

F the B.S.

Sir Mix-A-Lot

[Intro - talking]

Like it was before, as usual

Somethin different, the boy never sounds the same[Verse 1]

Body by Nautilus and you ain't even with this

I'm the man, all the homeboys want to dis

Crushin, killin, never beat stealin

But I'm hell when it comes to rhyme dealin

Death to competitors, long live Mix-A-Lot

You understand motherfucker I'ma hard rock

Beat 'em up and pick 'em up and make 'em miss the stick up

But my gat close range, take his wallet, kick him in his cup

Drop the games, cause they really ain't necessary

You can be a water rated, boy you ain't legendary

Sue it far in the Caddy, I'ma chillin

To your girlies I'ma hero, to you suckers I'ma villain

I've done, get me mad I might try

Can't find a better rhyme, if you do you better buy it

Serious and callous could be deadly to competitors

What am I sayin? (your gonna get yours)[Chorus - *scratched*]

F the BS ..

F the BS ..

F the BS ..[Verse 2]

Memories of bein broke, keep me on the war path

Hittin like a wreckin ball, Lord it's like a punk blast

Swayed, raid in effect, my posse's with it

Put a fifty on the floor, like a punk you wouldn't get it

Neck snap, head crack, put you on a meat rack

I ain't playin with you boy, you know I mean that

Physical rhymes all meant to intimidate

All niggaz take note, don't imitate

Rippin is the cut, freaks scurry for my T-I-P

Tryna get an autograph from M-I-X-A-L-O-T

Down for the title match and you know what I'm talkin about

Muscle bound, full of things, knock a sucker's lights out

Bring it to my level, boy you better start climbin

When she's grindin, I'm hardcore rhyming

Lyric to your gut and all your lines just buckle

When you make it to the top, I put these boots on your knuckles

Walk into the party like a mob, wearin jet black

"Swass" skin in effect, sportin coon hat
Walk by sucker punk, look like eat crackers
He mumbled somethin, so my posse walked backwards
Catch 'em on the corner stone and hit 'em with the gat chrome
Let 'em know my posse's gettin bigger, when were back home
A big maulin, you know my beat is def
You know who you are, F the BS[Break]
Yeah boy, they rappin five slang
Cuttin, you know who it is
Comin back at ya, ain't gonna put your name on wax
I really don't want to make you famous sucker[Chorus]

F the BS

F the BS

F the BS[Verse 3]

Reconnect my dialect with modified jargon
Heavy snaps, never lookin for a bargain
Tumble when the pressure's on, walkin like a movie clips
Slow mo, pants low, jeans layin off my hip
Big shoes, laces loose, a rap warrior
Real beat boy, leavin crowds in euphoria
Transform, super fast, nice slice, what a blast
Movin like the speed of light, so quick I shatter plexiglass
(*beat changes*) Here's the beat and c'mon girlies get with it
You like my tuning capabilities, admit it
It's the man with the westbound attitude
Big gold rope, rusty knuckles, ain't afraid of you
Raise an eyebrow, try to figure out how
Mix-A-Lot made the drums go (POW POW)
Understand it's the undercover game plan
Mix-A-Lot soon to be your (TOP MAN)
Yes sirry and put my hammer on a convoy
Mix-A-Lot on the stage I'ma (ROUGH BOY)
Yes so rough boy, creepin up the backside

Mix-A-Lot sign 'em up for the (BIG FIGHT)(*solo of the new beat*)(*two beats scratched*)(*scratched*)

Raised, raised in LA[Verse 3]

Dynamo, good to go, rough on your stereo
I'm like a cannibal, got you like "Rambo"
Don't like riff-raff kick you in the left calf
I ain't a joke and no coke, buddy don't laugh
I'm serious, my intention is to overthrow
The rap government from Crenshaw to Tupelo
It's like a bug always tickin in my mind
It's tellin me "buddy, it's time"[Chorus - *scratched*]

F the BS ..

F the BS ..

F the BS ..[Outro - talking] (*scratching continues*)
Look here sucker, this is my program
I'm about to throw down and take over the rap land
You know what I'm sayin?
Somethin different, somethin new
Ain't none of that same old stuff you hear on your stereo
You know I'm sayin, you know who I am
Check me out
F the BS, sucker
Yeah, F the BS

Songwriters

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