

# Seattle Ain't Bullshittin'

## Sir Mix-a-lot

Yo Attitude, talk to me  
We got some bustin ass marks out here  
Claimin some motherfuckin place they ain't never seen  
Huh, sellout  
Boy this is the S-E-A-T-O-W-N, clown  
Forever, Seatown  
Yeah, and that's from the motherfuckin' heart  
So if you ain't down witcha hometown, step off punk  
Mix, tell these fakes what the deal is  
I was raised in the S-E-A-double T-L-E  
Seattle, born in the C.D. nigga  
19Th and yes LeBorda, pimpin was hard  
Caddillac was the car I wanted  
And I got that seven-seven Coupe with the trues and straps  
I couldn't roll no hubcaps, huh, it wasn't easy  
Tryin to compete, with my homies in the C.D  
Here's my plan, funky-ass sedan  
Laid down with the vogues, money in my hand  
Hair all whipped up  
Carload full of freaks with the butts  
I used to cruise around Seward Park  
Flip the funky eighty-one, and La Vista  
Lookin for freaks to be G'd  
Most mini-skirts wanted please  
In them days boy you had to be pimpin  
Just to keep motherfuckers from trippin  
Now punks wanna run up pokin  
With a nine double-M, is you jokin?  
Cause I'm packin a HK-91 son  
308'S is what I run  
A lot of clowns tried to take this town but they didn't  
Huh, cause Seattle wasn't bullshittin  
It ain't nothin but the real up in the Northwest, real deal nigga  
So don't step to the 2-oh-6 tryin to kick up dust  
Or you might get floored, sucka, get fucked up, think about it  
This is from the Attitude Adjustor  
Do we got gangs? Hell yeah, brothers gotta get paid  
Mickey D's ain't payin no way  
So they take to the streets with gats

And they'll put 'em on ya just like that  
So I'm undercover, when I'm rollin through the C.D  
A lot of niggaz wanna get me  
I see a freak in front of Garfield, I swoop around the block  
Gang of niggaz yellin out, 'Fuck Mix-A-Lot!'  
Do I hate 'em? Naw, I gotta love 'em  
They think my head is big, and I'm tryin to be above 'em  
Huh, but to the masses I'm just another coon  
Gettin paid for a little bit of boon  
So even though a lot of niggaz talk shit  
I'm still down for the Northwest when I hit  
The stage, anywhere U.S.A  
I give Seattle and Tacoma much play  
So here's a shot to the Criminal Nation  
And the young brother Kid Sensation  
I can't forget Maharaji and the Attitude Adjustor  
And the hardcore brothers to the West of Seattle  
Yeah, Westside  
High Pointe, dippin fo'-do' rides  
And my homeboy Critical Mass in the back  
With the bat to smack back all packs who try to jack me

Just because I'm in a S-E-C  
Droptop A-M-G  
The cops say Mix-A-Lot's a dope dealer  
But I'm more like a dope deal sealer  
I sell rap deals, not drug deals  
Handin out contracts like meals  
The Rhyme Cartel, I own the motherfuckin label  
And Ricardo got the papers on the table  
And I'm signin 'em, just like that  
No sluts so my pockets stay fat  
A lot of clowns tried to take this town but they didn't  
Huh, cause Seattle wasn't bullshittin  
Huh, nigga this is my town, what you talkin  
Punks tryin to tell me where I come from  
Who the fuck you talkin to, clown?  
Need to shut the hell up, Seattle Tacoma strong  
Shit, you was a young lil' rudy poot motherfucker  
'Fore you picked up a nine millimete  
Who you smokin?  
Punk-ass, cake, faggot ass nigga  
Let's take a trip to the South end, we go West  
Hit Reinert Ave and bust left  
I'm in a funky-ass Porsche Gambala

No bitches, just women on my collar  
S-E-A-T-O-W-N  
Yo' nigga is back again  
Huh, who you callin sellout fool?  
I was puttin caps in clowns when you was still in school  
But I choose not to talk about that  
So many gangsta crews now, I'd rather kick back  
So I drop my own style  
Fuck bitin somebody else, and jumpin on a pile  
But that's another subject, gettin back to the hood  
Me and my boys is up to no good  
A big line of cars, rollin deep through the South End  
Made a left on Henderson  
Clowns talkin shit in the Southshore parkin lot  
Critical Mass is beggin to box  
But we keep on goin because down the streets  
A bunch of freaks in front of Reinert Beach, was lookin at US  
They missed that bus, and they figured that they could trust us  
Six cars in a line and the girls was fine  
I had 'The Wicked One' playin on my Alpine  
Two Porsches, two Benzes, a Ferrari Testarossa  
And a Rolls Royce roaster  
Miami Vice tried to get with this, but they didn't  
Huh-huh, cause Seattle ain't bullshittin  
Yeah I wanna whassup to my DJ Punish?  
My boy Strange, across the water whassup LX?  
Bookie, Mark P, MC Fury  
The Group EQ, old forty ounce drinkin A.D  
Always Dangerous  
PD2, Tribe, E.C.P. ready and willin  
Nasty Ness and Glen Boyd  
P.O.S., Brothers of the Same Mind  
L.S.R., High Performance  
Whassup Eightball? Kazzy D, Villains in Black  
J-1, E-Dawg, my boy T-Mack  
P.L.B., MC Kash  
My boy with the hookup on the 'zoid freak coordinator  
Bubba, DJ Skill and my boy AR-10  
Everybody in Seatown and T-Town

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