother get smart outa here,
don't 'cha?
I fought with the brain, and not the gat
Peace, and I'm outa here.
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