

# I Got Game

## Sir Mix-A-Lot

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Girls voice) "Man I wish I could find me a brother with some game" "To the rescue! Here's a little somethin' for you whacked out suckers

Rollin' twenty third sellin' dope to cluckers

Your bank is thick but you got no game

Spittin' at freaks runnin' superfly slang

I'm comin' up the ave' hard as hell

In a droptop 'vette with a greenwood tail

Girls are jockin' lookin' for a knockin'

Smart investments keep me clockin'

You know a 'vette only got two seats

Just enough room for a player and a freak

Rollin' in the park, 'n I seen this cutie

L.A. face, with a Oakland booty

She's on tip, but I'm playin' that role

Talkin' to the home boys, showin' my gold

Skeez on bell, Levis swell

I'm spittin' that game, and I'm spittin' it well

Rolled up, pulled up on the girlie

"Girl you wanna ride in my 'vette?"

"Why surely!"

That's right baby, blowin' me a kiss

Thinkin' Mixalot gonna make you rich

Highside, highside, vapors that's right

Can't get play 'cause my game's so tight

Now she's wit' it, skirts in effect

Layin' on the back-a my 'vette

I got game, I got game, You know I got game, I got game POP THAT GAME Bye-bye baby, Mix gotta roll

Switch to the Benz and I gotta get mo'

Hit the strip, seen this skinny

Butt shook like a four twenty-six hemi

Not just butt, baby had a motor

Stacked to the max, hair to the shoulders

She's older but I can mold 'er  
Dropped that game and it hit like boulders  
Now she's sprung, sittin' in my Benz  
Rollin' up the tint so you can't see in  
Playin' that typical Luther stuff  
"You wanna get with me, this ain't wild enough"  
That's a cue, sorry Luther  
Brother you can sing, but I just can't use ya  
Thought she was cool, but the girl likes beat  
Freak freak freak freak, baby wanna freak  
Def 'n dope, "You slingin'" Nope.  
Callin' me a dealer 'cause I sport fat ropes  
Kept poppin' that game, knowin' I can get it  
"Take me to the Lakers Mix, so we can get wit' it"  
Oh no, time for the Rambo, bringin' jimmy hats  
'Cause I hate to gamble  
Huffin' 'n puffin' 'n I just got in  
Messin' up the back of my Benz  
I got game girl - I got game Two down, two to go.  
Can't live a night right if I don't knock four  
I'm in a big five hundred S E L  
Interior hot, with a perfume smell  
Took it on home, hit the shower  
'Bout to get busy in one more hour  
Ducks look, but they never will find me  
Hopped in my number two Benz, one ninety  
Here a skirt, there a skirt  
Everywhere a skirt, skirt  
Gotta have game, if you wanna get work  
"Ah, you ain't nothin'"  
Some suckers wanna crush me  
Smooth, wit' a move, baby girl. Rush me.  
Here it is, from the wizard of hip-hop  
A lesson in game, make the girls get hot  
Picked up a girl named Mattie  
Caught static from the sucker in a seven two caddy  
Mattie was hot, but her name was "not"  
I ain't worried 'bout that, I ain't tyin no knot  
Took her to the hotel, game was strong  
She thought I spent bank, but I really spent coupons  
But it's cool, 'cause I'm running it smooth  
Savin' my money, 'cause my mouth is a tool  
Rolled up close, when I hit the spit  
I ain't worried 'bout my breath, 'cause I brush my teeth  
Popped that game, freak got weak

Hit that jackpot, swept them feet  
Mattie got busy with the bedroom eyes  
Layin' on the big king-sized  
I got game - I got game, girl - I got game - I got game Yeah that's right home cut, I got G A M E, snatchin' up  
girlies  
an' rollin' up suckers, know whatta I mean. Through with Mattie that makes three  
"I'm gonna miss you babe, you gonna miss me?"  
Got loose 'cause the girl hadda big caboose  
Hadda break down 'cause the girl had juice  
"I'm gonna miss you baby"  
Smooth ain't it? Girls so sprung that she almost fainted  
Headin' for the crib, tired brother  
Thinking I was through 'til I spotted me another  
Baby looks good so you know what the means  
Drive around the block with the gangsta lean  
Open that sun roof, crank that beat  
Bumpin' up the avenue, impressin' them freaks  
What's up baby? Rump so big, the girls all tip like funk on pigs  
Runnin that game, 'cause I wanna get work  
Zip don't rip red home girl shirt  
Here she comes, hopped in my car  
Somethin' 'bout my Benz star embossed  
Spit, spit, runnin' that game  
I'm feelin' confident about another thick dame  
All of a sudden, my game got crushed  
Some sucker pulled up and his ride was plush  
Rolled up smooth, the girls was waitin'  
5 point Oh, twenty four K Daytons  
Oh-oh, think quick 'cause my girls jumpin' on home boys tip  
Better change my game, try another lure  
'cause home boys lookin' like Al B. Sure  
But it's cool, 'cause I whipped out bank  
Big dead presidents made her think  
Back in effect, situation in hand  
I'm the brother that the others can't stand  
An' I got game, I got game, you know I got game

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