

Posse On Broadway

Sir Mix-A-Lot

[Verse 1]

Me and Kid Sensation at home away from home
In the black Benz limo with the cellular phone
I'm calling up the posse it's time to get rippin
A freak in each sunroof to keep you suckas trippin
Everybody's looking if you're jealous turn around
The AMG kit keeps us closer to the ground
We're getting good grip from the 50 series tires
The Alpine's bumping but I need the volume higher
Cause the 808 kick drum makes the girlies get dumb
We're rolling Rainier and the jealous wanna get some
Every time we do this sucka mc's wanna battle
I'm the man they love to hate the J.R. Ewing of Seattle
Picked up the posse on 23rd and Jackson
Heading for the strip, yes we're looking for some action
The limo's kinda crowded, the whole car was leaning back
Maharaji's watching T.V. with two girlies on his lap
On Martin Luther King the set looks kinda dead
We need a new street so posse move ahead
We all look kinda swass, the crew you can't forget
The Mix-a-lot posse cold ripping up the set

[Chorus]

My posse's on Broadway
My posse's on Broadway
Posse up

[Verse 2]

Rollin in, my posse was getting kinda bored
There's not another posse with more points scored
We don't walk around like criminals or flex like big gorillas
My homeboy Kid Sensation is the teenage lady killa
Maharaji's on the def side dancing like a freak
The girlies see his booty and their knees get weak
Larry is the white guy people think he's funny
A real estate investor who makes a lot a money
Clocking lots a dollars, we all got gold
Cruising in this Benz and ain't got no place to go
Wheeling 23rd we saw nothing but thugs
The girlies was too skinny from smoking all them drugs

Cause the rock man got em and their butts just drop
The freaks look depressed because the Benz won't stop
At 23rd and Union the driver broke left
Kevin shouted Broadway it's time to get def
My girl blew me a kiss she said I was the best
She's looking mighty freaky in her black silk dress
The closer that we get, the crazier I feel
My posse's on Broadway, it's time to get ill

[Chorus]

My posse's on Broadway
My posse's on Broadway
Posse up

[Verse 3]

Cruising Broadway and my wheels spin slow
Rolling with your posse is the only way to go
The girly by the college was looking for a ride
We tried to pick em up but we had no room inside
We put em on the trunk we put em on the hood
Some sat up with the driver they made him feel good
The posse's getting bigger, there's much too many freaks
My muffler is dragging, my suspension's getting weak
Now the freaks are getting hungry & Mix-a-Lot's treatin'
We stopped at Taco Bell for some Mexican eatin'
But Taco Bell was closed the girls was on my tip
They said, "Go back the other way we'll stop and eat at Dick's"
Dick's is the place were the cool hang out
The swass like to play and the rich flaunt clout
Posse to the burger stand so big we walk in twos
We're getting dirty looks from those other sucker crews
Kid Sensation dropped a 20 and didn't even miss it
Skeezzer from another crew, she picked it up and kissed it
Her boyfriend's illin, he went to slap her face
My homeboy PLB cold sprayed the boy with mace
Cause I never liked a punk who beat up on his girl
If you don't have game then let her leave your world
We took his girl with us
With him she rode the bus
She gave the boy the finger and the sucker starts to cuss
Boy I got a def posse you got a bunch a dudes
You're broke cold crying about the rock man blues
Ya beat up on your girl and now your all upset
She's with the Mix-a-Lot posse on the Broadway set

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>