

Put 'm On The Glass

Sir Mix-A-Lot

"C'mon now"

Got 'em up, yeah my Taliano, not many brothers is rollin in Diablos
Hittin the hard rock, to finish my work spot
I'm lookin for females to cop (yeah)
You thinkin past me, I'm rollin up a five point O like pimps on ho, G
And I'm sittin in third, I'm never on swerve, to the right I merge
Now I'm patrollin and I'm lookin for a skirt, this thing I'm holin
I still got game ain't a damn thing change
I spot ten V's in the left lane
Eye contact is on, I'm rollin down windows pointin at thongs
And she's poppin them buttons and yankin that blouse
Girl let it all out!
And that's what she did, baby ain't no kid
36 D's a make a man skid
I'm puttin in work on the freeway pass
Cause she put 'em on the glass (yeah)

Put 'em on the glass ..
Put 'em on the glass, girl
Put 'em on the glass

Yes he's kinky, weenie and jinky
Got fresh rock on his pinkie
He gets paid to stay laid
My copycats fade, evade to unpaid who's stay played
Girls when I'm on the freeway
Cats jumpin in, givin me leeway
And then drop them things on the dash
This Porsche is quick so don't try to run fast
At speed I got a need to see you breathe
And proceed with the kinky tease
Indecent exposure can't hold ya, it's makin you bolder
Cause baby is a Mix-A-Lot soldier
But lustin is on balls
Everybody's beggin to get into your draws
What's makin you hit brown?
+Baby Got Back+ or (shake it up and down)
You can follow me home cause this bone is on full blown
Straight growin all night long
I like my females nasty
Never try to drive straight past me
Just get in the left lane and show me your insane
And fill up the window with fangs
Puttin niggaz on skids, jump out and straight crash
Cause she put 'em on the glass

How many times will you play this
before your ban this, I heard Mix so I can't stand this
But I got a family, lovin this scandalous rap
Guess who I got layin on the canvas
D-R R-I-C-H-A-R-D
Hard from the three way party
Baby them things is workin
Fillin up the passenger window with Jergens
You hit the gas I hit my drool
Baby can I get with you?
Rush the blood 'til the glass gets dressed

Obsessed with the ways you express yourself
Some say I only rap about wealth
But baby can I talk about your health?
Lungs, lungs, motherfuckin lungs
Get a brother oh so strung
I'm lovin this window draftin
The whole right lane is draftin
Offend me, offend me, you can freak me if your friendly
B double O B S, straight sittin in the window
I'd rather kiss them than indo
And if you see me on the freeway, baby don't pass
Slow down and put 'em on the glass

Put 'em on the glass
Put 'em on the glass, girl
Put 'em on the glass
Now shake them titties ..
Shake 'em ..
Put 'em on the glass ..
Put 'em on the glass