

Sir Mix-A-Lot, 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

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