

Bremelo

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Here's a gory kinda story, 'bout an obese freak
With a forty inch waist and a ten inch beak
Overweight and out of shape with a triple chin
Her brassiere strikes fear in the hearts of men
The Girls a bremelo
The Girls a bremelo
Me and Terry hopped a ferry, we were lookin' Swass
When a dip hit the ship we were almost tossed
It was a big bremelo standing on my toe
An enormous jelly-belly tryin' to say hello
I was really kinda frightened as she looked my way
I tried to run because here buns made the ferry sway
To be blunt she was fat and ready for combat
On the way to Bremerton where the fat is at
The Girls a bremelo
Let's go I'm not fakin' or mistaken' 'bout the big ol' duck
She had hairy underarms and a whoppin' gut
Her hair was short and wavy, drove my pit bull crazy
A Bremerton beast chasin' fella's in the Navy
At the movie she's the feature, the Bremerton creature
Ya' wear a life jacket if ya ever try and freak her
Look at her physique, she ain't my kinda freak
The floor creaks when the beast starts reaching her peak
The Girls a bremelo
She's just a bremelo
Change the beat
You can't ignore the way she snores 'cuz she blows down doors
Baby's got the kinda face only a mother adores
A big basket ball head, with her ten inch feet
Big lips, No hips, with the smell of a beast
I couldn't put her in my Caddy or my tranny would break
I've heard of dirt because of poverty, but she took the cake
When it comes to Kool-Aid, the girl would drink it in pints
Ya go to school for twenty years and ya still in the ninth? Ya just a bremelo
Just a bremelo
You big, triple chinned, unattractive duck
Ya boyfriend beats freaks up to make a buck
Hangin' 'round Third & Pike on a ten speed bike
You could say that I'm a liar, but ya know I'm right
Ya talk behind my back because I dropped you flat
And ya never take a shower 'cuz ya too damn fat
So ya man was smart when he broke your heart
Because if Mix-A-Lot'd cut cha youd'a fell apart
Wearing Polyester slacks with elastic in the back
You could flatten Schwarzenegger in a wrestling match
Ya got lips like a character in some cartoon
With a pink posterior ya big baboon
Ya just a
Now Bremerton's a city right outside of mine
Most girls there are ducks but a few are fine

But the ones that I speak about, use their faces catching trout
Vacuum cleaners for a mouth, you know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Mud Ducks, Hocky Pucks, Drivers of Mack trucks,
Lame brains, Diesel Trains, to pick them up you have to strain
Big Butt, Crew Cut, Extra-Ordinary Gut
Big Mamma, kinda buff, facial hairs kinda roughThe Girls a bremelo
The Girls a bremelo

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