

# Square Dance Rap

## Sir Mix-A-Lot

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 Now everybody's rappin 'bout  
Everybody's rappin 'bout  
Ever - (\*repeated\*)  
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 ...)  
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\*)  
Rock me babe - 4X 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)- 4X

My beats are icky  
 That why I'm SwassBeat box  
 Oh Mix-A-Lot I'm feelin it now, cotton picker  
 YEEEE-HA! 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) 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 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 My beats are icky ... (\*drums play  
 until fade\*)

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