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Sir Mix-A-Lot "No Holds Barred"

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"The police, urge people, to keep their guns locked up and unloaded"

"Congress today, seems on the verge of approving gun control"

[Verse One: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

It's, time to fight back cause the new jack black macks

Ain't did SHIT about that, whack, jackin

And I'm packin

Cause I'm down for the bank I'm stackin

And in a straight up brawl I'll mall alla y'all

Ya try to crawl for Tylenol and I install

Big fists in your face, the blow is well placed

Spray 'em with mace in case mace is his taste

Throw up the dogs, the competition is fogged

Cause he was smokin the yang, iced and drink the 8-

ball

Drunk, stumblin, threw him with the lean

I sweep him, then attack the spleen

Play the congas on his backbone

He's funk baritone until I twisted his dome

Creep up on my house and try to roll me up?

And got STUCK IN THE GUT with a black, glock

And he starts to wobble

Self-defense is what I'm claimin, let's squabble

I pick up a pipe to take plenty of quick swipes

One grazed his dome and sliced his eye whites

I don't give a DAMN bout a stupid ass burgular

It's all circular

The dope dealer sells dope to the dope smoker

The smoker breaks in and tries to choke ya

But I ain't the one to run from ya son

This is MY HOUSE, and it's FULLA GUNS!

I'm down for mine and my choke is nice and hard

When you jack the boss there ain't no holds barred!

No holds barred

No holds barred

No holds barred

[Verse Two: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

I'm crushin most hoods like Katie-dids(?)

I'm pleadin guilty for the damage I did This ain't about random violence The (?) crept into my house, FUCK SILENCE Now most punks wanna run for the stun gun Fuck a stun gun, I got the big one Forty-four mag, automatic, CHROME Mercury-tipped bullets, melt the dome It's the 1990's, and crack is Talkin to the criminals, ever so subliminal Some crackhead wants Mix-A-Lot dead A jack move instead, another fool bled I can't cry cause my tears are nearly froze My interior's cold, it posess my soul I'm on the paranoid tip And each of my socks got a clip! When my house got robbed, a top notch job Cops laughed while my mom just sobbed 9-1-1 only works for the rich ones So I collect GUNS! So step right through if you're down for the wrong move Most crews are moved by my twelve gauge BOOM!

How can I love when I gotta

Protect my neck from a punk suspect?

Gun control - I ain't wit it

They banned the AK and any fool can STILL get it

The innocent have been beaten, bruised and scarred

But for this citizen, there ain't no holds barred

"It is an absolute infringement on my second amendment rights" No holds barred "When is this attack on gun owners going to end?" No holds barred "Education, versus restriction"

[Verse Three: Sir Mix-A-Lot]
Hypothetical situation
Gun control starts sweepin the nation
Now you got a bunch of unarmed innocent victims
Gettin FUCKED by the system
Sittin at home with a butter knife, huh
Any fool could rape your wife
So what's up when the criminals can't be stopped?
The only one with guns are the COPS
But it's hard for a brother to trust police
Huh, so the shit don't cease
So I go downtown to buy a hot gun
I hated criminals, and now I'm one
Because I bought a gat to protect my house
The cops wanna bust me out?

So it's illegal to protect yourself?
Hell, you either get killed, or you in jail
So when you vote
You better think about what I just wrote
And FUCK writin a note to yo' Congressman!
You got the fool hired
Now help get the fool fired
A scary scenario
And I put it in your stereo
So when a fool tries to run up on my car
R.I.P., no holds barred

No holds barred

No holds barred

"They take aim, at the law abiding citizen, instead of the criminal" {*applause*}

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