

Sir Mix A Lot, I Check My Bank

I'm peelin off domes with a baseball bat
Forty-four Magnum, choice of gat
Mercury tip fillin up my clip
I can shoot him in the dome or I can get him in the hip
but boom, look at all the niggaz runnin out the room
Just another soldier, causin doom
No I don't bang but I like to wound... my enemy
Who is the enemy, I'm glad you asked
Any motherfucker standin in my path
Got a Bentley Turbo, now you wanna jack
but remember, Mack Daddy is strapped
And when you're platinum, niggaz start dissin
Record companies think you're missin
But I'm back *clap clap (gunfire)*
I'm back *clap clap (gunfire)*
I'm back and I got a bigger gat *click BOOM*
Now the positive rhymes is onnnn
And I'm positively hittin that dome
You might want mine but you can't get mine
Rather put a hot nine right up in your behind
I'm not the nigga that you wanna recoup
And I don't wear a Giorgio suit
but I'm down for my business so please don't step
You heard about my lawfirm's rep, I check my bank

Chorus: DJ Punisher and Sir Mix-a-Lot

"Cash money, cash-cash.. money"