

Sir Mix-A-Lot

"A-Lot - You Can Have Her"

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[INTRO: Chris Rock]

...All this ill shit
This fuckin Sir Mix-A-Lot shit
What the fuck is this shit?
See the shit's video?
'PUT IT ON THE GLASS!'
'Put yo TITTIES on the glass'
This is like a pick-up line:
'How you doin?'
I was wonderin, could you put yo BIG FUCKIN TITTIES on
the glass?'
'No, I don't wanna go to a movie, could you PUT EM ON
THE GLASS?!'
'Put your titties on the glass'?!
What happened to 'How ya doin? Whatcha doin later?
Let's catch a movie?'
No, 'Put em on the glass'
'Put em on the fuckin glass'
What the fuck is this shit?
The girls got on bikinis - he got a fur coat on
What the fuck is the weather like in Seattle?

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

All my ex's, eat this one

(You can have her)

[VERSE 1]

I used to have this girl, let's say her name was Mona
Mona, fine young sugar comin out of Arizona
5 ft. 6 straight thick with a switch
And a set of them juicy-ass lips (Mmh...)
Kinky, just like me
She can take a straight gee
And put him down for the count 1, 2, 3
Needless to say I was kickin it
Cause I know when I'm the only one gettin it
But - ooh, things change when you don't maintain
The same game you got her with, mayn
Flew back home, and I was slippin
Cause as soon as I left, another brother starts spittin

Throwin drag about wantin a family
Tryin to front because he wanna be manly
Tellin my girl how I'm playin the field
Boy, you'se a jake for real
Now a player I like, but you know I can't stand no snitch
Tryin to front like he rich
Done shot your credit, cause you bought you a new E
320, and you wanna be a hoe like me
Now you done salted my game
Told my girl I'm a player, and you bought her a ring
You paid a lotta money just to grab her
I'ma tell you like this, trick: you can have her

(You can have her)

[VERSE 2]

I gotta do what I gotta do
Baby girl's through, so I need somethin new
You can't keep a good mack down
I get around cause I got a tight thing up in Sea-Town
5'9" with dimples
Caramel skin, straight fine, hella tight, no pimples
Thinkin my game was concrete
But I gotta watch for them other entertainers and
athletes
Especially the ones who wanna settle down
Cause they'll beg and drink out your shoes and get
they nose brown
Just the kinda man you wanted, ain't it, honey?
A big buff dumb-ass fool with hella money
Down to spend till his knees bend
Then the athlete's broke and his girl's in the wind
And my girl gets mad, cause I never spend time like
I'm s'posed to
Plus I'm a boaster
Shaggin up too damn quick, now she's lookin for a
sugar daddy
Just to get a '96 Caddy
A big truck she found
You young scrub on the bench for the Cleveland
Browns
He never had nothin, thicker than a cheerleader
Now he got juice, so he eats her
And treats her to a big wad of cash
Too weak, so she left his ass
You can have her

(You can have her)

Just rollin by the Playboy Mansion...

[VERSE 3]

I got me a, I got me a, I got me a, I got me a
Young bunny, young bunny in La-La Land
Wanna get freaky with the papa man
I smack her to the front, I smack her to the back
I smack it with the whiffle ball bat, remember that?
One happy black man I be
When my L.A. bunny wanna trip with me
Her name is Teresa
She was freakier than me, but I figured I could please
her
She had the long braids
Chocolate sister, loved to cuff men like slaves
Arrived at the house at last
Seen two shades of lipstick on the same wine glass
Provocative artwork around me
Four pink slippers on the floor surround me
One pair's for her, the other pair's for who?
Plus she only lives in a one bedroom
Well hm - it might be on
MÃ©nage-Ã -trois, open la bouche, taste la bomb
Teresa's roommate walks in
6 ft 2 with a wig and a stupid-ass grin
(Oh my goodness!)

(You can have her)

You done brought a big-ass man up in the room?
Girl, what's wrong with you?
Honey, that is gay
Yo partner, you can have her
Cause I don't want none of y'all
3's Company, if you know what I'm sayin
Yeah

Put it on the danceflo'

Bring it back

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