

One Time's Got No Case

Sir Mix-A-Lot

*SPOKEN*What you pullin' me over fo' mistuh offi-suh?

I'll be askin' the questions Leroy.

My name ain't Leroy, man.

Heh, all right Jerome, outta the car.

Man, why I gotta be Jerome man? Why can't I be Tommy or Philbert or something?

Just put your hands on the hood Muhammed*RAP*It's the man that you love to hate

Coming outta Washington state

Cops don't like my profile

Cause Mixalot kicks much style

So the man is on my trail

He wanna take Mix to jail

If he does, I'll make the bail

Cause I know alot of rich females

I'm shakin' 'em just like this

Keepin' that Porsche in fifth

King County cops don't quit

Even when a young brothers legit

So they follow me wherever I go

I hear 'em on the radio

With a scanner that I bought from the sto'

Cause a brother like Mix gotta know

I'm checkin' them cops with radar

They don't believe I'm a rap star

That my brain is up to par

An I'm ready when they follow my car

I know they wanna spray me with mace

Cause my trunk keeps pumpin' much bass

But they best get outta my face

Cause one-times got no case, give it to meOne-times got no caseThe police think I'm movin' them keys

They trip cause I clock much D

They pull a gat an' they yell out "Freeze!"

I'm whippin' out my I.D.

My gat sits under my seat

The cops throw me out in the street

They found my gun like thieves

Officer Friendly has got a new beat

So I show him my gun permit

I told him I roll legit

Give me a test to see if I'm drinkin'

They claim my breath was stinkin'
They had me walk on the line
I walked backwards stopped on a dime
My female just reclines
Cause she knows I know the time
I'm hip to the cop procedure
They get ya everytime they see ya
They stop ya, they cuff ya
They roll ya an' they rough ya
They ask what I do for a livin'
Should this information be givin'?
This is what keeps me driven
Some cops want a brother in prison
So I got me a few attorneys
Just in case a cop wanna burn me
They protect me from the state
Cause one-time's got no case, break it on down
One-times got no case
A cop asks me "What's my name, and
don't lie"
And I'm askin' officer "Why?
Why ya wanna mess with a brother like Mix
When you know I'm livin' legit?"
The cop said "Don't get smart.
I tear soul-brother apart"
I said "Well take off your gun, if you wanna get done
An' I'll show you that I ain't the one"
The cop rolled up his fist
Puts the handcuffs on my wrists
Then he threw a straight jab and he missed
A female cop pulls up and she's pissed
But this cop had K-9
A soul sister, yes she's fine
I said "Won't ya help a brother outta bind?"
But that badge was going to her mind
So she stuck a billy club in my back
She said "Don't think because you're black
That I won't beat you", crack, "hit you with the gat"
Her partner starts to laugh
Oooh, hit 'em again. Hit 'em again.
So they took me on down to the jail
P.L.B. came to pay my bail
Then we called Goldstein and Claire
Them's my lawyers
Walkin' up the stairs
To the courtroom dressed in suits
'Bout to give a couple cops the boot
So the female cop takes the stand
Took her oath with the wrong damn hand

My lawyers ate her up like catfish
The other cop pleads the fifth
She lost her job
I seen a few tears on her face
Sorry baby, one-time's got no case

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