

# Sir Mixalot, I'm Your New God

\*girl weeping\*

WHAT'S WRONG, SWEETHEART?  
DON'T YOU WANT ME?  
YOU PAID FOR ME. KNEEL TO ME.  
\*rhythmic sniffing\*  
SMOKE ME. BREATHE ME. INHALE ...  
HA HA HA HA HA HA, I'M YOUR NEW GOD.

(Sir Mix-a-Lot)

She's only 16, she looks lost  
Bought crack from the dopeman, and got tossed  
Livin on the streets, smoked out  
Perfect individual for me to bust out  
You can sniff me, or you can puff me  
But the girl shoulda known, you can't trust me  
She's only 98 pounds and lonely  
She calls to her God for help, and that's me  
COCAINE, go ahead n' use me, heh heh  
Momma won't know you're a junkie  
Just put me in your pipe, light and SUCK  
\*deep inhale\* Cluck cluck cluck!  
And while you're high, grab a 12 gauge  
Jump back on the streets, in a crack rage  
The only way out is the suicide route  
Put the gauge at your dome and TAKE IT OUT  
Now I'm on the 6 o'clock news  
All my movies get the rave reviews  
60 Minutes had a special on me  
The god called Crack is killin your society  
Colombia is where I get picked  
I can kill with a 90-10 split  
I work through the week, my pleasure is pain  
And I'm your new God  
You can call me Cocaine

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha  
Cocaine  
Heh heh heh  
Go ahead n' smoke me

(Sir Mix-a-Lot)

Brothers throwin up a set to protect me  
I'm worth a lot so money so respect me  
Doin damage on the boulevard, just like that  
\*gunfire\* Shoot 'em over crack  
Dope dealers would kill for me  
Cause if ya sell me, I help ya live lovely  
You want a Porsche? Move a few ki's  
Just remember that your God is me  
The task force bum rushed one of my employees

A big score, 23 ki's  
Now ya see another dopeman sink  
And one young cop on the brink  
The cop's thinkin bout pinchin  
And alimony checks to his wife for the rent and  
Kids, so the profit is slow  
And he wants to make his bankroll grow  
23 ki's just sittin in the back seat  
I can make the best man weak  
So the cop hits the streets to sell a little pain  
Now the cop has a God

You can call me Cocaine

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha  
Cocaine  
Smoke this  
Smoke it  
Smoke it

(Sir Mix-a-Lot)

The only way I can be stopped is with intelligence  
And you don't get it, so that's irrelevant  
So you die, or else go to jail  
And I'm happy as hell  
I tried to get a young kid but he just said no  
Because of some sports hero  
So I entered the hero's house in the form of a line  
And let him snort one time  
Now he'd dead, cause my dose was pure  
Got him too quick for the cure  
So the headlines read, "Dope Made Another Hit"  
\*sniff\* Dead on the first sniff  
Now the kid is lookin for another hero  
I let him know the other fool was a zero  
He hits the streets, lookin for a remedy  
They introduce him to me  
I don't need another junky, just a flunky  
Besides, the little punk was spunky  
So I put him in a fresh pair o' Dickies  
Give him a beeper, and let him terrorize the city  
Put him in a gang, teach him to slang  
Another young punk deep in the game  
He'll be lucky if he lives til' 18  
And I'm his new God  
You can call me Cocaine

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha  
Cocaine  
Go ahead n' use me  
Smoke me  
Hm hm hm hm hm hm