

## Sir Mix-A-Lot "Man U Luv Ta Hate"

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What you mean I'm gone man  
You don't even know me  
Well go ahead and get 'em up busta  
Come on with it . . . Wahaa!

(chorus)

Y'all bustas just don't know  
Y'all can't get with the Mix-A-Lot show  
The man you love to hate ain't phased by the fakes  
If you want to playa hate  
Eat a big 'ole snake

(chorus #2: repeat 4X)

It's The Man You Love 2 Hate  
The J.R. Ewing of Seattle

[Verse 1: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Me and Kid Sensation with that home away from home  
In the fat butt dulie with the painted out chrome  
15's whippin' in the backside  
With the boom boom boom that's how I ride  
And Cha Ching I'm a player making ballas holla  
I got a girl in Mississippi, but I never call her  
Cause it's like that I still got game  
I can memorize your number, but I still don't know your  
name  
The conservatives are thinking I'm a pimp (I'm a pimp)  
Just because I kind of stroll with a limp (With a limp)  
But I still got love for the few who stayed down  
But some of my ex's ain't around  
Why is that ??  
Cause the rock man got them and their butt's just  
dropped  
They started losing weight  
Their grill's looking shot  
So I switched her  
I'm steadily keepin' 'em mixed up  
I'm keeping, down and holding my crown and giving  
them hiccupps  
Boo-Hooing (Boo-Hooing)  
When you call me  
But we was playing on each other so you are wrong,

see  
Sitting around anti-nails  
Your disputing my sales  
Fantasizing 'bout counting my mail

(chorus # 2) ( Repeat x4)

[Verse 2: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Lady listen, Do I really make your man that pissed ?? ( mmm-hmmm)  
Flipped it around and tell your man like this (mmm-hmmm)  
If you hate Mix, than why you talk about Mix ?  
You say you ain't a trick, but you trippin' so she's splittin'  
Now she's coming out to Mrs. Ponderosa  
She drove a beater so I heard her getting closer  
She got an old V-Dub (Volkswagen) with the damaged exhaust  
But she was fine, so I figured I could toss  
And watch the 808 kick drum  
Makes this girlie get dumb  
She's grabbing on my bum tryin' to get one  
And I'm taxing, waxing, I gotta take a note  
Frrrrttt!!! Farted on the downstroke (ewwwweeww)  
Playa's in the house can you feel me  
Got these playahaters lookin' at me silly  
But with this mouthpiece a brother's gotta win  
The ladies say you are fine, but your mackin' is kind of thin  
No more Broadway, I'm hollering Rainier  
Swoop around blocks dropping windows yelling, "Come Here"  
And you complain 'cause I mad a little change  
Its all in the game, boy to hell with the fame

(Chorus #2) Repeat x4 Then falls into Chorus #1 (1x)

[Verse 3: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

I got my buck on them rolling down to Cali  
I got a brand new home out in the valley  
Jumping off I-5  
I crack a left-eye, got to pick my homey up the attitude adjuster  
Seven in a jet black truck with a deaf black G-Lock in case we out of luck  
Cause with these haters you gotta keep your strap  
Cause we taking all their sugars now they tryin to take us back (Yep)  
So you got your and I got mine, so why do you whine about my grind ??

Sitting around blaming Mix-a-Lot for your situation  
Boy get a job and quit player hatin'  
It ain't about winning your respect  
I'm just checking more mail than you check  
So heres the finger next to my index  
I'm all about your lady  
Cause she's all abou the sizex (sex) haha

(chorus #2) Repeat 4x

Yeah, the Pacific Time Zone's head honcho  
The amigo force feed you soe of this bad ass ego  
You know what I'm saying  
Try going platinum suckas  
Dos  
Tres  
Watch out for Cuatro, Motherfm{\*bleeped out\*

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