

Sir Mix-A-Lot "A Rapper's Reputation"

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I'm rollin' in a Nine-Oh van. California, that's my plan
Got memories Mix-A-Lot left in limbo, first stop
Sacramento
Here we go, hit a club called Bentleys
Want a skirt to git wit' me, hit me
There's a girl with a back like a Cadillac
I walked up and got pushed back
Her boyfriend tell her I'm a play-a
Dropped salt on a dope rhyme say-a
My reputation offends this man
Next day hit Williamland Park
Creepin' like a shark
Spot a bad freak and I swoop like a hawk
"What up?", "Howya like to roll wit' a champ?"
"Please! All ya'll rappers is tramps"
My reputation is stoppin' my mission
Every freak in Sac is dissin'
Back on the four lane freeway
Next stop, the two-one-three, L.A.
The two-one-three is rough
But the Mixalot game is tough
Spot a young girl and I start that gamin'
Baby girl asks what set am I claimin'
"Just 'cause I rap, I gotta be in gang?"
It ain't a black thang, it's a rap thang
Censorship is sweepin' the nation
Messin' up a rap stars reputation

A rappers reputation, that's what I got

So I'm finished with the two-one-three
I knock, baby, but it's time to leave
Two days on the hard rock, boys is cruisin'
Interstate Ten, straight to Houston
They tell me 'bout the girls in the fifth ward
You know the boys must score
So we hit a fly club called Guchies
Lookin' for the skirts with the largest booties
Girlies in the club wasn't takin' no shorts
Showin' no remorse
For a brother like Mix, lookin' for the smooth
Didn't need a Houston skirt to get with me

But the nights still young
And the hunk ain't done
So we stepped to the van
Attitude's out of it
The next club, The Main Event
We never think about a dress code
Just step up in the club and let the game roll
But as soon as my boy Maharaji pulls up
Some punk starts runnin' up
He said you don't wanna be with a rap star
They play you for your money and your car
Well my boy got crushed but the girl stepped off
With a rap stars rep, the girls are lost
"Hey yo, what's up, this is Mix I had to make a run
Right quick, but leave your name and number 'n I'll
Getcha right back, peace."

So the posse left Houston Texas
All the girls keep callin' us sexist
Houston media is givin' us rappers no pity
So we all hit Kansas City
In K.C. we go The Gates and Suns
Gotta get grub 'fore we run
Met a little freak named Stacy
I said I'm not just here for the Barbecue baby
She gave me that look, like Pebbles
I'm acked with bass not treble
So I say, Oogley-goo oogley-doo-goo-doo
"What'd you say?" I ain't tellin' you
You see the Mix game is laced with riddles
It ain't moaney, it's Mix in the middle
In walked my ex named Wendy
She got a fresh Dooney Bag
'Cause she's tired of Fendi
Ooh, could a brother be busted
Because Wendy trusted, Me?
An' ah told a lit'l lie 'n
Said I was a loyal guy
Wendy got mad and she wants to dis me
In Kansas City
Wendy starts to groovin'
Hands on her hips and her hair starts movin'
She said the Mix-A-Lot game is phony
Just 'cause I said I'm runnin' girls like ponies
But talkin' that stuff is my occupation
That's how I got this reputation

A rappers reputation, got a rappers reputation
Bring it on down. A rappers reputation, bring it back
A rappers reputation, that's what I got. A rappers
Reputation, peace.

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