

# A Rapper's Reputation

## Sir Mix-A-Lot

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm rollin' in a Nine-Oh van. California, that's my plan  
Got memories Mix-A-Lot left in limbo, first stop Sacramento  
Here we go, hit a club called Bentleys  
Want a skirt to git wit' me, hit me  
There's a girl with a back like a Cadillac  
I walked up and got pushed back  
Her boyfriend tell her I'm a play-a  
Dropped salt on a dope rhyme say-a  
My reputation offends this man  
Next day hit Williamland Park  
Creepin' like a shark  
Spot a bad freak and I swoop like a hawk  
"What up?", "Howya like to roll wit' a champ?"  
"Please! All ya'll rappers is tramps"  
My reputation is stoppin' my mission  
Every freak in Sac is dissin'  
Back on the four lane freeway  
Next stop, the two-one-three, L.A.  
The two-one-three is rough  
But the Mixalot game is tough  
Spot a young girl and I start that gamin'  
Baby girl asks what set am I claimin'  
"Just 'cause I rap, I gotta be in gang?"  
It ain't a black thang, it's a rap thang  
Censorship is sweepin' the nation  
Messin' up a rap stars reputation  
A rappers reputation, that's what I got  
So I'm finished with the two-one-three  
I knock, baby, but it's time to leave  
Two days on the hard rock, boys is cruisin'  
Interstate Ten, straight to Houston  
They tell me 'bout the girls in the fifth ward  
You know the boys must score  
So we hit a fly club called Guchies

Lookin' for the skirts with the largest booties  
 Girlies in the club wasn't takin' no shorts  
 Showin' no remorse  
For a brother like Mix, lookin' for the smooth  
 Didn't need a Houston skirt to get with me  
 But the nights still young  
 And the hunk ain't done  
 So we stepped to the van  
 Attitude's out of it  
 The next club, The Main Event  
 We never think about a dress code  
Just step up in the club and let the game roll  
 But as soon as my boy Maharaji pulls up  
 Some punk starts runnin' up  
 He said you don't wanna be with a rap star  
 They play you for your money and your car  
Well my boy got crushed but the girl stepped off  
 With a rap stars rep, the girls are lost  
"Hey yo, what's up, this is Mix I had to make a run  
right quick, but leave your name and number 'n I'll  
getcha right back, peace." So the posse left Houston Texas  
 All the girls keep callin' us sexist  
 Houston media is givin' us rappers no pity  
 So we all hit Kansas City  
 In K.C. we go The Gates and Suns  
 Gotta get grub 'fore we run  
 Met a little freak named Stacy  
I said I'm not just here for the Barbecue baby  
 She gave me that look, like Pebbles  
 I'm acked with bass not treble  
 So I say, Oogley-goo oogley-doo-goo-doo  
 "What'd you say?" I ain't tellin' you  
You see the Mix game is laced with riddles  
 It ain't moaney, it's Mix in the middle  
 In walked my ex named Wendy  
 She got a fresh Dooney Bag  
 'Cause she's tired of Fendi  
 Oooh, could a brother be busted  
 Because Wendy trusted, Me?  
 An' ah told a lit'l lie 'n  
 Said I was a loyal guy  
 Wendy got mad and she wants to dis me  
 In Kansas City  
 Wendy starts to groovin'  
Hands on her hips and her hair starts movin'

She said the Mix-A-Lot game is phony  
Just 'cause I said I'm runnin' girls like ponies  
But talkin' that stuff is my occupation  
That's how I got this reputation A rappers reputation, got a rappers reputation  
Bring it on down. A rappers reputation, bring it back  
A rappers reputation, that's what I got. A rappers  
reputation, peace.

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