Sir Mixalot, Let It Beaounce

I love it when ya bounce bounce bounce, shakin the top, shakin the bottom Can I pounce pounce pounce, chasin the boots and then I done got 'em Can I go go go? As soon as you thinkin I'm done I'm takin it slow, slow, SLOW The butt-man's back puttin ?mauls on the mud duct? Stab stab stab, Mitsubishis eat dust Steppin on the way to a club They had a big butt contest so I know I got pub(licity) SMOOTH, STROLL, step into the club I got MO, DOUGH, some jealous brothers Got BEEF, THOUGH, got fourteen mamas On my HIP, SO, don't do it bro! Five hundred dollars to the skirt wit the most bounce Mix-a-Lot is judgin so they let it all out Wet T-shirts, itty bitty skirts All my homies straight puttin in work (much work) I call it sexy, some call it sexist Can't tell a lie, Mr. Richard is restless Pump pump, now they got me on ?skips? The girly in the purple on the right is on hip She got a body but she can't dance a ounce To hell witcha dance moves girl, just let it beaounce

(Shake shake it mama)
(Shake shake shake it mama)
Let it beaounce (Shake shake it mama)
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(Shake shake shake it mama)

So baby in the purple got paid Now she's sittin in my car so it's time to check the age Baby girl's age is the same as her waist Deuce-four ... my taste! (mmh) Thick soul sista wit the dookie braids Fine young princess flamin wit the self made boss I paid the cost so I'm the big hoss When the skirts start to bounce I'm lost Crazy bout thickness, I get 'em with the quickness My game is straight laced, no slickness Witness the system pimp, never been simp Other wanna-bes just LIMP A THICK, RUMP, will make a +Nasty Dog+ Wanna STRAIGHT, HUMP, and if you make it bounce I'ma ACT, DRUNK, and chase it all around Until I BUMP, BUMP, no fronts in the grunts A LITTLE, MISTAKE, she got into my car Now the SHIRT, SHAKES, I'm hittin potholes Like EARTH, QUAKES, nothin bout the game Is FAKE, CAKE OR jake!

You can bounce ya sixty-four
But it can't hang with a hotty gettin wild on the dance floor
And if ya can't make Soul Train, girl, don't pout
Bring it to me baby, *slurrrp* and let it beaounce

(Shake shake it mama) (Shake shake shake it mama) Let it beaounce (Shake shake it mama) (Shake shake shake it mama) Let it beaounce, baby (Shake shake it mama) (Shake shake shake it mama) Let it beaounce (Shake shake it mama) (Shake shake shake it mama)

I've been checkin out you other rappers' videos Never lookin at the rapper, just the hotty in the skippy clothes And I gotta admit this Mix-a-Lot'll ZOOMA-ZOOM-ZOOM these skirts wit the quickness All y'alls girls is fly so I'ma give ya props LOOK AT THEM GIRLS IN THE DAZZEY DUKES POP Shake that thang like a salt shaker Indecent proposal from the bank maker Doo-doo brown can make the girls in my group get down They couldn't sit down, so let that booty bounce around And they'll throw it in yo face, checkin yo manhood Ya wanna touch it if you're only good The SMOOTH, SKIN, on top of that The booty is BOO-MIN, shakin like a leaf To keep it MO-VIN, you disagree wit me Then where have YOU, BEEN, livin on the end? SIS BOOM BAH, I'm lovin to watch the body Of a SOUL SISTAH, they're shakin they booties and makin em bounce To OOH LA LA, tryin to get deep in they panties Is the MACK PAPA, change up, IIIIIII'm the one to come undone and get all sprung When her butt swung I'm gettin high-strung And all the strike a pose Vogue, miss girl, get out!

Just let it BEAOUNCE! **BEAOUNCE!** Let it BEAOUNCE! BEAOUNCE! Let it BEAOUNCE! **BEAOUNCE!** Let it BEAOUNCE! **BEAOUNCE!** Let it beaounce (Shake shake it mama) (Shake shake it mama) Let it beaounce (Shake shake it mama) (Shake shake it mama) Let it beaounce (Shake shake it mama) (Shake shake it mama) Let it beaounce (Shake shake it mama) (Shake shake shake it mama)