

## Sir Mix-A-Lot "My Bad Side"

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(\*sounds of gun shots being fired\*)

(\*person yelling\*)

[Sir Mix-A-Lot - talking to another person]

Hey yo, ain't you the one that was talkin crazy to me  
other day on Rain Ear

(Yeah that was me, what you gonna do about it Mix-A-  
Lot?)

(\*gun blast\*)

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Rushin up the middle like a fullback  
It's my drug, head to head contact  
Mack 11, my best friend in full effect  
That's the beat that you been lookin for, no pussy check  
Come quietly the punishment awaits you  
I'm playin games and I know you can't relate too  
Surprise my rhyme hit you from the blind side  
You better chill cause your messin with my bad side

[Break - w/ \*scratching\* and variations]

(\*Suckers getting tossed\*)

"My, my, my, my, my bad side"

(\*Suckers gettin tossed\*)

(\*Suckers gettin tossed\*)

"\*My, my, my, my, my bad side\*"

(\*Suckers gettin tossed\*)

"\*My, my, my, my, my bad side\*"

"\*My bad side\*"

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Drop the "Square Dance" punk I ain't bullshittin  
Tell ya girl about how hard this shit's gettin  
Shoot 'em down like the All World Crime Boss  
Break soft and like a salad you'll get tossed  
Voice like rock effects I don't need 'em  
You drop for your boss, I'm like a pimp when I greet  
'em  
Role like son, your just another recruit  
Salute roody poos to your king I'm in the black boots  
The beat's runnin like a Benz in the fast lane  
Over do it, put your speakers in a freeze frame

Watch the bunny while I inject the venom  
Screams of pain cause my rhymes up in 'em  
Rushin like a buffalo, and wild like a Navajo  
Reckless like the PLO, bring it back and here we go  
The bass drum dancin through to get dumb  
Girls on my tip doin flips because I'm well hung  
Never been a fan of yours, vapors say my game's slick  
You find something then you hide it with a drum chick  
Takin apart every rap that's on the charts  
Mix there with yours, spin it back it ain't hard  
Please, get up and take brown tip punk  
Cause you might get dumped  
Your producers are bitin, your gettin paid but your lame  
And no two songs of mine sound the same  
Fame is not needed to acquire great wealth  
Pick pocket posse pick up the pace you need help  
Sucker, you better step to the stand by  
Because your messin with my Bad Side

[Break - \*scratching\*]

\*My, my, my, my, my bad side\*

\*My, my, my, my, my bad side\*

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

I'm like thunder, a barbaric like warrior  
And I got the beat for ya  
Bumpin in your trunk like a hump of funk punk  
You wanna jump but your jump got skunked  
Pick 'em up ref, eight count his lights are out  
Lookin for the jab but he caught my roundhouse  
Stereo effect our words connect  
Pick up the mic and check our muscles flex  
Loosen up your belt so my rhyme is dealt  
You might gain wealth but can you do it yourself, nope  
You stole a beat from a old great record  
Call my record weak, here it is now you break it  
You say I'm broke but I'm ridin in a Benzo  
What you rollin boy a Hugo?  
Tryin to roll with the girls your callin Mix-A-Lot a sucker  
Who you callin sucker, lip-synching motherfucker  
Move the set boy how's this fiasco  
I'm in your gutter and I'm singin like Tabasco, sucker  
You better step to the stand by  
Because your messin with my Bad Side

[Break - \*scratching\* - mixed in with talking in  
background\*]

"\*My, my, my, my, my bad side\*"

"My Bad Side"

"\*My, my, my Bad Side\*"

"\*My, my, my, my, my bad side\*"

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Gun in my nose, slap my girl in her face  
Took both my beepers and my I'll skin case  
Snatched all my gold, sucker punk and he's gone  
He made a break for the car and now the chase is on  
Rollin up the Avenue high speed chase, yes  
Caddy was back but my Benz was in his face  
Left toward South Shore, wrong way homey  
This street's for Mix-A-Lot's posse only  
Looked in his mirror saw my big gold grill  
Ain't no place to run so you might as well chill  
Jumped from the car like he wanted to run  
And Maharashi on the roof (yo drop the gun)  
Punk dropped that, so I dropped mine  
You see I'd rather box, than have to use my nine  
Punk buckled up from a one, two punch  
My girl stomped the sucker with a high heel pump  
Cops on my jock, I broke round the block  
Chase cars eat dust and G don't stop  
Smoker, you needed drugs for your next high  
You pull a gat on my Bad Side

[Skit at the end of the song - Two guys talking outside  
Sir Mix-A-Lot's house]

Guy #1: Alright man, let's kick the door down and  
Break in their man,  
We can get all his stuff, man, he got gold, man (word)  
The jewelry man and a old Corvette in the garage, I'm a  
get me in that man

\*"My Bad Side"\*

Guy #2: I want him, I want Mix-A-Lot man  
Guy: I know well listen, take him out man  
Guy #2: He dissed my sister  
Guy: Don't let him get away man, take his girl out man  
Guy: I know my homeboy slapped his girl  
Guy #2: I know, yeah, let's get it, let's get in, let's get in  
Guy: Kick the door down, ready  
Sir Mix-A-Lot: WELCOME TO MY HOUSE PUNKS, YEAH!

(\*gun blasts\*) (\*yelling\*)

Sir Mix-A-Lot: That's right punk, try to run punk

(\*gun blasts\*) (\*yelling\*)

Sir Mix-A-Lot: Oh you the last one, huh  
Guy: Oh, come on Mix, let me go, don't point that gun

(\*Two gun shots fired\*)

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

You boys got to learn not to step up in my house with  
that weak gat

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