Nasty Dog

Sir Mix-A-Lot

(*breathing noises mixed with a dog barking*)(*"bow wow" - repeated*)
Kitty cat, kitty cat, run, run, run ...
Kitty cat, kitty cat, run, run, run ...[Verse 1]
Kitty cat, kitty cat run, run, run
I'm the dog in the Benz with the big chrome gun
Lookin for a coochie proper
Hot mama, big dog, big game, no drama
Never make babies, can't get rabies
Makin head hit and it's crazy
And when I catch a little kitty lookin oh so tough (hmm)
Bring hot water cause I might get stuck
EW!, while I'ma stop in Cosmo
Cause my lyrical content is gando
Stickin to the mind of the critics
I'm still with it, dogs gotta get it (hey come here buddy)
Bow wow was the sound of the hound with the C town crown
I sniff around 'til I pin cats down
They like to run up trees
But I can bring 'em back down with a jingle of my car keys
Most men is dogs and most dogs is nasty
I can't let a cat run past me
Watch your skirt when your walkin through the mall
Cause I ain't nothin but a nasty dog[Break]
("bow wow" - repeated and mixed with a dog barking)
(Yeah)
(What kind of dog is this?)
Dog
(I ain't nothin) but a nasty dog ...
(What kinda dog is this?)[Skit]
(*Woman knocks on door*)
Woman #1: What you want?
Woman #2: Can Mix come out to play?
Woman #1: Nasty bitch[Verse 2]
So I'm back puttin black kitty cats on their backs
Big macks never lag, on wax I'ma low down dog
I just stepped up and other dogs wanna flex up
I ain't tryna be the best rapper, just a big macker
So sit on down and watch the bank stacker
It still ain't easy G

But this dog's a Bentley
So I'ma chase that cat 'til I can't chase no mo'
There she goes in a drop top Rocko
What's up with your car sweetie?
Come on down and jump in the Black-ini
Another brother tryna diss and Mix ain't down
Oh no, hot sauce in my Dog Chow
Another brother can't see me
But he wants to be me
I'm layin these thangs on 'em freely
Now you got fo' fo' chromes, straight layin on your dome
And get your mangy ass on
Back to the kitty, cause she's kinda pretty
I'm couldn't stop lookin at her ta-ta-ta . face
Me and cat mama rolled into the distant fog
Little did she know I'ma nasty dog[Break] - w/ ad libs
(old, stinky, rotten, ripe and old DOG)[Verse 3]
I'm slingin that game like it ain't jack
She's fat, black cat but she won't look back
Rollin this Viper, tryna entice her
Don't need a front but I likes to
Get me an attitude, fightin over who pulls up
Two dogs in a sports car, playin old cuts
Turned down the James Brown
I said "what's up girl" but she still won't turn around
Attitude (what up), attitude (what's up)
When the girls are playin the role and what do we do? (call 'em stuck up)
Now we're both tryna front like we don't care
Whip a U-Turn to get a quick stare
But the face was hurtin (damn)
The girl's grill was tore up, mustache wasn't workin
Grandma old face with a nom ass body
"Mack Daddy" didn't want this hotty
Flashback to the cryin game
I hate to see any parts of that poon-tang
Usually I'm quick to mack but that's road kill, back it up black
Quiz it, to giz it with the quick hiz its
For zeeze it, tazease it, it's hard for me to leave it
Not sexist, just sexy with my dia-logue
Cause I'ma nasty (*scratching*) (*dog bark*) (snapping and barking and
Biting) dog(snapping and barking and biting) - 3X[Break] - ("bow wow" - repeated and mixed with a dog
barking) - w/ ad libs
Cause I'ma nasty dog
Yeah, dog ...
Nasty dog ...

Nasty dog ...
Nasty dog ...
Nasty dog

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