

I'm Your New God

Sir Mix-A-Lot

What's wrong, sweetheart?
Don't you want me?
You paid for me. kneel to me.
Smoke me. breathe me. inhale
Ha ha ha ha ha ha, I'm your new god.

She's only sixteen, she looks lost
Bought crack from the dopeman, and got tossed
Livin' on the streets, smoked out
Perfect individual for me to bust out
You can sniff me, or you can puff me
But the girl shoulda known, you can't trust me
She's only ninety eight pounds and lonely
She calls to her god for help, and that's me
Cocaine, go ahead n' use me, heh heh
Momma won't know you're a junkie
Just put me in your pipe, light and suck
Cluck cluck cluck!

And while you're high, grab a twelve gauge
Jump back on the streets, in a crack rage
The only way out is the suicide route
Put the gauge at your dome and take it out
Now I'm on the six o'clock news
All my movies get the rave reviews
60 Minutes had a special on me
The god called crack is killin' your society
Colombia is where I get picked
I can kill with a ninety-ten split
I work through the week, my pleasure is pain
And I'm your new god
You can call me cocaine

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
Cocaine
Heh heh heh
Go ahead n' smoke me

Brothers throwin' up a set to protect me
I'm worth a lot so money so respect me
Doin' damage on the boulevard, just like that
Shoot 'em over crack
Dope dealers would kill for me
'Cause if ya sell me, I help ya live lovely
You want a Porsche? move a few ki's
Just remember that your god is me
The task force bum rushed one of my employees
A big score, twenty three keys
Now ya see another dopeman sink
And one young cop on the brink
The cop's thinkin' bout pinchin'
And alimony checks to his wife for the rent and
Kids, so the profit is slow
And he wants to make his bankroll grow
Twenty three just sittin in the back seat
I can make the best man weak
So the cop hits the streets to sell a little pain
Now the cop has a god

You can call me cocaine

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Cocaine

Smoke this

Smoke it

Smoke it

The only way I can be stopped is with intelligence
And you don't get it, so that's irrelevant
So you die, or else go to jail
And I'm happy as hell
I tried to get a young kid but he just said no
Because of some sports hero
So I entered the hero's house in the form of a line
And let him snort one time
Now he'd dead, cause my dose was pure
Got him too quick for the cure
So the headlines read, "dope made another hit"
Dead on the first sniff
Now the kid is lookin' for another hero
I let him know the other fool was a zero
He hits the streets, lookin' for a remedy
They introduce him to me
I don't need another junky, just a flunky
Besides, the little punk was spunky
So I put him in a fresh pair o' Dickies
Give him a beeper, and let him terrorize the city
Put him in a gang, teach him to slang
Another young punk deep in the game
He'll be lucky if he lives til' eighteen
And I'm his new god
You can call me cocaine

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Cocaine

Go ahead n' use me

Smoke me

Hm hm hm hm hm hm