Put 'Em On the Glass

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

"C'mon now" - repeated[Verse 1]
Got 'em up, yeah my Taliano, not many brothers is rollin in Diablos
Hittin the hard rock, this street is my work spot
I'm lookin for females and cops (yeah)
Few things can pass 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 two Zs 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)[Break] - w/ ad libs
Put 'em on the glass ..
Put 'em on the glass, girl
Put 'em on the glass[Verse 2]
Yes he's kinky, weenie and jinky
Got crushed 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
Catch up and then 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 lusting is on balls

Everybody's beggin to get into your draws
What's makin you hit brown?
+Baby Got Back+ or (lick you 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 you're insane
And fill up the window with fangs
Puttin niggaz on skids, about to straight crash
Cause she put 'em on the glass[Break] - w/ ad libs - (*scratched*)[Verse 3]
How many times will you play this
before your ban this, I heard Mix so I can't stand this
But I gotta 'fend this, 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 mine too
Baby can I get with you?
Press the flesh to the glass gets stressed
I'm 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 dressin'
The whole right lane is stressin'
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[Break] - w/ ad libs
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

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