

Gold

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Gold around his neck (8 ball rollin')
Gold around his neck (24-7)
Gold around his neck (8 ball rollin')
Gold around his neck (14k heaven)

Clockin' lots of dollars, cruisin' in his benz
Clockin' lots of dollars, got no place to go
Clockin' lots of dollars, rollin' with your posse
Clockin' lots of dollars, we all got gold

Listen up brothers it's the rhyme I can't repeat
I'm sportin' more gold than a rock 'n' roll freak
Mix is my name, bustin' rhymes is my game
Don't disrespect me cause I kill then I take your chain
Life is pretty tough gettin' gold's kinda rough
Stealin' and you're dealin' but you just can't get enough
Now you're crying cause my rope is 20 millimeters fat
You're stealin' gold emblems down at Fredrick Cadillac
Walkin' round San Fran, rippin' up the set
Homeboys on the corner ask us where we rock next
I'm not in town to smoke dope, if you broke you can't cope
We're back in San Francisco and we're looking for the gold rope
Saw the rock man and we tailed his benz
He drove Powell Street to where the trolley cars end
He sipped his soda pop, came to a complete stop
Looked over to the left it was a... gold shop!

Yo baby check out this big gold nugget ring!

Walked into the shop and I had to stare
This freak was in the corner with the long blonde hair
I knocked her out the way cause she was standin' in my vision
I saw this gold rope and Maharashi started fishin'
Walked up to the counter and we hit the bell
We all had money for the big gold sale
From back behind the counter came the big gold mon
Last name, kinda funny, but his first name was Jahan
He said, "Put your money down that's nothing to me
Got the real rock man buying my jewelry
So that mean I gots money from american games"
The AMG kick on my 516 Mercedes
So I reached into my pocket and I pulled thick bank
I would have bought the store but my bank just sank
I know I got points cause my gold shines bright
Gonna sport it to the solar system Saturday night
Maharashi's up next for the big gold deal
Flipped dead presidents and cold got ill
Smile on his face with a grand in his hand
Bought a Turkish gold rope with the 30 inch span
Kid Sensation was the next at bat
Bought a big nugget watch, face up a Cadillac
He saw this gold rope and said "How much for that to go?"
Told him 700 dollars everybody said "woooaaahhhh"
Security came over as the kid count bank
Gave him fourteen fifties and his face stayed blank
I grabbed the sack of gold and Jahan, we told 'em bye
We'd like to stay and kick it but we can't we gotta fly

Break!

We left the gold shop kinda broke but happy
Promoter put us up in an '86 Caddy
Crossed the Golden Gate and headed for the Napa Valley
No liter in the car because we threw it in the alley
Everybody's trippin' off the Mix-a-lot crew
Pose fresh dipped all filas are blue
Caddy pushin' 80 like a big black rocket
We're looking for a posse with no money in their pockets
We made a right turn there's the pose on the left
Before we get busy just remember we're def
Maharashi took the bank roll, Larry took the car
Kid Sensation had a plan thinking he was superstar
Step aside kid I control this jam
You are my partner and here's my scam
I'll take the homeboys you take the skeezer
The boys got gold but they ain't got filas
Larry made a move with the black briefcase
5000 dollars worth of fila in your face
They ain't got money but they had a lot of dope
I said I don't want drugs just give me your rope
To sell a suitcase of filas boy it ain't no thing
Just give me that gold that includes all rings
Maharashi snatched the gold out the homegirls nose
Man we would have took her bra if the sucka was gold

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