

Sir Mix-A-Lot, Put 'Em On The Glass

C'mon now - repeated

(Verse 1)

Got 'em up, yeah my Taliano, not many brothers is rollin in Diablos
Hit the hard rock, the street is my work spot
I'm lookin for females to cops (yeah)
Few things can past me, I'm rollin up a five point O like pimps on ho, G
And I'm sittin in third, I'm never on swerve, to the right I merge
Now I'm patrollin and I'm lookin for a skirt in this thang I'm holding
I still got game ain't a damn thing change
I spot two Z's in the left lane
Eye contact is on, I'm rollin down windows pointin at phones
And she's poppin them buttons and yankin that blouse
Girl let it all out!
And that's what she did, baby ain't no kid
36 D's a make a man skid
I'm puttin in work on the freeway pass
Cause she put 'em on the glass (yeah)

(Break) - w/ ad libs

Put 'em on the glass ..
Put 'em on the glass, girl
Put 'em on the glass

(Verse 2)

Yes he's kinky, weenie and jinky
Got crush rock on his pinkie
He gets paid to stay laid
My copycats fade, evade to unpaid who's stay played
Girls when I'm on the freeway
Cats jumpin in, givin me leeway
And then drop them things on the dash
This Porsche is quick so don't try to run fast
At speed I got a need to see you breathe
And proceed with the kinky deeds
Indecent exposure can't hold ya, it's makin you bolder
Cause baby is a Mix-A-Lot soldier
But love singers on pause
Everybody's beggin to get into your draws
What's makin your kids frown?
+Baby Got Back+ or (shake it up and down)
You can follow me home cause this bone is on full blown
Straight grown all night long
I like my females nasty
Never try to drive straight past me
Just get in the left lane and show me your insane
And fill up the window with thangs
Puttin niggaz on skids, jump out and straight crash
Cause she put 'em on the glass

(Break) - w/ ad libs - (*scratched*)

(Verse 3)

How many times will you play this
before your ban this, I heard Miss Gore can't stand this
But I gotta fan this, lovin this scandalous rap
Guess who I got layin on the canvas
D-R R-I-C-H-A-R-D
Hard from the freeway party
Baby them things is workin
Fillin up the passenger window with Jergens
You hit the gas I'll hit mine too
Baby can I get with you?
Press the flesh 'til the glass gets dressed

Obsessed with the ways you express yourself
Some say I only rap about wealth
But baby can I talk about your health?
Lungs, lungs, motherfuckin lungs
Get a brother oh so strung
I'm lovin this window dressing
The whole right lane is stressing
Offend me, offend me, you can freak me if your friendly
B double O B S, straight sittin in the window
I'd rather kiss them than indo
And if you see me on the freeway, baby don't pass
Slow down and put 'em on the glass

(Break) - w/ ad libs
Put 'em on the glass
Put 'em on the glass, girl
Put 'em on the glass
Now shake them titties ..
Shake 'em ..
Put 'em on the glass ..
Put 'em on the glass