

Sir Mixalot, Square Dance Rap

(Intro - talking)

Ha hee!, hee!

Why Mix-A-Lot cotton picker you freak skinnin the cats

Why don't you bring the beat on in here, cotton picker so I can get down

(*yelling*)

Put it up

That's the way I like it there Mix-A-Lot

Hey Mix-A-Lot, picks me up cotton picker

Picks me up Mix-A-Lot

(Break)

Now everybody's rappin 'bout

Everybody's rappin 'bout

Ever - (*repeated*)

(Verse 1)

Now everybody's rappin 'bout "where's their line?"

I'm gonna bust me a brand new rhyme

Girlfriend's down and you stomped her freak

Shake your hips and act conceit

Throw your head high in the air

Grab your partner's derriere

Fellas in the cut, I know you must be trippin

My boy's got them there home girl's quippin

Now grab your partner, take a bow

If you can't dance, I'll tell you how

Wave your hands and take two steps

Grab your hips and slide to the left

Get all in your partner's face

Swerve to the side and show your lace

If your a freak then let it show

And grab your partner doshy-do (do, do ...)

(Verse 2)

Now if you think your partner's fine

Grab her where the sun don't shine

If you can't dance, then tap your toes

If your stuck up, turn up your nose

Wave your hands from side to side

Lean to the left and take a slide

Other's DJs know their no match

Just look to the stage and the song's that scratched

(*scratching*)

(Male voice - talking)

Rock me babe - 4X

(Verse 3)

Freaks on the left and freaks on the right

Grab your partner, hold him tight

Put your hands in his Levi's

Hold his rear while he grips your thighs

The more you dance, the more I rap

The big fat beat makes your toes tap

Glen Campbell can't hang with this

All you freaks give your man a kiss (look good)

(Break) - 4X

My beats are icky

That why I'm Swass

(Break - talking)

Beat box

Oh Mix-A-Lot I'm feelin it now, cotton picker

YEEEE-HA!

(Verse 4)

Now everybody on the floor clap your hands
Stomp to the beat of the one man band
Mix-A-Lot brings on the drum machine
The bass line riff is "oh, so mean"
Mix-A-Lot make a jam in his room
With a full tape recorder you can bust jams too
Throw your partner across your thigh
Tickle her fast, until she starts to cry
Whip her to the left, whip her to the right
But don't whip her too hard cause her jeans are tight (look good)

(Chorus)

Get your hands off that girl, boy
Seattle rocks
(to the sq, to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
L.A. rocks
(to the sq, to the sq, to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
Miami rocks
(to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
D.C. rocks
(to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
Carolina rocks
(to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
Houston, Texas rocks
(to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
Your momma rocks
(to the, to, to, to the Square Dance Rap)
London, England rocks
(to the sq, to the sq, to the Square Dance Rap)
To the Square Dance Rap, hot damn

(Outro - talking)

Hey Mix-A-Lot, what in the world is that noise cotton picker?
Sound like Grand Ole Opry
Hear what I say Mix-A-Lot, say sound like Grand Ole Opry cotton picker
Now before we end this filthy cut, we got a few things we have to say
To the home girls sprung on the hum drum beat, check out Sir Mix-A-Lot Ray
His style is fresh, so clean and new, he pulls so many tricks
If you give him ten bucks and a brand new tape, he'll put you in the mix
A haha, hey Mix-A-Lot I caught you that time, cotton picker

(Break)

My beats are icky ... (*drums play until fade*)