

# Something About My Benzo

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Tell y'all what I'm rollin  
There's something about my Benzo with tinted windows  
It's kinda slick, how I'm made for bimbos  
Cruisin down the street with this gip on my hood  
I'm gettin points like a Benzo should  
I said "yo skees you lookin for the flesh  
You want to ride, better dust off your dress"  
I ain't dissin you .. skees  
But my Benzo's the ultimate tease  
Walk into the Spectrum, some suckers want to kick my rectum  
Got up in my face, tellin me I was deaf  
I slapped the boy cause he had bad breaf  
Looked down had his rope I saw VNLW  
What you tryin do, you dumb brother you  
Call yourself a baller in a Volkswagen  
You better hush homes and squash that braggin

(Yo what's up Mix, I got a Benzo too)  
(Could I say something?)  
There's something about my Benzo  
(Haha, yeah)  
(Let's roll on top of these girlies)  
(You know what's up)  
(Mind if I be broke but)

Shut up Ron, it's the way I gotta do this  
You on my tip boy, like Popeye on Brutus  
Don't worry home cut I'm still chill  
Just kinda twisted off a Benzo peel (ok)  
Four door, I likes mine bigger (really)  
I stay strapped for them Buffalo niggaz (me too)  
(\*voice with accent\*) "Get these seats man there good though"  
I ain't no pimp but I'm "Bad to the Bone"  
Cellular phone in the middle  
So many buttons on my dash, it's a riddle  
Rollin up to Ave., I'm chillin  
Grill's dirty from the birds I'm killin (Got 'em)  
Girls please step back don't touch this  
The kinda car jack artist don't mess with  
Yes, my rollouts in effect  
It's time to go, too many skirts want sex

(That's what I'm sayin)  
There's something about my Benzo  
(Oh yeah, that's right, sing it Mix, sing it)

Bought it in Miami, rode it to Cali  
Hit 150, through the Fernando Valley  
AMG down with the big gold grill  
Tack jumps when it's time to get ill  
15-inch woofers, boom in the trunk  
"Posse on Broadway" for maximum bump  
Cruise like Deletho, playin my rhyme  
Rewind the tape kid, that's the wrong line  
Back to the car, automatic on the floor  
Points with the skirts bought a Benzo, scores  
Whole gold shot, that includes gold mirrors

The wipers on my lights make the word a bit clearer  
Whip, dip, munchin barbeque chips  
Honkin at pimps at these flip for the tip  
Roll up on baby I said "aight, a-a aight"  
Some old player riffin of big old players day  
Baby dropped her vanity workin that makeup  
Wavin at her friends, thinkin she's a taker  
But I let it slide  
You use me for the ride, I use you for the high  
You know what's up, that's the way the game rolls  
Use me I use you, and so the story goes  
Ho pimpin on pimpin, the chant the homies scream  
Bring them skirts to the Benzo king

A ha haha, yeah  
Just something about my Benzo

Not just one, I got three  
I collect 'em you see  
SEL, a 190, and a SEC  
I ain't no dope man Mr. Lolly jump on TV tryin to diss  
Brothers like you hate to see black success when it's legit  
But it's real, check the latest Vibe  
Sixteen nahs, and the reader make it five  
CD, cassette, big amps make it rock  
Turn that AC off girl it's a drop top  
SEC, hog of hogs  
Hit the funky street lights when I'm rollin in the fog  
Cruisin at a 100 when I spotted this car  
It was a trap .. they call it radar  
State Trooper in a 5.0  
Will he catch my SEC, now you know  
Gunnin 130 on the outskirts of Seattle  
Ha, that's the end of that battle

Yeah, I want to say what's up to all you brothers rollin in Benzos  
Eazy-E, Ice-T, Tone Loc  
Word, there's something about my Benzo, peace