

Sir Mix-A-Lot "Mack Daddy"

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SPOKEN

Mack Daddy

Ain't you tired of that gameless mark smackin' you in
your face baby?

Mack Daddy

You better roll with the big mack, the man with the
game

Mack Daddy

Gotta big snake, all you gotta do is make it dance, you
know what I'm sayin'

Mack Daddy

RAP

I'm rollin' to another neighborhood

Me 'n my boyz, up to no good

Chasin' miniskirts 'n the ride is packed

Rollin' to a mall called SeaTac

Cruisin' 'n the cops don't like that

'Round the mall once 'n don't come back

Four-door Rolls with the black exterior

Turbo Bentley, white interior

A Rolls Royce fulla big black men

In the suburbs, messin' with citizens

Walkin' in the mall, looka how I spit

Sloppy dressed brothers make the females blitz

Big long starters, black low tops

Mack daddy hat got me lookin' like Pops

But that's cool, 'cause, I'm mackin' anyway

'N your females my prey

'N I'm callin' out skirts like Chuck D

Sista we missed ya, get wit' me

Comin', runnin, your boyfriends gunnin'

The big boss is so cunnin'

Some of my home boys hate me

They get a microphone, then try to take me

But you ain't slip, sayin' what's up Mix?

Boy I'm hip to your tricks

I'm the Mack Daddy

Mack Daddy

Yeah ain't no reason to bet ya

'Cause I'm the Mack Daddy
Steadily mackin'
Mack Daddy

Kickin' in a buffed up Lamborgini
If your females proper she gots to see me
'Cause I'm the king of the roll outs
Mack Daddy is back still runnin' my mouth
I see a freak on the SeaTac strip
My Lamborgini's brakes get grip
So I pull up on to The Spot
I start frontin', 'cause I wanna get jocked
Topped off the gas, whipped out my cash
'N one girls starts to laugh
But I'm still smooth
'N my game is on, so I make my move
Say, you in the white pants
I'm a step close to ya, but I won't dance
'N what you laughin' at
All the girls start pointin' at my hat
'N I'm a giggle wit' 'em, 'cause I just wanna get wit' 'em
I don't hit 'em, I just wanna stick 'em
So I pull baby girl to the side
She said she likes my car
I said take a ride
So we flipped up the doors on the Contach
But gettin' in a Lamborgini is hard
So I grabbed baby girl by the rear end
I thought she might need help gettin' in
So I clos' the do'
'N now you kno'
Mack Daddy is about to sco'
The girl said, baby you can have me
So I stopped at the tail
'Cause I'm the Mack Daddy

Mack Daddy
All you all gameless marks know
Mack Daddy
I'm the Mack Daddy
Mack Daddy
Yew

I don't smoke no weed, but I like to G
I don't mean O.G., I mean sex baby
'Cause a brother like me don't date
I sling records 'n tapes
The Rhyme Cartel with the Def American
Gettin' brothers sprung like Farrakhan
'N I'm stuffin' my ladies pumps
In the backa my Benz I humps

I'm nasty 'n proud
To hell with cool, I'm G'in' 'em loud
Other people at the hotel gets no rest
'Cause Mixalots bumpin' them headrests
She got booty for days
Other brothers is pullin' up
But she ain't phased
'Cause I laid my game like a concrete slab
She's the kinda skirt a mack gotta have
Rollin', showin' her off
'N some fool tried to call me soft
He's in a one nine seven two skin head caddy
A old superfly mack daddy
So my girl stepped out 'n he tried to mack
But she ain't havin' that
You see your game is weak, G
My girl, I ain't slappin', I'm mackin'
'N rappin'

Mack Daddy
I'm the Mack Daddy
Mack Daddy
I'm the Mack Daddy
Mack Daddy
Come over here and get some of this snake
Mack Daddy
I'm the Mack Daddy

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