

## Sir Mix-A-Lot "Seminar"

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(\*breathing noises, bell ringing\*)

Welcome to the seminar (go, go, go, go)

[Chorus]

To the Seminar (go, go, go, go) - 3X

[Verse 1]

Sittin' at a table, lookin' like we Gods, we're dressed in white, for the rap so tight

Serious men with the strength of ten, comin' through like animals lookin' for a fight

Intelligent, packed, so inadequate, step back, Mix-A-Lot's here to inforce what's dope

A brand new album, better than the last one, listen up close or you might get smoked

Some say rap has become repititious, mixin' up beats of a old great jams

Some hate me, some imitate me, but take me out, I'll be damned

This album is a demonstration of various styles of a hip hop art

I got paid, but I do it cause I love it, all enemies hush, let the seminar start

(go, go, go, go)

[Chorus]

To the seminar (go, go, go, go) - 3X

(The seminar)

[Verse 2]

Break it up, the rebel of rap is about to toss up with a brand new style

Your host on the whole west coast rippin' up bedposts when I work that pile

A meetin' of the minds to elevate hardcore, take it to a level where few have been

You brag but your brain's like mush, hush learn somethin' my friend

Seminar dope, smoke you cope, nope, ha I got 'em in

the scope  
Scramble, run and hit 'em like Op, chope, goin' for the  
throat  
Rustle up revenue pack it in a gunny sack  
Settin' up a trap for a new snack pack (\*echo\*)  
A snack pack is a girl with the thickness, little in the  
middle, but she got much back  
Runnin' like a Rolex, stuck in the hype mode, track after  
track, keep it real for a fact  
I paid my posse unlike you boy, they all roll tough and  
they all stay strapped  
Get up in my face, shake my hand, saw you on the  
screen and your head got fat  
Forgot where your from, but I'll tell ya where you at  
Lip synchin', lyin' and about to get slapped  
Smoke some of this, suck it up then think  
If your group's not paid then you might get  
backstabbed  
You's a brother, but you actin' like another  
Who was tryin' to get rich, now he's workin' wit scabs  
I'm a genius, brains are the new thing, knowledge is in,  
and I'm pour somethin' wit it  
You attend my dope Seminar, and listen to the lyrics  
(\*echo\*), hit it

[Verse 3]

Debonair your nightmare, don't stare down when I clear  
from Greenpuff Square  
Dare to squares, break 'em up into pears, yours boys  
got scared  
I bang, bang hardware  
Four four shoot 'em up, cock and pop pop  
Desert Eagle Magnum and it stops  
Waitin' for crime to roll and pick locks  
Mauseburg pump blasts, he got dropped  
That is the life of a 'Hip Hop Soldier', I'm hated in the  
hood so I gotta stay strapped  
Rollin' in a drop top SEC, cops stop, wanderin' why I'm  
heavily packed  
I'm legally armed and like dynamite I'm ready to blast  
on punks who play hard  
I love to love, but I can't so I ain't, silence (\*echo\*) drop  
the Seminar

(\*breathing noises, and bell ringing\*)

(Welcome to the Seminar)

Visit [Sir Mix-A-Lot](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

