

Attack On The Stars

Sir Mix-A-Lot

"Prepare for Attack on the Stars"
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Five, four, three, two, one
Begin attack
Begin attack

AH, hip, Swass, down to be the boss
Hustlin, movin, punks gettin tossed
Stop, It's cocked move back
Don't make a move or I'll drop you in your tracks
Growin, blowin, not hype I'm hyper
I scratch records, Maharishi is a sniper
Woo, too swift for the criminals
Banks never gonna measure my decibels
Get it up, this beat's so crazy
Punks like you don't phase me
Big man, muscle in the window
Kickin live in a four door Benzo
Ripped, with muscles I'm furious
MC's almost hip gettin curious
Mix-A-Lot the maker of revenue
Drop kick mud ducks on the avenue
Cadillac, some think I'm a mover
But the gold on the wheels might moo ya
I'm in effect with another funky groove
POSSE UP, Mix-A-Lot is on the move

"Attack!"
"Attack!"
"Attack!"

OH, here we go, I dropped my microphone
Picked it up, now I'm back on your stereo
Out West, rollin in a Big Benz
Don't chill, not 'til the song ends
There's the more, now I know you hear it
Grit my teeth when I write my lyrics
You jump, I attack like a animal
No pity, no show at your funeral
Punk, your rap's illiterate
Wanna box boy don't consider it
Ingenius, used to be a good boy
Nine millimeter gat my new toy
Let's go, shuffle for the right shot
Stick and move if you want but you'll get caught
Criminals on the set you ain't nothin
Big Boss in effect I ain't bluffin

"Launch Phase 2"
"Launch Phase 2"
"Launch Phase 2"

What about this other group, dressed like GQ
Yeah I'm talkin about you
You call yourself rappers, crack another joke
You old smoker, take another tote
You bought 'caine back in San Diego

I saw it when you layed it on the table
Big disappointment to your fans
You wanna throw, let's go for the floor man
WOO, that's controversy
Yeah I said it, and I show no mercy
Superstars watch your back
Yo D, your game was wack
Nuclear warhead aimed at your forehead
Your girl calls my name in your bed
Fire, this beat's so hard
New song my Attack on the Stars

"Time is running out"
"Time is running out"

No time, my rhyme's runnin out a fuel
Here's the part you decide if you wanna do
Count it up, the duckets from the Swass tour
Buckle up for the pain you will endure
Movin, runnin, slick plus cunnin
Girllies on my straw cause I rap so stunnin
Loaded with amnition, uzi ammunition
Tongue lashin suckers, black it like a statistican
Satisfied never, nothin could be better
Roll a gold Caddy, wearin white troop leather
Packin dual handguns, rippin up the nation
Droppin enemies so hard, they type, they wouldn't want none
Inhale here we go again
The story of my life, everyday's a perfect ten
Always gettin caught with tactical equipment
Bringin in my uzi on the UPS shipment
Cut 'em, droppin 'em, no one says I copy 'em
Skeesos in my posse always tell me that I'm rockin 'em
Old school, new school, make no, never mind
Your foundation's just been undermin
Slice, roast those big boys
Banks don't matter you will be destroyed
Up and down the rap world goes
The radio rotation dominated by your flow
But I'm comin, radio or not
It's your record label, they kept me on the block
My posse's new attitude
No mercy on the stars, and that includes you

So what is it man
What's this dude been saying
AW, it is, it's my Attack on the Stars
Out there effecting you audience punks
You oughta be ashamed
You know who it is, it's the big man
And I'm rich with it
Yeah, sucker

A Ha, out there pumpin that heat, boy
(I've been just smokin man)
Please, you ain't with this
(I've been just smokin)
Smoker
(yeah)
Smoker, I said it
Yeah, and what's up man
(what's up)
Yeah, and this punk know what's happenin

(yeah)