

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

"My Bad Side"

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(*sounds of gun shots being fired*)

(*person yelling*)

[Sir Mix-A-Lot - talking to another person]

Hey yo, ain't you the one that was talkin crazy to me
other day on Rain Ear

(Yeah that was me, what you gonna do about it Mix-A-
Lot?)

(*gun blast*)

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Rushin up the middle like a fullback

It's my drug, head to head contact

Mack 11, my best friend in full effect

That's the beat that you been lookin for, no pussy check

Come quietly the punishment awaits you

I'm playin games and I know you can't relate too

Surprise my rhyme hit you from the blind side

You better chill cause your messin with my bad side

[Break - w/ *scratching* and variations]

(*Suckers getting tossed*)

"My, my, my, my, my bad side"

(*Suckers gettin tossed*)

(*Suckers gettin tossed*)

"*My, my, my, my, my bad side*"

(*Suckers gettin tossed*)

"*My, my, my, my, my bad side*"

"*My bad side*"

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Drop the "Square Dance" punk I ain't bullshittin

Tell ya girl about how hard this shit's gettin

Shoot 'em down like the All World Crime Boss

Break soft and like a salad you'll get tossed

Voice like rock effects I don't need 'em

You drop for your boss, I'm like a pimp when I greet
'em

Role like son, your just another recruit

Salute roody poos to your king I'm in the black boots

The beat's runnin like a Benz in the fast lane

Over do it, put your speakers in a freeze frame
Watch the bunny while I inject the venom
Screams of pain cause my rhymes up in 'em
Rushin like a buffalo, and wild like a Navajo
Reckless like the PLO, bring it back and here we go
The bass drum dancin through to get dumb
Girls on my tip doin flips because I'm well hung
Never been a fan of yours, vapors say my game's slick
You find something then you hide it with a drum chick
Takin apart every rap that's on the charts
Mix there with yours, spin it back it ain't hard
Please, get up and take brown tip punk
Cause you might get dumped
Your producers are bitin, your gettin paid but your lame
And no two songs of mine sound the same
Fame is not needed to acquire great wealth
Pick pocket posse pick up the pace you need help
Sucker, you better step to the stand by
Because your messin with my Bad Side

[Break - *scratching*]

My, my, my, my, my bad side

My, my, my, my, my bad side

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

I'm like thunder, a barbaric like warrior
And I got the beat for ya
Bumpin in your trunk like a hump of funk punk
You wanna jump but your jump got skunked
Pick 'em up ref, eight count his lights are out
Lookin for the jab but he caught my roundhouse
Stereo effect our words connect
Pick up the mic and check our muscles flex
Loosen up your belt so my rhyme is dealt
You might gain wealth but can you do it yourself, nope
You stole a beat from a old great record
Call my record weak, here it is now you break it
You say I'm broke but I'm ridin in a Benzo
What you rollin boy a Hugo?
Tryin to roll with the girls your callin Mix-A-Lot a sucker
Who you callin sucker, lip-synching motherfucker
Move the set boy how's this fiasco
I'm in your gutter and I'm singin like Tabasco, sucker
You better step to the stand by
Because your messin with my Bad Side

[Break - *scratching* - mixed in with talking in
background*]

"*My, my, my, my, my bad side*"

"My Bad Side"

"*My, my, my Bad Side*"

"*My, my, my, my, my bad side*"

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Gun in my nose, slap my girl in her face
Took both my beepers and my ill skin case
Snatched all my gold, sucker punk and he's gone
He made a break for the car and now the chase is on
Rollin up the Avenue high speed chase, yes
Caddy was back but my Benz was in his face
Left toward South Shore, wrong way homey
This street's for Mix-A-Lot's posse only
Looked in his mirror saw my big gold grill
Ain't no place to run so you might as well chill
Jumped from the car like he wanted to run
And Maharashi on the roof (yo drop the gun)
Punk dropped that, so I dropped mine
You see I'd rather box, than have to use my nine
Punk buckled up from a one, two punch
My girl stomped the sucker with a high heel pump
Cops on my jock, I broke round the block
Chase cars eat dust and G don't stop
Smoker, you needed drugs for your next high
You pull a gat on my Bad Side

[Skit at the end of the song - Two guys talking outside
Sir Mix-A-Lot's house]

Guy #1: Alright man, let's kick the door down and
Break in their man,
we can get all his stuff, man, he got gold, man (word)
the jewelry man and a old Corvette in the garage, I'm a
get me in that man

"My Bad Side"

Guy #2: I want him, I want Mix-A-Lot man
Guy: I know well listen, take him out man
Guy #2: He dissed my sister
Guy: Don't let him get away man, take his girl out man
Guy: I know my homeboy slapped his girl
Guy #2: I know, yeah, let's get it, let's get in, let's get in
Guy: Kick the door down, ready
Sir Mix-A-Lot: WELCOME TO MY HOUSE PUNKS, YEAH!

(*gun blasts*) (*yelling*)

Sir Mix-A-Lot: That's right punk, try to run punk

(*gun blasts*) (*yelling*)

Sir Mix-A-Lot: Oh you the last one, huh
Guy: Oh, come on Mix, let me go, don't point that gun

(*Two gun shots fired*)

[Sir Mix-A-Lot]

You boys got to learn not to step up in my house with
that weak gat

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