MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Sir Mix-A-Lot "A-Lot - My Hooptie"

Visit "A-Lot - My Hooptie" on MotoLyrics.com

С

MotoLyrics

My hooptie rollin' tailpipe draggin' Heat don't work an' my girl keeps naggin' Six nine Buick deuce keeps rollin' One hubcap 'cause three got stolen Bumper shook loose chrome keeps scrapin' Mis matched tires and my white walls flakin' Hit mickey d's Maharaji starts to bug He ate a guarter pounder threw the pickles on my rug Runnin' movin' tabs expired Girlies tryin' to dis 'n say my car looks tired Hit my brakes, out slid skittles Tinted back window with a bubble in the middle Who's car is it? Posse won't say We all play it off when you look our way Rollin' four deep, tires smoke up the block Gotta roll this bucket, 'cause my Benz is in the shop

My hooptie - my hooptie

Four door nightmare, trunk locks' stuck Big dice on the mirror, grill like a truck Lifters tickin', accelerator's stickin' Somethin' on my left front wheel keeps clickin' Picked up the girlies, now we're eight deep

Cars barely movin', but now we got heat Made a left turn as I watched in fright My ex-girlfriend shot out my headlight She was standin', in the road, so I smashed her toes Mashed my pedal, boom, down she goes Law ain't lyin', long hairs flyin' We flipped the skeez off, dumb girl starts cryin' Baby called the cops, now I'm gettin' nervous The cops see a beeper and the suckers might serve us Hit a side street and what did we find? Some young punk, droppin' me a flip off sign Put the deuce in reverse, and started to curse Another sucker on the south side about to get hurt Homey got scared, so I got on Yeah my group got paid, but my groups still strong Posse moved north, headin for the CD Ridin' real fast so the cops don't see me Mis-matched tires got my boys uptight Two Vogues on the left, Uniroyal on the right Hooptie bouncin', runnin' on leaded This is what I sport when you call me big-headed I pot-hole crusher, red light rusher Musher of a brother 'cause I'm plowin' over suckers

In a hooptie

It's a three-ton monster, econo-box stomper Snatch your girly, if you don't I'll romp 'er Dinosaur rush, lookin' like Shaft Some get bold, but some get smashed Cops say the car smokes, but I won't listen It's a six-nine deuce, so the hell with emissions Rollin' in Tacoma, I could get burned (Sound of automatic gunfire) Betta make a u-turn Spotted this freak with immense posterior Tryin' to roll smooth through the Hilltop area Brother start lettin' off, kickin' that racket Thinkin' I'm a rock star, slingin' them packets I ain't wit' dat, so I smooth eject Hit I-5 with the dope cassette Playin' that tough crew hardcore dope The tape deck broke Damn what's next, brothers in Goretex Tryin' to find a spot where we could hunt for sex Found a little club called the N-C-O Military, competition. You know. I ain't really fazed, 'cause I pop much game Rolled up tough, 'cause I got much fame "How ya doin' baby, my name is Mixalot" "Mixalot got a Benz boy, quit smokin' that rock" Ooooh, I got dissed. But it ain't no thing Runnin' that game with the home made slang Baby got ished, Bremelo gip. Keep laughin' at the car and you might get clipped

By a hooptie

Runnin' outta gas, stuck in traffic Far left lane, throwin' up much static Input, output, carbeurator fulla soot "Whatcha want me to do Mix?" Push freak, push Sputter, sputter rollin' over gutters Cars dip low with hard core brothers Tank on E, pulled into Arco Cops on tip for Columbian cargo We fit a stereotype, that's what he said Big long car, four big black heads Cops keep jockin', grabbin' like 'gators 'Bout stereotypes, I'm lookin' nuthin' like Noriega Cop took my wallet, looked at my license His partner said "Damn, they all look like Tyson" Yes, I'm legit, so they gotta let me go This bucket ain't rollin' in snow

It's my hooptie

Visit <u>Sir Mix-A-Lot</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.