

# Sir Mix-A-Lot, Bremelo

Here's a gory kinda story, 'bout an obese freak  
With a forty inch waist and a ten inch beak,  
Overweight and out of shape with a triple chin,  
Her brassiere strikes fear in the hearts of men,  
The Girls a bremelo  
The Girls a bremelo

Me and Terry hopped a ferry, we were lookin Swass  
When a dip hit the ship we were almost tossed  
It was a big bremelo standing on my toe,  
An enormous jelly-belly tryin' to say hello  
I was really kinda frightened as she looked my way,  
I tried to run because here buns made the ferry sway  
To be blunt she was fat and ready for combat  
On the way to (Bermitan)? where the fat is at,  
The Girls a bremelo.

Let's Go!

I'm not fakin' or mistaken' 'bout the big ol' duck,  
She had hairy underarms and a whoppin' gut,  
Her hair was short and wavy, drove my pit bull crazy,  
A (Bermitan)? beast chasin' fella's in the Navy,  
At the movie she's the feature, the (Bermitan)? creature,  
Ya' wear a life jacket if ya ever try and freak her  
Look at her physique, she ain't my kinda freak,  
The floor creaks when the beast starts reaching her peak  
The Girls a bremelo.

She's just a bremelo.

Change the beat!

You can't ignore the way she snores 'cuz she blows down doors,  
Baby's got the kinda face only a mother adores,  
A big basket ball head, with her ten inch feet,  
Big lips, No hips, with the smell of a beast,  
I couldn't put her in my Caddy or my tranny would break,  
I've heard of dirt because of poverty, but she took the cake,  
When it comes to Cool-Aid, the girl would drink it in pints,  
Ya go to school for twenty years and ya still in the ninth?  
Ya just a bremelo.

Just a bremelo.

You big, triple chinned, unattractive duck,  
Ya boyfriend beats freaks up to make a buck,  
Hangin' 'round Third & Pike on a ten speed bike,  
you could say that I'm a liar, but ya know I'm right  
Ya talk behind my back because I dropped you flat,  
And ya never take a shower 'cuz ya too damn fat  
So ya man was smart when he broke your heart  
Because if Mix-A-Lot'd cut cha you'd'a fell apart  
Wearing Polyester slacks with elastic in the back  
You could flat'n squash a nigga in a wrestling match  
Ya got lips like a character in some cartoon  
With a pink posterior ya big baboon  
Ya just a (Elephant Trumpet)  
(Elephant Trumpet)

Now (Brematen)?'s a city right outside of mine,  
Most girls there are ducks but a few are fine  
But the ones that I speak about, use their faces catching trout,  
Vacuum cleaners for a mouth, You know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Mud Ducks, Hocky Pucks, Drivers of Mack trucks,  
Lame brains, Deisel Trains, to pick them up you have to strain,  
Big Butt, Crew Cut, Extra-Ordinary Gut,  
Big Mamma kinda bod, make ya (????????) kinda rough