

# Take My Stash

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Huh!

There's a black man livin in a big (big) house  
Three credit cards fulla fat (fat) clout  
Fatass garage holdin nine (nine) cars  
One of them Mack Daddy rap (rap) stars  
Me, rollin in the AMG still  
?Six slater? with the monochrome grille  
Don't serve birds but I'm livin like a king  
But the IRS got a thing for a brother like me  
Uncle Sam wanna buy another missile (yep)  
Strip Mix-a-Lot straight down to the gristle (mm)  
I made a few mil' and the auditors come  
Sounds dumb, but this is how the phone got hung (yep)  
Somebody hated that Mix-a-Lot rep  
Straight-up snitch tryin to get Mix sw-ept  
But I'm back, the black dynamo's on track  
I got jack for the big tax  
Yep, they freeze my accounts, put a lean on my house (mmm)  
Straight left a nigga AAAAAASSED OUT  
Helicopters over my house (my house)  
Takin pictures of a brother in his draws wit his thing out (uhh)  
Livin the life of a suspected crook  
Cause I never play the game by the book  
If you're livin too large, ya better watch that ass  
Cause the IRS,  
Is gonna take yo stash

Why you wanna take my stash?  
Why you wan' take my stash?  
Why you wanna take my stash?

D-O-T came to my house, tell me wassup  
You wanna huff and puff and take a brother's stuff?  
Then I saw the treasury badge -  
This is bigger than One-Time, so I got mad  
So what do ya got to say about me,  
The M-I-X-A-L-O, T?  
He starts scopin my house, havin his doubts  
About a brother with street AND bank clout  
His partner was writin on a thick (thick) pad  
Checkin out the goodies that Mix (Mix) had  
Trippin off the things that I bought (bought) cash  
Tryin to send a brother up-state (state) fast  
Yep (yep), livin on the edge, I swear  
The government is tryin to keep a brother (brother) scared  
Rappers wanna talk about, life's unfair?  
Well I've seen the eyes of the big bad bear  
TAXMAN COMIN, TAXMAN TAKIN  
TAXMAN'S A PIMP, SO THE TAXMAN BREAKIN (yeah)  
Ordered my books, now who's the real crooks?  
On the streets, now I'm gettin funny looks ('sup fool?)  
Everybody's thinkin I'm broke (broke)  
Do I smoke (smoke), or am I sellin the coke?  
Now I'm keepin my receipts for the gas,  
Cause the IRS,  
Is tryin to take my stash

Why you wanna take my stash?  
Why you wan' take my stash?  
Why you wanna take my stash?

But +I Checks My Bank+ so I paid 'em (yep)  
They put a tap on my phone and I made 'em (mmm)  
I paid 'em, two hundred and eighty-five G's  
And now it's just a ninety-one fee (god damn)  
I ain't tellin no lies, fool, 'cause I'm real with this  
And muthafuckas can't deal with this  
Some call me the sixty mil' man  
And now I'm trippin off a uncle named Sam  
But a mack just can't go bank (bank) rupt  
Still payin well 'cause I make (make) cuts  
Accountants on the regular, checkin my ends  
Bought another fresh drop top (top) Benz  
Yep yep yep, +Just Da Pimpin in Me+  
Twenty G's on the block when I hit L.B.  
Stashed a lil' bread in the ninety-three  
Bill collectors don't see me, G!  
In this fort, I'm the man with the miracle torque  
To pull through all sorts of them tax ?odds?  
In '94, I know I gotta think fast  
Cause they'll be back, tryin to take my stash

(work too hard)  
Why you wanna take my stash?  
(work too hard)  
Why you wan' take my stash?  
(work too hard)  
Break it on down!

Ha ha, bring it back!  
Why you wanna take my stash?

Huh!

Why you wanna take my stash?  
Why you wanna take my stash, fool? Yuh!  
Why you wanna take my stash?  
Why you wanna take my stash?  
Why you wanna take my stash ... mista guv' nah?  
Why you wanna take my staaaashhhh