

My Bad Side

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Hey yo, ain't you the one that was talkin' crazy to me other day on Rain Ear
(Yeah that was me, what you gonna do about it Mix-A-Lot?)

Rushin' up the middle like a fullback
It's my drug, head to head contact
Mack 11, my best friend in full effect
That's the beat that you been lookin' for, no pussy check
Come quietly the punishment awaits you
I'm playin' games and I know you can't relate too
Surprise my rhyme hit you from the blind side
You better chill cause your messin' with my bad side

(Suckers getting tossed)
My, my, my, my, my bad side
(Suckers gettin' tossed)
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My, my, my, my, my bad side
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My bad side

Drop the "Square Dance" punk I ain't bullshittin'
Tell ya girl about how hard this shit's gettin'
Shoot 'em down like the All World Crime Boss
Break soft and like a salad you'll get tossed
Voice like rock effects I don't need 'em
You drop for your boss, I'm like a pimp when I greet 'em
Role like son, your just another recruit
Salute roody poos to your king I'm in the black boots
The beat's runnin' like a Benz in the fast lane
Over do it, put your speakers in a freeze frame
Watch the bunny while I inject the venom
Screams of pain cause my rhymes up in 'em
Rushin' like a buffalo, and wild like a Navajo
Reckless like the P-L-O, bring it back and here we go
The bass drum dancin' through to get dumb
Girls on my tip doin' flips because I'm well hung
Never been a fan of yours, vapors say my game's slick
You find something then you hide it with a drum chick
Takin' apart every rap that's on the charts
Mix there with yours, spin it back it ain't hard
Please, get up and take brown tip punk
'Cause you might get dumped
Your producers are bitin', your gettin' paid but your lame
And no two songs of mine sound the same
Fame is not needed to acquire great wealth
Pick pocket posse pick up the pace you need help
Sucker, you better step to the stand by
Because your messin' with my Bad Side

My, my, my, my, my bad side
My, my, my, my, my bad side

I'm like thunder, a barbaric like warrior
And I got the beat for ya
Bumpin' in your trunk like a hump of funk punk
You want to jump but your jump got skunked

Pick 'em up ref, eight count his lights are out
Lookin' for the jab but he caught my roundhouse
Stereo effect our words connect
Pick up the mic and check our muscles flex
Loosen up your belt so my rhyme is dealt
You might gain wealth but can you do it yourself, nope
You stole a beat from a old great record
Call my record weak, here it is now you break it
You say I'm broke but I'm ridin' in a Benzo
What you rollin' boy a Hugo?
Tryin' to roll with the girls your callin' Mix-A-Lot a sucker
Who you callin' sucker, lip-synching motherfucker
Move the set boy how's this fiasco
I'm in your gutter and I'm singin' like Tabasco, sucker
You better step to the stand by
Because your messin' with my Bad Side

My, my, my, my, my bad side
My bad side
My, my, my bad side
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Gun in my nose, slap my girl in her face
Took both my beepers and my ill skin case
Snatched all my gold, sucker punk and he's gone
He made a break for the car and now the chase is on
Rollin up the Avenue high speed chase, yes
Caddy was back but my Benz was in his face
Left toward South Shore, wrong way homey
This street's for Mix-A-Lot's posse only
Looked in his mirror saw my big gold grill
Ain't no place to run so you might as well chill
Jumped from the car like he wanted to run
And Maharishi on the roof (yo drop the gun)
Punk dropped that, so I dropped mine
You see I'd rather box, than have to use my nine
Punk buckled up from a one, two punch
My girl stomped the sucker with a high heel pump
Cops on my jock, I broke round the block
Chase cars eat dust and G don't stop
Smoker, you needed drugs for your next high
You pull a gat on my bad side

Alright man, let's kick the door down and Break in their man,
We can get all his stuff, man, he got gold, man (word)
The jewelry man and a old Corvette in the garage, I'm a get me in that man

My Bad Side

I want him, I want Mix-A-Lot man
I know well listen, take him out man
He dissed my sister
Don't let him get away man, take his girl out man
I know my homeboy slapped his girl
I know, yeah, let's get it, let's get in, let's get in
Kick the door down, ready
Welcome to my house punks, yeah!

That's right punk, try to run punk

Oh you the last one, huh
Oh, come on Mix, let me go, don't point that gun

You boys got to learn not to step up in my house with that weak gat