

Sir Michael Rocks

"Man U Luv Ta Hate"

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What you mean I'm gone man
You don't even know me
Well go ahead and get 'em up busta
Come on with it . . . Wahaa!

(chorus)
Y'all bustas just don't know
Y'all can't get with the Mix-A-Lot show
The man you love to hate ain't phased by the fakes
If you want to playa hate
Eat a big 'ole snake

(chorus #2: repeat 4X)
It's The Man You Love 2 Hate
The J.R. Ewing of Seattle

[Verse 1: Sir Mix-A-Lot]
Me and Kid Sensation with that home away from home
In the fat butt dulie with the painted out chrome
15's whippin' in the backside
With the boom boom boom that's how I ride
And Cha Ching I'm a player making ballas holla
I got a girl in Mississippi, but I never call her
Cause it's like that I still got game
I can memorize your number, but I still don't know your
name
The conservatives are thinking I'm a pimp (I'm a pimp)
Just because I kind of stroll with a limp (With a limp)
But I still got love for the few who stayed down
But some of my ex's ain't around
Why is that ??
Cause the rock man got them and their butt's just
dropped
They started losing weight
Their grill's looking shot
So I switched her
I'm steadily keepin' 'em mixed up
I'm keeping, down and holding my crown and giving
them hiccups
Boo-Hooing (Boo-Hooing)
When you call me

But we was playing on each other so you are wrong,
see
Sitting around anti-nails
Your disputing my sales
Fantasizing 'bout counting my mail

(chorus # 2) (Repeat x4)

[Verse 2: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Lady listen, Do I really make your man that pissed ?? (mmm-hmmm)
Flipped it around and tell your man like this (mmm-hmmm)
If you hate Mix, than why you talk about Mix ?
You say you ain't a trick, but you trippin' so she's splittin'
Now she's coming out to Mrs. Ponderosa
She drove a beater so I heard her getting closer
She got an old V-Dub (Volkswagen) with the damaged exhaust
But she was fine, so I figured I could toss
And watch the 808 kick drum
Makes this girlie get dumb
She's grabbing on my bum tryin' to get one
And I'm taxing, waxing, I gotta take a note
Frrrrttt!!! Farted on the downstroke (ewwwweeww)
Playa's in the house can you feel me
Got these playahaters lookin' at me silly
But with this mouthpiece a brother's gotta win
The ladies say you are fine, but your mackin' is kind of thin
No more Broadway, I'm hollering Rainier
Swoop around blocks dropping windows yelling, "Come Here"
And you complain 'cause I mad a little change
Its all in the game, boy to hell with the fame

(Chorus #2) Repeat x4 Then falls into Chorus #1 (1x)

[Verse 3: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

I got my buck on them rolling down to Cali
I got a brand new home out in the valley
Jumping off I-5
I crack a left-eye, got to pick my homey up the attitude adjuster
Seven in a jet black truck with a deaf black G-Lock in case we out of luck
Cause with these haters you gotta keep your strap
Cause we taking all their sugars now they tryin to take us back (Yep)
So you got your and I got mine, so why do you whine

about my grind ??
Sitting around blaming Mix-a-Lot for your situation
Boy get a job and quit player hatin'
It ain't about winning your respect
I'm just checking more mail than you check
So heres the finger next to my index
I'm all about your lady
Cause she's all abou the sizex (sex) haha

(chorus #2) Repeat 4x

Yeah, the Pacific Time Zone's head honcho
The amigo force feed you soe of this bad ass ego
You know what I'm saying
Try going platinum suckas
Dos
Tres
Watch out for Cuatro, Motherfm{*bleeped out*

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