

Square Dance Rap

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Ha hee!, hee!
Why Mix-A-Lot cotton picker you freak skinnin the cats
Why don't you bring the beat on in here, cotton picker so I can get down
(*yelling*)
Put it up
That's the way I like it there Mix-A-Lot
Hey Mix-A-Lot, picks me up cotton picker
Picks me up Mix-A-Lot Now everybody's rappin 'bout
Everybody's rappin 'bout
Ever - (*repeated*)
Now everybody's rappin 'bout "where's their line?"
I'm gonna bust me a brand new rhyme
Girlfriend's down and you stomped her freak
Shake your hips and act conceit
Throw your head high in the air
Grab your partner's derriere
Fellas in the cut, I know you must be trippin
My boy's got them there home girl's quippin
Now grab your partner, take a bow
If you can't dance, I'll tell you how
Wave your hands and take two steps
Grab your hips and slide to the left
Get all in your partner's face
Swerve to the side and show your lace
If your a freak then let it show
And grab your partner doshy-do (do, do ...)
Now if you think your partner's fine
Grab her where the sun don't shine
If you can't dance, then tap your toes
If your stuck up, turn up your nose
Wave your hands from side to side
Lean to the left and take a slide
Other's DJs know their no match
Just look to the stage and the song's that scratched(*scratching*)
Rock me babe - 4X Freaks on the left and freaks on the right
Grab your partner, hold him tight
Put your hands in his Levi's
Hold his rear while he grips your thighs
The more you dance, the more I rap
The big fat beat makes your toes tap
Glen Campbell can't hang with this
All you freaks give your man a kiss (look good)- 4X

My beats are icky
 That why I'm SwassBeat box
 Oh Mix-A-Lot I'm feelin it now, cotton picker
 YEEEE-HA! Now everybody on the floor clap your hands
 Stomp to the beat of the one man band
 Mix-A-Lot brings on the drum machine
 The bass line riff is "oh, so mean"
 Mix-A-Lot make a jam in his room
 With a full tape recorder you can bust jams too
 Throw your partner across your thigh
 Tickle her fast, until she starts to cry
 Whip her to the left, whip her to the right
 But don't whip her too hard cause her jeans are tight (look good) Get your hands off that girl, boy
 Seattle rocks
 (to the sq, to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
 L.A. rocks
 (to the sq, to the sq, to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
 Miami rocks
 (to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
 D.C. rocks
 (to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
 Carolina rocks
 (to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
 Houston, Texas rocks
 (to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
 Your momma rocks
 (to the, to, to, to the Square Dance Rap)
 London, England rocks
 (to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
 To the Square Dance Rap, hot damn Hey Mix-A-Lot, what in the world is that noise cotton
 picker?
 Sound like Grand Ole Opry
 Hear what I say Mix-A-Lot, say sound like Grand Ole Opry cotton picker
 Now before we end this filthy cut, we got a few things we have to say
 To the home girls sprung on the hum drum beat, check out Sir Mix-A-Lot Ray
 His style is fresh, so clean and new, he pulls so many tricks
 If you give him ten bucks and a brand new tape, he'll put you in the mix
 A haha, hey Mix-A-Lot I caught you that time, cotton picker My beats are icky ... (*drums play
 until fade*)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>