

# Sir Mixalot, Lead Yo Horse

( CHORUS )

You can lead yo horse to water  
But you cannot make him drink□  
I'm just tryin to spit some game  
So you might wanna stop and think□(2x)

( VERSE 1: Malika )

Okay, 'Lil's gon' come anew for '9-6  
Lead yo ass to the aqua, but I can't make a brother rich  
You gotta go for self, and then help others  
Mama wasn't lyin when she put you up on game, brother  
All up in the house gettin loud and disrespectin  
'Lil steps in, regulatin and hoe-checkin  
All them makes wishes, ain't already tryin to sympathize  
Players stay paid all day, but yo ass stays broke and high  
Oh my, kids and stuff all over like some roller skates  
Still I keeps it on my pape and niggas be tryin to playa-hate  
But that'll get you rolled up sideways  
Whoever said crime pays never got 3 strikes in L.A.  
Makes you lonely, sayin, contributin to mines  
You could be hella fine, but ain't nobody spendin mines  
Mobbin with the Crowbar with some common sense  
You can stay hella bent, I be at the water stackin presidents

( CHORUS )

( VERSE 2: Sir Mix-A-Lot )

One of these goddamn set-backs of havin your mail fat  
Is some of these lax-ass wanna-be macks, and you hoes in black  
They tracks sound booty, and they ain't doin they duty  
In the studio, and only if you knew me, though  
You'd see that I puts in work, and puts hurt  
On your flirts that wanna wear skirts and try to jerk  
But you'se in love with a fantasy, trick  
You wanna 'sit on yo ass, collect checks and shit'  
You was younger than me, so I schooled ya  
Gave you the tools to come up and get down like a ruler

Took you to executive brunches, high-powered lunches  
Gave you dough in bunches  
So get your fried chicken and your watermelon  
Start the yellin, Mix-A-Lot is why you ain't sellin  
Old Uncle Tom nigga gettin mad  
But you know you never worked for the shit you had  
Start drinkin, bitch

( CHORUS )

Hey yo, 'Lil, fill in the blanks  
What's up with these would-be gold diggers chasin entertainer niggas  
Handin out sugar daddy contracts to big black macks in black pimp Caddies  
I mean excuse me for pimpin, but ah...

( VERSE 3: Malika )

Tryin to see a meal ticket like's they big goals  
Rollin fat hoops and rollin gizzy stashin big loads  
Jump your woman, but ain't handlin yo business  
County aid plea, check so small you can't buy bisquits  
Got you a family, still you all up in mines  
F\*\*kin off's the hot rule, but see, 'Lil gon' fit to be fine  
She ain't right, got her shorties runnin the streets with retardation  
Bein barely sleep, puttin on that sneaky dick in her  
Boys will be boys, that's how the game goes

Ask Mix-A-Lot, they all hoes, and this player knows  
Better bumrush school and get your G.E.D.  
Cause welfare, homey, been cuttin back since '83  
Two carts ??? and still be tryin to front  
Use your diaper money to load up them philly blunts  
Get a 9 to 5, change your whole mindframe  
Cause doin without ain't what's happenin, put yourself up on game  
Kill or hustle, somethin, gotta drink the water, girl  
That's from a sister, 'broke' don't exist in Malika's world

( CHORUS )