

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