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## Sir Mix-A-Lot "The Boss Is Back"

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{Boss} {Boss} We have such sights to show you This isn't for your eyes... AaaAAAA, the boss is back! {Boss} The boss is back! {Boss} {Boss}

So I took a one-year hiatus Ain't nobody heard my latest You thought Mix-a-Lot was through But I'm back; this boot's on you What happened to all the old homies? When the money gets funny it's lonely My ex turned into a slut Down at the Hollywood, slangin' that butt Cheap perfume and a mini-skirt Girl, what's your line of work? Now that I'm rollin', you wanna roll with me But have you been to the clinic lately? Yesterday you had six condoms, see Today you got three Tossed you out like a paper sack This brother ain't Sprung On The Cat What about all the old homies? I got paid so they call me phony But I refuse to lay it low, When a brother like you tells me I can't flow? So here we go, bro, the leader of the Flow Show Let you know, I roll and get mo' I yank the bank and I ain't been ganked Cause my back you're trying to shank, but no thanks! My face shows pain and strain as I stand in the rain With this fame, you go insane The game I run is not fun to some, And now I love no one! The boss is back!

{Big boss in effect, I ain't bluffin'!} I'm back! Your boss is back!

{Big boss in effect, I ain't bluffin'!}
{Big boss in effect, I ain't bluffin'!}

Tommy wants revenge But I want your oxygen When the game got thick you ran Now in my face you stand Beggin' for a few hun? Son, your fun meets my gun! Now you scream you're true black Boy, you need to chill with that! Cause I'm an e-qual op-por-tu-ni-ty de-stroyer My gat's my lawyer Last week you's a stick-up kid And this week you're in show biz Standin' on stage, another black wanna-be Wanna get paid, so you're as balck as you gotta be Throw up a peace sign, fakin' the rhymes Run out of lyrics, scratch in a Malcom X line Hypocrite, your hits break the bits The boss of brain lays pain when I spit Criticized, cause I'm takin' the dares And now you're tryin' to tell another brother what to wear? Come off that tip, you know how it goes Another brother gets shot and punks blame it on gold Gold ropes? Naw, that ain't your problem The job of a rapper is to find em and solve em Now you're crying bout what a brother owns King died so you could buy your throne I ain't got time to take steps in reverse You or the KKK, who's worse? You told me to stay low in my ghetto And so did the Klan, so wake up, bro Why do you think brothers is sellin' dope, fool? America, boy, the bankroll rules! Play that hard role and say you ain't with that And everything you're cryin' bout money on your contract Talked about me bad, it's time for the payback, black, The boss is back!

{Boss} I'm back.

I don't know the meaning of trust I gotta live so I do what I must Some girls'll cross you when you're soft That's why I'm my own damn boss They'll run you down with stress If you're spring on the butt and chest I'd rather be sprung on the ducat

And put another damn freak in my bucket I deal with women, not girls Cause them young ones'll shake your world I'm tellin' it like it is Cause a brother like Mix ain't losin' his I got about two or three clowns That try to kick me when I'm down But when I come up, they all play dumb All of a sudden, it's we, not one I zip up lips when I spit these hits I'm equipped to make misfits quit Young bucks should all duck cause jaws are gettin' struck The luck gets chuched, so wussup! I ram and cram my jams in the mouth of a man I'm kickin' quicker than Van Damme Face the facts, two platinums stack Step off, fool, or get cracked! The boss is back!

{Who's the boss?} I'm back! {Who's the boss?} The boss is back! {Who's the boss?} {Who's the } {Boss}

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