

# Sir Mixalot, One Time's Got No Case

\*SPOKEN\*

What you pullin' me over fo' mistuh offi-suh?  
I'll be askin' the questions Leroy.  
My name ain't Leroy, man.  
Heh, all right Jerome, outta the car.  
Man, why I gotta be Jerome man? Why can't I be Tommy or Philbert or something?  
Just put your hands on the hood Muhammed

\*RAP\*

It's the man that you love to hate  
Coming outta Washington state  
Cops don't like my profile  
Cause Mixalot kicks much style  
So the man is on my trail  
He wanna take Mix to jail  
If he does, I'll make the bail  
Cause I know alot of rich females  
I'm shakin' 'em just like this  
Keepin' that Porsche in fifth  
King County cops don't quit  
Even when a young brothers legit  
So they follow me wherever I go  
I hear 'em on the radio  
With a scanner that I bought from the sto'  
Cause a brother like Mix gotta know  
I'm checkin' them cops with radar  
They don't believe I'm a rap star  
That my brain is up to par  
An I'm ready when they follow my car  
I know they wanna spray me with mace  
Cause my trunk keeps pumpin' much bass  
But they best get outta my face  
Cause one-times got no case, give it to me

One-times got no case

The police think I'm movin' them keys  
They trip cause I clock much D  
They pull a gat an' they yell out "Freeze!"  
I'm whippin' out my I.D.  
My gat sits under my seat  
The cops throw me out in the street  
They found my gun like thieves  
Officer Friendly has got a new beat  
So I show him my gun permit  
I told him I roll legit  
Give me a test to see if I'm drinkin'  
They claim my breath was stinkin'  
They had me walk on the line  
I walked backwards stopped on a dime  
My female just reclines

Cause she knows I know the time  
I'm hip to the cop procedure  
They get ya everytime they see ya  
They stop ya, they cuff ya  
They roll ya an' they rough ya  
They ask what I do for a livin'  
Should this information be givin'?  
This is what keeps me driven  
Some cops want a brother in prison

So I got me a few attorneys  
Just in case a cop wanna burn me  
They protect me from the state  
Cause one-time's got no case, break it on down

One-times got no case

A cop asks me "What's my name, and don't lie"  
And I'm askin' officer "Why?  
Why ya wanna mess with a brother like Mix  
When you know I'm livin' legit?"  
The cop said "Don't get smart.  
I tear soul-brother apart"  
I said "Well take off your gun, if you wanna get done  
An' I'll show you that I ain't the one"  
The cop rolled up his fist  
Puts the handcuffs on my wrists  
Then he threw a straight jab and he missed  
A female cop pulls up and she's pissed  
But this cop had K-9  
A soul sister, yes she's fine  
I said "Won't ya help a brother outta bind?"  
But that badge was going to her mind  
So she stuck a billy club in my back  
She said "Don't think because you're black  
That I won't beat you", crack, "hit you with the gat"  
Her partner starts to laugh

Oooh, hit 'em again. Hit 'em again.

So they took me on down to the jail  
P.L.B. came to pay my bail  
Then we called Goldstein and Claire  
Them's my lawyers  
Walkin' up the stairs  
To the courtroom dressed in suits  
'Bout to give a couple cops the boot  
So the female cop takes the stand  
Took her oath with the wrong damn hand  
My lawyers ate her up like catfish  
The other cop pleads the fifth  
She lost her job  
I seen a few tears on her face  
Sorry baby, one-time's got no case