Big Johnson

Sir Mix-a-lot

[Sir Mix-A-Lot - talking]Oh!, y'all been tellin some lies 'bout your penile region
(*laughing*)
(Female voice: Fuck me up here) (*mixed*)
That's what I heard from your girl, boy
[Break - Female voice]We like a great big Johnson - 4X
[Verse 1]Big momma please don't give me drama 'bout my love hummer
If you ain't pleased, then tell me what I need
If you lie, I'll play the naive guy
Tell me ten strong, you got a closer look
I know I ain't ten long, but that's okay
You call me Big Daddy anyway
And make me feel good 'bout my medium wood
She got her eyes closed, rockin me well
Tryin hard to get a nut, while she callin me Denzel
But oh well, get it Halle Berry, get it Halle Berry, get it
Two can play the games in a fantasy thing
And only five percent of men got nine and up
But eighty-five percent say they can't fit a cup, now what up?
Somebody gotta be lyin, cause I am
Claimin bout twelve on the hit-me scale
But the truth is the six to eight range, you hang
Just like the average Joe Plain, fool
[Chorus - Female voice] + (Sir Mix-A-Lot)
Bring black, bring white (uh huh)
Bring length (yeah), tonight (uh)
If not, bye bye
We like, we like a great big Johnson
(What you like?)
We like a great big Johnson
(What you like?)
We like a great big Johnson
(Ladies, what you like?)
We like a great big Johnson
(What you like?)
We like a great big Johnson
[Verse 2]Now every entertainer claims hung but not wanted
Mister Being-less-than-a-female's-best
But have you seen a John Holmes movie?
Got the double digit wide with a pack of porno groupies!

Well my girl did, she stayed glued to dude
He swingin fourteen inches and the remote she clenches
But she's my Misses but she's his tonight
And did I tell you John Holmes was white?
Uh oh, we can't let the urban legends die
Cause I be Mandingo and he be the gringo
It ain't supposed to go like this, it was goin well
Eight was swell, but fourteen brings hell
But I can't compete with this feat, so must I eat

the ultimate burger, I clicked on a cursor
Triple W dot Ginseng dot com
Tryna drop bombs, lay it down and hit in like John
[Chorus - Female voice] + (Sir Mix-A-Lot)
Bring black, bring white (uh)
Bring length, tonight (*laughing*)
If not, bye bye
We like, we like a great big Johnson
(What they like?)
We like a great big Johnson
(Ha, what you like?)
We like a great big Johnson
(What you like?)
We like a great big Johnson
(Well say that then)
We like a great big Johnson
[Verse 3]You can blame it on the Internet, its too much access
To big studs lookin for quick love and hugs
They used to only have magazines with a three inch punk in a centerfold
His pee-pee's cold
But oh no my ego shrunk, when they got hunks
Big J Peg, beef strapped to his leg
No strings attached to the ride
Plus they only touch with they feminine side, so why try
But I bought tools from the tools store
I heard the revolutions per minute, can make up for dippin in it
Ain't no shame in my game, you could make to claim
You say your layin the pipe, but pay attention to your wife
Lover man ..
Come home from work and John Holmes be sittin up in your thing about fourteen inches deep
And you standin in the doorway lookin at three and a half (*laughing*)
[Chorus - Female voice] + (Sir Mix-A-Lot)
Bring black, bring white (bring white?)
Bring length (huh?), tonight (say what?)
If not (yeah), bye bye

We like, we like a great big Johnson
(C'mon)
We like a great big Johnson
(C'mon)
We like a great big Johnson
(C'mon, chicks)
We like a great big Johnson
(C'mon, chicks)
We like a great big Johnson
(What you like?)
We like a great big Johnson
(What you like?)
We like a great big Johnson
(Ladies, what you like?)
We like a great big Johnson
(C'mon)
We like a great big Johnson

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