Mercedes F/ A-Lexxus, Mr. Serv-On "My Hooptie"

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My hooptie rollin', tailpipe draggin' Heat don't work an' my girl keeps naggin' Six-nine Buick, deuce keeps rollin' One hubcap 'cause three got stolen Bumper shook loose, chrome keeps scrapin' Mis-matched tires, and my white walls flakin' Hit mickey-d's, Maharaji starts to bug He ate a quarter-pounder, threw the pickles on my rug Runnin', movin' tabs expired Girlies tryin' to dis 'n say my car looks tired Hit my brakes, out slid skittles Tinted back window with a bubble in the middle Who's car is it? Posse won't say We all play it off when you look our way Rollin' four deep, tires smoke up the block Gotta roll this bucket, 'cause my Benz is in the shop

My hooptie - my hooptie

Four door nightmare, trunk locks' stuck
Big dice on the mirror, grill like a truck
Lifters tickin', accelerator's stickin'
Somethin' on my left front wheel keeps clickin'
Picked up the girlies, now we're eight deep

Cars barely movin', but now we got heat Made a left turn as I watched in fright My ex-girlfriend shot out my headlight She was standin', in the road, so I smashed her toes Mashed my pedal, boom, down she goes Law ain't lyin', long hairs flyin' We flipped the skeez off, dumb girl starts cryin' Baby called the cops, now I'm gettin' nervous The cops see a beeper and the suckers might serve us Hit a side street and what did we find? Some young punk, droppin' me a flip off sign Put the deuce in reverse, and started to curse Another sucker on the south side about to get hurt Homey got scared, so I got on Yeah my group got paid, but my groups still strong Posse moved north, headin for the CD

Ridin' real fast so the cops don't see me
Mis-matched tires got my boys uptight
Two Vogues on the left, Uniroyal on the right
Hooptie bouncin', runnin' on leaded
This is what I sport when you call me big-headed
I pot-hole crusher, red light rusher
Musher of a brother 'cause I'm plowin' over suckers

In a hooptie

It's a three-ton monster, econo-box stomper Snatch your girly, if you don't I'll romp 'er Dinosaur rush, lookin' like Shaft Some get bold, but some get smashed Cops say the car smokes, but I won't listen It's a six-nine deuce, so the hell with emissions Rollin' in Tacoma, I could get burned (Sound of automatic gunfire) Betta make a u-turn Spotted this freak with immense posterior Tryin' to roll smooth through the Hilltop area Brother start lettin' off, kickin' that racket Thinkin' I'm a rock star, slingin' them packets I ain't wit' dat, so I smooth eject Hit I-5 with the dope cassette Playin' that tough crew hardcore dope The tape deck broke Damn what's next, brothers in Goretex Tryin' to find a spot where we could hunt for sex Found a little club called the N-C-O Military, competition. You know. I ain't really fazed, 'cause I pop much game Rolled up tough, 'cause I got much fame "How ya doin' baby, my name is Mixalot" "Mixalot got a Benz boy, quit smokin' that rock" Ooooh, I got dissed. But it ain't no thing Runnin' that game with the home made slang Baby got ished, Bremelo gip. Keep laughin' at the car and you might get clipped

By a hooptie

Runnin' outta gas, stuck in traffic
Far left lane, throwin' up much static
Input, output, carbeurator fulla soot
"Whatcha want me to do Mix?"
Push freak, push
Sputter, sputter rollin' over gutters
Cars dip low with hard core brothers
Tank on E, pulled into Arco
Cops on tip for Columbian cargo
We fit a stereotype, that's what he said

Big long car, four big black heads
Cops keep jockin', grabbin' like 'gators
'Bout stereotypes, I'm lookin' nuthin' like Noriega
Cop took my wallet, looked at my license
His partner said "Damn, they all look like Tyson"
Yes, I'm legit, so they gotta let me go
This bucket ain't rollin' in snow

It's my hooptie

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