

# Sleepin' Wit My Fonk

Sir Mix-A-Lot

How can a brother like Mix get played on?  
Used to get my fade on, now I'm sprayin Raid on  
Tryin to keep my game buck proof  
Salt-N-Pepa said +Shoop+, now my girl done cut loose  
One down, too many more to go  
But when did my game slip, bro?  
Cause I can't stand when a man reads my game plan  
Took my number, two girl, then ran  
Uhhh, now she got a brother named Dexter  
In a drop-top, rollin down Gessler  
But I'm the biggest mack in this town  
Lose one girl and muthafuckas wanna trip now  
Feel me, cause I'm about to get real, see  
Mad suckas wanna get 'em up wit me  
Get back, cause I bought me a big gat  
Now I got him on flat back  
Back to the brother named Dexter  
Feelin kinda proud I betcha, but I won't let cha  
Brag to the suckas in the hood though  
When you's a black man lookin like Fabio  
So when my girl comes back  
Tryin to get nasty n' make Dr. Richard get fat  
Get me sprung, you wish you could  
Now Mix gotta get wit Dexter's goods

Don't funk with my fonk  
That's a no-no, partner  
Mmm-hm

Mista Dexter is kinda feelin like a hero  
Watch Mix-a-Lot put him on zero  
Hit the streets in my Benz  
I'm lookin for Dexter's girlfriend  
If he got mine, I'm about to get his  
Cause that's the way it is in the mack biz  
Dexter's girl said she was his wife  
So now I gotta hit him with the mack knife  
So I pulled up (uhh!) tough, to get my mack on  
Baby girl tryin to show a little back bone  
But it's all good when she's seen  
That white 500 sittin in the front  
And get dressed, c'mon we gotta head west  
You can tell Mix what you wanna do next  
She said roll on down to the Edgewater Inn  
Aw, Mix done done it again  
A gut check, operatin on the suspect  
The object to make a girl's sex flex  
Baby starts to squiggle n' squirm  
And watch out baby, cause it's my turn  
Now I'm takin baby back home  
The rendezvous is straight ON  
Cause this is the game that I'm playin  
Now Dexter's bout to start sayin ...

Don't funk with my fonk  
I done told ya, boy  
Gotta watch it, Dexter!

Now I'm feelin like a champ, bumpin my amps  
Rollin wit a pocket full o' green stamps  
Picked up the cellular, callin my main thang  
But the phone just rang  
Uh oh! Paranoia got me trippin  
Am I slippin or is another brother spittin?  
Backtrackin my game, I remember one loose end  
Everybody's seen my Benz  
Damn, now I'm pullin on my goatee  
Jealousy'll make my enemies snitch, see  
Too many mack rhymes, too many mack lines  
Now it seems I'm about to get mine  
Walk into the crib-ah  
Check in like Virgil Tibbs-ah  
Lookin up under the bed fah evidence of Dexter  
Wonderin, wonderin if ...

Don't funk with my fonk  
I done told ya, boy  
It's a step, partner  
Now walk it on down