

Sir Mixalot, Buckin' M Horse

(*Woman speaking Spanish*) - w/ ad libs

(Chorus)

Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up (throwin up this dirty old for life, fool)
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up (oh a la rasa)
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up (playin old cuts, doin donuts fool)
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo

(Verse 1)

I got more bass than a little bit
Game don't quit, my clique got a gang of them chips
And it don't stop, cause a brother went pop
And I got a couple knots in my sock
One dough, one glock
And I got me a cutie, buckin this 1992 Dually
Will I come booty, who me
I thought you knew me
You come to the Boulevard newly
Take a look at this truck, got 'em sittin on stuck
Drop down to the ground, with them big sounds
Four twelves in the back, 'til the windshield cracks
Like that, with a fat bass track
And I love my horsey, try to ignore me
Scratch my back and you'll force me to dump
Dump, dump, dump, put 'em on stun
And drive my horse into the sun

(Chorus)

Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up (rollin down the Boulevard)
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up (on rizza, ta nizzay)
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up (eastside, essa)
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo (westside, westside)

(Break - Woman talking)

Hey, what you say fool?
Nah, let me explain somethin to you
This is my vehicle, you know what I'm sayin?
I roll when I wanna roll
When I want cause I got my cabbage like that
You know what I'm sayin?
Keep player hatin and watch the ass drop
(*car door slams and tires skid*)

(Verse 2)

I gotta get an Impala, pina colada
White cause the gold one's nada
Get the coke white seats, fill 'em up with heat
Six three with the bows on feet
Peanut butter top to match the guts
Droppin that butt, got 'em all sayin "what!"
Double back on profile, what's up now
Gotta give me ten points on style
And the paint ain't trippin, drippin
Look at this dippin, never caught slippin or missin
And in case you was doubtin my pimpin (what up fool)
My kitten, got the pearl white scopes to match my paint coat

Giddy up, here we go
Back to the Boulevard, rush with the horse to the test
I'ma park this next to the best
And flex like I'm 'posta, rollin this roaster
Holdn this holster, closer
Cause I'ma boaster, roaster, red light toaster
No remorse when I buck this horse

(Female voice: Let's take it from the East to the West homes)

(Break)

Buckin my horse, giddy up, Westside
Buckin my horse, giddy up, Eastside
Buckin my horse, giddy up, Westside
Buckin my horse, giddy up, Eastside
Buckin my horse, giddy up, Westside
Buckin my horse, giddy up, Eastside
Buckin my horse, giddy up, Westside
Buckin my horse, giddy up, Eastside

(Verse 3)

Buckin this horse like a baller, black top slaughter
Makin these eighteen's holler
In a brand new horsie, call it my Porschey
Lookin hella fly and bossy
Sittin at a red light waitin, Porsche's shakin
Talkin more mess than Payton
And I got it in first, gettin ready for the worst
One point two turbo burst
Let it ride like a blackjack
Bettin I'm gettin my sex while I'm passin up Vettes
Grab my horse by the reins and tame it
Watch where I aim it, so I don't flame it
I can't explain the insane left lane
Swing to the right, it's pain
Pass these busters, lookin like lusters
Sittin three deep in a dark blue Duster
Now I'm sittin on cruise tryna get my food
Exit number 102 and then po-po spots me
The guys still watch me, big man needs teriyaki
I ain't trippin on vandals
Cause my white Impala has no door handles
Gonna get met with force
If you touch my ... horse

(Chorus)

Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up (yeah)
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo, hey
Buckin my horse, giddy up, hey yo