

# 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"  
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"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  
Girlies 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)