

# Sir Mix A Lot, Gortex

Posse in effect, scramble up, new rhyme  
Big Goretex, crushed down, two time  
Rumble in the street, neighborhood shakedown  
Emerald City posse, gonna take this town  
Suckers gettin' mad, swift kick, broke rib  
Serve it in a dish, name it up, rib-tip  
Metal in the front, big stomp, crush neck  
Punks on tip, call the boots, GoreTex

Laugh if you want, but you might get crushed  
Walk through the dangerous Hilltop brush  
Bullet-proof, steel-toed, down to kick butt  
Roughin' up character who drop weak cuts  
One twenty five was the price tag on 'em  
Cool brothers buy 'em, even though they don't want 'em  
Style is a must, but the style is rough  
China Beach boots couldn't crush more stuff  
Strap 'em down, lace 'em up, get in the bucket  
Reach for the tongue, pull it out, then tuck it  
Ten pound boots could destruct all comers  
My whole posse wears them Fort Lewis runners

Death to a white pair of nikes - sound effect  
Kickin' over big motor bikes - sound effect  
Steppin' over puddles in the hood - sound effect  
Girls laugh, but you know they look good - sound effect  
Waffle-like prints in the snow - sound effect  
Pulverize punks when we throw - sound effect  
Salute to the group in the booths - sound effect  
Bow, and we kick you in the snoot - GoreTex

Hollow-point nine, to the boots, ricochet  
Leavin' mud prints when I romp in the rain  
Draw black scars on the new gym floor  
Pimps like to wear 'em when they kick them whores  
This is it baby, big shiny black boots  
Runnin' over punks like Iranian troops  
Trample, crush, hittin' like a dump truck  
Jump in my face and a size twelve get stuck  
In your butt, 'cause you wanted to box  
One-two punch and the GoreTex drops  
On your toe, your brother got caught  
By GoreTex boots from the GoreTex shop

Git it!

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