

## Mercedes F/ A-Lexxus, Mr. Serv-On "Seattle Ain't Bullshittin'"

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[Mix-A-Lot] Yo Attitude (talk to me)  
[Mix-A-Lot] We got some bustin ass marks out here  
[Mix-A-Lot] Claimin some motherfuckin place they ain't  
never seen  
[Attitude] Huh, sellout  
[Mix-A-Lot] Boy this is the S-E-A-T-O-W-N, clown  
[Attitude] Forever (Seatown)  
[Attitude] Yeah, and that's from the motherfuckin heart  
[Attitude] So if you ain't down witcha hometown, STEP  
OFF PUNK  
[Attitude] Mix, tell these fakes what the deal is

[Verse One: Sir Mix-A-Lot]  
I was raised in the S-E-A-double T-L-E  
Seattle, born in the C.D. nigga  
19th and yes LeBorda(?) pimpin was hard  
Caddillac was the car I wanted  
And I got that seven-seven Coupe with the trues and  
straps  
I couldn't roll no hubcaps, huh, it wasn't easy  
Tryin to compete, with my homies in the C.D.  
Here's my plan, funky-ass sedan  
Laid down with the vogues, money in my hand  
Hair all whipped up  
Carload full of freaks with the butts  
I used to cruise around Seward Park  
Flip the funky eighty-one, and La Vista  
Lookin for freaks to be G'd  
Most mini-skirts wanted please  
In them days boy you had to be pimpin  
Just to keep motherfuckers from trippin  
Now punks wanna run up pokin  
With a nine double-M, is you jokin?  
Cause I'm packin - a HK-91 son  
308's is what I run  
A lot of clowns tried to take this town but they didn't  
Huh, cause Seattle wasn't bullshittin

[Interlude: Attitude]  
It ain't nothin but the real up in the Northwest (real deal  
nigga)

So don't step to the 2-oh-6 tryin to kick up dust  
Or you might get floored, sucka (get FUCKED UP), think  
about it  
This is from the Attitude Adjustor

[Verse Two: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Do we got gangs? Hell yeah, brothers gotta get paid  
Mickey D's ain't payin no way  
So they take to the streets with gats  
And they'll put 'em on ya just like that  
So I'm undercover, when I'm rollin through the C.D.  
A lot of niggaz wanna get me  
I see a freak in front of Garfield, I swoop around the  
block  
Gang of niggaz yellin out, "Fuck Mix-A-Lot!"  
Do I hate 'em? Naw, I gotta love 'em  
They think my head is big, and I'm tryin to be above  
'em  
Huh, but to the masses I'm just another coon  
Gettin paid for a little bit of boon  
So even though a lot of niggaz talk shit  
I'm still down for the Northwest when I hit  
the stage, anywhere U.S.A.  
I give Seattle and Tacoma much play  
So here's a shot to the Criminal Nation  
And the young brother Kid Sensation  
I can't forget Maharaji and the Attitude Adjustor  
And the hardcore brothers to the West of Seattle  
Yeah, Westside  
High Pointe, dippin fo'-do' rides  
And my homeboy Critical Mass in the back  
With the bat to smack back all packs who try to jack me  
Just because I'm in a S-E-C  
Droptop A-M-G  
The cops say Mix-A-Lot's a dope dealer  
But I'm more like a dope deal sealer  
I sell rap deals, not drug deals  
Handin out contracts like meals  
The Rhyme Cartel, I own the motherfuckin label  
And Ricardo got the papers on the table  
And I'm signin 'em, just like that  
No sluts so my pockets stay fat  
A lot of clowns tried to take this town but they didn't  
Huh, cause Seattle wasn't bullshittin

[Attitude] Huh, nigga this is MY town, what you talkin

[Mix-A-Lot] Punks tryin to tell me where I come from

[Mix-A-Lot] Who the fuck you talkin to, clown?

[Attitude] Need to shut the hell up, Seattle Tacoma  
strong

[Mix-A-Lot] Shit, you was a young lil' rudy poot

motherfucker

[Mix-A-Lot] 'fore you picked up a nine millimete

[Attitude] Who you smokin?

[Mix-A-Lot] Punk-ass, cake, faggot ass nigga!

[Verse Three: Sir Mix-A-Lot]

Let's take a trip to the South end, we go West

Hit Reinert Ave and bust left

I'm in a funky-ass Porsche Gambala

No bitches, just women on my collar

S-E-A-T-O-W-N

Yo' nigga is back again

Huh, who you callin sellout fool?

I was puttin caps in clowns when you was still in school

But I choose not to talk about that

So many gangsta crews now, I'd rather kick back

So I drop my own style

Fuck bitin somebody else, and jumpin on a pile

But that's another subject, gettin back to the hood

Me and my boys is up to no good

A big line of cars, rollin DEEP through the South end

Made a left on Henderson

Clowns talkin shit in the Southshore parkin lot

Critical Mass is beggin to box

But we keep on goin because down the streets

A bunch of freaks in front of Reinert Beach, was lookin  
at US

They missed that bus, and they figured that they could  
trust us

Six cars in a line and the girls was fine

I had "The Wicked One" playin on my Alpine

Two Porsches, two Benzes, a Ferrari Testarossa

And a Rolls Royce roaster

Miami Vice tried to get with this, but they didn't

Huh-huh, cause Seattle ain't bullshittin

Yeah I wanna whassup to my DJ Punish?

My boy Strange, across the water whassup LX?

Bookie, Mark P, MC Fury

The Group EQ, old forty ounce drinkin A.D.

Always Dangerous

PD2, Tribe, E.C.P. ready and willin

Nasty Ness and Glen Boyd

P.O.S., Brothers of the Same Mind

L.S.R., High Performance

Whassup Eightball? Kazzy D, Villains in Black

J-1, E-Dawg, my boy T-Mack

P.L.B., MC Kash

My boy with the hookup on the 'zoid freak coordinator

Bubba, DJ Skill and my boy AR-10

Everybody in Seatown and T-Town!

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