

## Rednex

### "Who Writes Your"

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[Verse One]

I'm the flyest MC the finest MC  
The nicest MC oh that's boring see, there's another MPC  
So why you think most hip-hop sounds the same except  
for me?  
Cryptic kick shit from the crypt  
Sadistic lick hits with wit I'm quick  
Rip crickets in a wicket I'm plain wicked  
Thick in the rig wearing kid lipstick  
I wreck shit on the next shit  
Spit it in ya ear bit like a Q-Tip  
Big silly bitch wickedy witch lickety split  
in a sitch no dick but talk big carry a big stick  
So I'm a girl, yeah I'm white  
And I write all night with a bare swingin light  
On the computer alright a producer alright  
I produced this song  
So you know who you are you know you were wrong  
No I was not in that porn "On Golden Blonde"  
Got it goin on more James Bond than Sean John  
Conned James Cahn for a ticket to Cannes  
And I Love Ferris Bueller like tchhickachickkaa

[Whispered Hook Repeat 2x]

Please don't ask me who writes my lyrics  
I'll spit up in your face much faster than you could hear  
it

[Verse Two]

Don't ask me who writes my lyrics  
Damn ya you're enamored I'm a slam ya  
Hotter than your can down in Alabama  
Where's my camera I need a Kodak moment  
of the moment I made you feel like Hammer  
Son of Sam? I'm the daughter of Sam  
Slaughter a man on the microphone  
Pardon me ma'am was that part of a man  
or your son I just whipped on the mic and sent home  
Big quick shit New York- Stockholm  
Kike and a Wop Wipin a cock  
Walkin the block drop ya jaw to jock to your sock

I get that a lot yeah stop take stock  
Shhh let me show you what I got  
Made up my mind- like made it up I imagined it  
I don't got a mind I abandoned it in a cabinet  
So I could be a candidate for writin a few hits  
walkin a few pits and cashin in on that shit  
I put out my first tape in '94 if you got one, I'll buy it  
I don't got one no more it was called Mitch Better get  
my Bunny  
That shit was shitty but funny  
I admit it was dumb but I did it with no money  
In 9-5 my first CD called Strictly Platinum  
but it didn't go Platinum it went back to them  
And instead of waitin for someone to put me on  
I started a label ran it 'til the money was gone  
Then came along, then was gone  
Money money money, don't try to make it with your  
songs  
But like Salt 'n Pepa in El Segundo we push it along  
(Push it!)  
And then Fat Beats wouldn't take my last LP  
So I got egg beaters threw em back at the backpacks  
on 6th Ave. passin me  
At the Bagel Buffet planted a bomb next to Grays  
And when the records rained I sold 'em back for double  
to Fat Beats in LA  
It's all OK cuz when Fat Beats still wouldn't distribute  
my record  
I renamed it-Pharoah Monch featuring Chubby Checker  
Ha ha mic wrecker don't sleep, Princess Superstar - The  
shit is deep

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