

Sir Mixalot, You Can't Slip

Verse 1: Sir Mix-a-Lot

You can't slip, 'cause the pimpin' game is not about the sex
You gotta be a businessman to keep them thangs in check
I used to run some call girls and pimp 'em just for fun
But you should see how the gangsters can make us pimps r-r-run!
Back in '82 I used to roll a gold Caddy
Females were my business, you could call me the Mack Daddy
But pimpin' came so easy to me, I didn't have to hit 'em
Roll 'em up to Canada so Johnny's could wit 'em
Show them fake ID's so we could step across the border
We hit the nearest hotel, and like that, I'm takin' orders
Two thousand dollars and she'll make you lose your morals
We must increase the profit if the trick wants to get oral
Rappers like to claim 'bout how they know the pimpin' game
How can you run the ladies when you're only 17?
I speak from experience when I say "Turn around!"
'Cause I was rollin' heavy 'till one female took me down
She was only 17 but she was lookin' 21
'90's, street-tough and packin' guns
But I was slippin' 'cause the pimpin' game was soft
Baby took a trick out to the suite so he could toss
911 is flashin' crazy on my pager
I pushed the trunk button and I load the 12 gauge
Back to the 'tel 'cause I'm down to get my mail
Smoke a trick quick if he's beatin' on my female
Kickin' down the door and ain't nobody in the suite
I never let my agents take them tricks out on the street
If I wasn't slippin' then the psycho couldn't kill her
Body found face down, floatin' in the green river

You can't slip! Not in this pimpin' game, chief!
No no, you can't slip!
You can't slip.
Yo E-Dog, tell them what's up with that slangin' and bangin', chief!

Verse 2: E-Dog (Mix-a-Lot)

You can't slip when you're rollin' through the hood without your strap (Hell no!)
Especially when your rims are dipped in gold and lookin' phat (Yeah!)

'Cause it's the 1990's and you got to be prepared
Or a nigga like the E'll roll 'em up and keep 'em scared (Huhh??)
High sightin' nigga rollin danks through my set (Don't do it!)
Drops 6-4, gives my homies no respect (None!)
But when we starts the loc'in' up, the fool will start the chokin' up
And bones are gettin' broken up, a jack move! (Give it up!)
A straight jack on a fella with a fat sack
Comin' out missin' when you're slippin' on the fast track (Yeah!)
Came through servin' but you went out gettin' served (Peace!)
Got you for your Dayton's then we beat you to the curb (Huh!)
Now it's time to slang them thangs and come up on a grip (Yeah!)
Trade him for some ounces so that I can clock my chips (Get paid!)
Say it's 'bout the dividends and not about the fame (Yep!)
But 'till I let you know, the E-D-O-G is my name (Word.)
So now I'm straight addicted to the jackin' and the slangin'
Cross court saggin' and my flag shows I'm bangin'
But if you think I'm gonna stop this life, well you're wrong!
I don't care about your muscles 'cause my 9 is pluggin' domes (Ha ha!)
So here we go again, another jack in effect (Yeah!)
A candy-painted Blazer chased the driver, make him wreck (Get him!)
And if he tries to run then I just smoke him on the spot
But little do I know, there's a lesson to be taught
The brother pulled an AK and now I'm yellin' "Mayday!"

gunshots ("OH SHIT, HE GOT E-DOG!") On the concrete I lay!
He walks up slowly, then he looks me in my eye
Barrel to my temple, so I know I'm gonna die!
(Lil' cake-ass gang nigga, you can't jack for these D's! See ya!)
gun cocking, shot (C'mon, let's go, nigga!) *sirens*
(Shouldn't have been a sucka, nigga!) *door closing*
(Punk motherf**ker!! Yeah!) *car skids off*

You can't slip.

You can't slip. Oh, you better pull them pants up, champ. Huh huh.

You can't slip. Gots to be a gangsta, huh?

Well, you can't slip!

creepy organ music

Yeah, a lot of young brothers is constantly tellin' me how they growin'.

Well, I'm just tryin' to tell you where you're goin'.

You can't slip. Peace.