

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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