

Sir Mix-A-Lot **"Take My Stash"**

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Huh!

There's a black man livin in a big (big) house
Three credit cards fulla fat (fat) clout
Fatass garage holdin nine (nine) cars
One of them Mack Daddy rap (rap) stars
Me, rollin in the AMG still
?Six slater? with the monochrome grille
Don't serve birds but I'm livin like a king
But the IRS got a thing for a brother like me
Uncle Sam wanna buy another missile (yep)
Strip Mix-a-Lot straight down to the gristle (mm)
I made a few mil' and the auditors come
Sounds dumb, but this is how the phone got hung (yep)
Somebody hated that Mix-a-Lot rep
Straight-up snitch tryin to get Mix sw-ept
But I'm back, the black dynamo's on track
I got jack for the big tax
Yep, they freeze my accounts, put a lean on my house
(mmm)
Straight left a nigga AAAAAASSED OUT
Helicopters over my house (my house)
Takin pictures of a brother in his draws wit his thing out
(uhh)
Livin the life of a suspected crook
Cause I never play the game by the book
If you're livin too large, ya better watch that ass
Cause the IRS,
Is gonna take yo stash

Why you wanna take my stash?
Why you wan' take my stash?
Why you wanna take my stash?

D-O-T came to my house, tell me wassup
You wanna huff and puff and take a brother's stuff?
Then I saw the treasury badge -
This is bigger than One-Time, so I got mad
So what do ya got to say about me,
The M-I-X-A-L-O, T?
He starts scopin my house, havin his doubts
About a brother with street AND bank clout
His partner was writin on a thick (thick) pad

Checkin out the goodies that Mix (Mix) had
Trippin off the things that I bought (bought) cash
Tryin to send a brother up-state (state) fast
Yep (yep

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