

Mercedes F/ A-Lexxus, Mr. Serv-On

"I'll Roll You Up"

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[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Tightly knit, my script is legit
I'm force feedin competition, more rebel shit
Rhymes on a roll, cold yet bold
I did "Posse on Broadway" in cruise control
Runnin like a wart, rap's my sport
Of course loss, and then you pick the part
But don't cry and say you wasn't warned
Cause my voice keeps comin like a STORM
Bass should it be let go, heck no
Want to be hard, cause you failed to be techno
Rugged, ripped and rough hittin like "Thriller" (boom)
My bass drum is a killer
Packed like a musket, tough to test it
Your arrested (Yo, was he in a trial?), you guessed it
His eyes are big, his crew ran away in the crunch
Then I hit 'em with the "Batman" punch
Laugh, if you want but don't approach
Cause most that approach get ate up like toast
But some do come, you wanna scrap or what?
If not stay back, cause I'll Roll You Up

[Break - w/ variations]

(That's right Mix, roll that sucker)

(Kick it over here)

I'll Roll You Up

(Roll 'em up, Roll 'em up Mix)

(Kick, kick, kick it over here)

(Kick, kick, kick it over here)

(kick it over here Mix)

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

I'm scannin the court, holdin the fort
Runnin your mind through a maze of pure lyrical tort
More real estate, keep my posse runnin to the bank
It's hardcore, breakin up armored tanks
Not dressed to impress, but dressed for pain
No cute sweatsuits, just sweat and chains
Step off strapped, I let off caps
Ha, Hitchcock couldn't write more wicked raps
Rip the Godfather, then you start that braggin

I never jumped on a James Brown bandwagon
A malla ralla, makin MC's holler
My rope's so big, your girl's callin me a baller
Bad is played, so I choose to use mean
Diabolical mind, the remorse is unseen
Quick to cut on any concert quack
Lip-synchin rhymes off a raggedy tracks
He claims to hate me, swears I can't beat 'em
I drop a new jam, the punks come like I beep 'em
Tried to jack, stepped up and got popped
Cause I'm takin out scum like "Robocop"
Twistin off rhymes in a lyrical knot
The temporary, interuptin in your chain of thought
It's me so give it up, cause the gat is in your gut
Don't make a move or I'll Roll You Up, sucker

[Break - w/ variations]

"Mix-A-Lot" - 4X

I'll Roll You Up

Yeah, how many players we got in the house?

(*yelling in background*)

How many Playboys we got in the house?

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

All you players from coast to coast

You know I rock the most

My bank is thick but it's legal, so I boast

Comin at a brother like a in sync cheap

I'm still down to (*banging noise*), if a sucker got beef

Roll him up, cause he's soft, kinda limp

I'm your worst nightmare, a sucker MC's pimp

Workin 'em hard with my hip hop force

My words so cold they known to freeze up warts

The scope is focused, notice no hocus pocus

Your girl's a square, but she'll tell ya I'm bogus

Saw you on the street, your middle finger was flippin

And your the victim of a drive-by lyrical whippin

Read my song, lyrics are strong

The critics were wrong, I kind to suckers like pong

Agression the lesson, pain is the ultimatum

Reachin and grabbin, hittin like Jack Tatum

They are crushed, turnin suckers to slush

Heavyweight beef for you punks that fuss

Whippin like handball, punishin the face

I'm all up in 'em like Section Eight

Logical rhymes, ahead of the time

Goin for mine, and fight time, still down to grind

Here's the white chalk, your next to get cut

But cross the white line and I'll Roll You Up

[Break]

I'll Roll You Up ...
Bring it on down
(*beat changes*)

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

I got my voice down pact, rock it up like crack
Smacked all the whack, with a loaded pack
Black Cross Courts is the chosen attire
Heavy with the lyrics, all balls are fire
Cause I'm (*scratched* - "Dope, are great"*)
In the Pacific Time Zone, I'm considered the boss
A lyrical nightmare, it's me in your dreams
Feel the sweat, the smoke, get up and then scream
Loose is the noose, but I'm tightenin soon
My drum's steady hung, with enormous boom
I stomp all comp, for it's you I romp
My drum's kickin harder than paternity stomps
Hit it and with it, the posse's heavy and stiff
Skirts on the tip, for the player riff
Not a regular rapper, cause I'm knowin what's up
You attack from the back and I'll Roll You Up

[Outro]

(Mix-A-Lot)
(*talking*)
(Mix-A-Lot)
I'll Roll You Up
(Mix-A-Lot)

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