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Sir Michael Rocks "You Can Have Her"

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[INTRO: Chris Rock]

...All this I'll shit

This fuckin Sir Mix-A-Lot shit

What the fuck is this shit?

See the shit's video?

'PUT IT ON THE GLASS!'

'Put yo TITTIES on the glass'

This is like a pick-up line:

'How you doin?

I was wonderin, could you put yo BIG FUCKIN TITTIES on the glass?'

'No, I don't wanna go to a movie, could you PUT EM ON THE GLASS?!'

'Put your titties on the glass'?!

What happened to 'How ya doin? Whatcha doin later?

Let's catch a movie'?

No, 'Put em on the glass'

'Put em on the fuckin glass'

What the fuck is this shit?

The girls got on bikinis - he got a fur coat on

What the fuck is the weather like in Seattle?

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

All my ex's, eat this one

(You can have her)

[VERSE 1]

I used to have this girl, let's say her name was Mona

Mona, fine young sugar comin out of Arizona

5 ft. 6 straight thick with a switch

And a set of them juicy-ass lips (Mmh...)

Kinky, just like me

She can take a straight gee

And put him down for the count 1, 2, 3

Needless to say I was kickin it

Cause I know when I'm the only one gettin it

But - ooh, things change when you don't maintain

The same game you got her with, mayn

Flew back home, and I was slippin

Cause as soon as I left, another brother starts spittin

Throwin drag about wantin a family
Tryin to front because he wanna be manly
Tellin my girl how I'm playin the field
Boy, you'se a jake for real
Now a player I like, but you know I can't stand no snitch
Tryin to front like he rich
Done shot your credit, cause you bought you a new E
320, and you wanna be a hoe like me
Now you done salted my game
Told my girl I'm a player, and you bought her a ring
You paid a lotta money just to grab her
I'ma tell you like this, trick: you can have her

(You can have her)

[VERSE 2]

I gotta do what I gotta do
Baby girl's through, so I need somethin new
You can't keep a good mack down
I get around cause I got a tight thing up in Sea-Town
5'9" with dimples

Caramel skin, straight fine, hella tight, no pimples Thinkin my game was concrete But I gotta watch for them other entertainers and athletes

Especially the ones who wanna settle down Cause they'll beg and drink out your shoes and get they nose brown

Just the kinda man you wanted, ain't it, honey? A big buff dumb-ass fool with hella money Down to spend till his knees bend

Then the athlete's broke and his girl's in the wind And my girl gets mad, cause I never spend time like I'm s'posed to

Plus I'm a boaster

Shaggin up too damn quick, now she's lookin for a sugar daddy

Just to get a '96 Caddy

A big truck she found

You young scrub on the bench for the Cleveland Browns

He never had nothin, thicker than a cheerleader Now he got juice, so he eats her And treats her to a big wad of cash Too weak, so she left his ass You can have her

(You can have her)

Just rollin by the Playboy Mansion...

[VERSE 3]

I got me a, I got me a, I got me a, I got me a Young bunny, young bunny in La-La Land Wanna get freaky with the papa man I smack her to the front, I smack her to the back I smack it with the whiffle ball bat, remember that? One happy black man I be When my L.A. bunny wanna trip with me

Her name is Teresa

She was freakier than me, but I figured I could please

her

She had the long braids

Chocolate sister, loved to cuff men like slaves

Arrived at the house at last

Seen two shades of lipstick on the same wine glass

Provocative artwork around me

Four pink slippers on the floor surround me

One pair's for her, the other pair's for who?

Plus she only lives in a one bedroom

Well hm - it might be on

M?nage-?-trois, open la bouche, taste la bomb

Teresa's roommate walks in

6 ft 2 with a wig and a stupid-ass grin

(Oh my goodness!)

(You can have her)

You done brought a big-ass man up in the room? Girl, what's wrong with you? Honey, that is gay Yo partner, you can have her Cause I don't want none of y'all 3's Company, if you know what I'm sayin Yeah

Put it on the danceflo'

Bring it back

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