

## Sir Mix-A-Lot "F The Bs"

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[Intro - talking]

Like it was before, as usual  
Somethin different, the boy never sounds the same

[Verse 1]

Body by Nautilus and you ain't even with this  
I'm the man, all the homeboys wanna dis  
Crushin, killin, never beat stealin  
But I'm hell when it comes to rhyme dealin  
Death to competitors, long live Mix-A-Lot  
You understand motherfucker I'ma hard rock  
Beat 'em up and pick 'em up and make 'em miss the  
stick up  
But my gat close range, take his wallet, kick him in his  
cup  
Drop the games, cause they really ain't necessary  
You can be a water rated, boy you ain't legendary  
Sue it far in the Caddy, I'ma chillin  
To your girlies I'ma hero, to you suckers I'ma villian  
I've done, get me mad I might try  
Can't find a better rhyme, if you do you better buy it  
Serious and callous could be deadly to competitors  
What am I sayin? (your gonna get yours)

[Chorus - \*scratched\*]

F the BS ..  
F the BS ..  
F the BS ..

[Verse 2]

Memories of bein broke, keep me on the war path  
Hittin like a wreckin ball, Lord it's like a punk blast  
Swayed, raid in effect, my posse's with it  
Put a fifty on the floor, like a punk you wouldn't get it  
Neck snap, head crack, put you on a meat rack  
I ain't playin with you boy, you know I mean that  
Physical rhymes all meant to intimidate  
All niggaz take note, don't imitate  
Rippin is the cut, freaks scurry for my T-I-P  
Tryna get an autograph from M-I-X-A-L-O-T  
Down for the title match and you know what I'm talkin  
about

Muscle bound, full of things, knock a sucker's lights out  
Bring it to my level, boy you better start climbin  
When she's grindin, I'm hardcore rhymin  
Lyric to your gut and all your lines just buckle  
When you make it to the top, I put these boots on your  
knuckles  
Walk into the party like a mob, wearin jet black  
"Swass" skin in effect, sportin coon hat  
Walk by sucker punk, look like eat crackers  
He mumbled somethin, so my posse walked backwards  
Catch 'em on the corner stone and hit 'em with the gat  
chrome  
Let 'em know my posse's gettin bigger, when were  
back home  
A big maulin, you know my beat is def  
You know who you are, F the BS

[Break]

Yeah boy, they rappin five slang  
Cuttin, you know who it is  
Comin back at ya, ain't gonna put your name on wax  
I really don't wanna make you famous sucker

[Chorus]

F the BS  
F the BS  
F the BS

[Verse 3]

Reconnect my dialect with modified jargon  
Heavy snaps, never lookin for a bargain  
Tumble when the pressure's on, walkin like a movie  
clips  
Slow mo, pants low, jeans layin off my hip  
Big shoes, laces loose, a rap warrior  
Real beat boy, leavin crowds in euphoria  
Transform, super fast, nice slice, what a blast  
Movin like the speed of light, so quick I shatter  
plexiglass  
(\*beat changes\*) Here's the beat and c'mon girlies get  
with it  
You like my tuning capabilities, admit it  
It's the man with the westbound attitude  
Big gold rope, rusty knuckles, ain't afraid of you  
Raise an eyebrow, try to figure out how  
Mix-A-Lot made the drums go (POW POW)  
Understand it's the undercover game plan  
Mix-A-Lot soon to be your (TOP MAN)  
Yes sirry and put my hammer on a convoy  
Mix-A-Lot on the stage I'ma (ROUGH BOY)  
Yes so rough boy, creepin up the backside

Mix-A-Lot sign 'em up for the (BIG FIGHT)

(\*solo of the new beat\*)

(\*two beats scratched\*)

(\*scratched\*)

Raised, raised in LA

[Verse 3]

Dynamo, good to go, rough on your stereo  
I'm like a cannibal, got you like "Rambo"  
Don't like riff-raff kick you in the left calf  
I ain't a joke and no coke, buddy don't laugh  
I'm serious, my intention is to overthrow  
The rap government from Crenshaw to Tupelo  
It's like a bug always tickin in my mind  
It's tellin me "buddy, it's time"

[Chorus - \*scratched\*]

F the BS ..

F the BS ..

F the BS ..

[Outro - talking] (\*scratching continues\*)

Look here sucker, this is my program  
I'm about to throw down and take over the rap land  
You know what I'm sayin?  
Somethin different, somethin new  
Ain't none of that same old stuff you hear on your  
stereo  
You know I'm sayin, you know who I am  
Check me out  
F the BS, sucker  
Yeah, F the BS

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