

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