

Till da Sun Cums Up

Sir Mix-A-Lot

We like it up close and funky
We don't wanna lip-sync on no big stage
Ayo Outtasite, Tomeka
What are we doin' in these old clubs when we get these megaphones?

We can rock this bitch till the sun comes up
We can bang this club all night all night
We can drop this hit till the floorboards creak
When the sun comes up we'll ride yeah

We can rock this bitch till the sun comes up
We can bang this club all night yeah
We can drop this hit till the floorboards creak
When the sun comes up we'll ride

I give it up to the hole-in-the-wall clubs
The six in the mornin' sun's up and yes, y'all clubs
The wrong clubs for squares and song doves
With hot, sweaty bodies dance naughty cause ima rock your hottie
Be about it, strong game, and never doubt it
You come and scout it, bitch you ain't in ours don't know about it
The demo you wished for is 13 to 18
They love you ten minutes then they break the scene
But imma stay in the grass roots and pitch ten cents
I can chill in the back booth and sniff [?] scents
I pull up in a black coupe with mack intents
Went straight for the stack juice with dominant hints
About thong-poppin' game-swappin' the skirt-hoppin'
We ain't stoppin' this rockin' till the cops walk in
Or the sun comes up, whichever comes first
Cause we gon' rock this bitch till it hurts
Bring it, 'Mek

We can rock this bitch till the sun comes up
We can bang this club all night all night
We can drop this hit till the floorboards creak yeah
When the sun comes up we'll ride uh

I can't say no, till the club shows
And I never wanna see you go home
Stand so close, everybody knows
That you cannot lip-sync when a cat is in your face

Players spit game, drop a hard bargain
But Outtasite, man, got modified jargon
Pass me a dub, ask me whaddup
I did the prime gigs to the trashiest clubs
One pull the curtain, I'm fit to work it
From the snoopiast joints to the Chitlin' Circuit
Perfect, Outtasite on the fly tonight
And imma hit the stage straight high as a kite (wooo)
If you're coastin' on E, [?]
When the sun come up and I retire the mike
When I'm hidin' trite we ain't reached our peak
Do it all again in 'bout three hours' sleep
Let the lil kids do the show in the mall and book a hole in the wall
When it's cold in the fall, check it

We can rock this bitch till the sun comes up
We can bang this club all night
We can drop this hit till the floorboards creak
When the sun comes up we'll ride

I can't say no, till the club shows
And I never wanna see you go home
Stand so close, everybody knows
That you cannot lip-sync when a cat is in your face

We can rock this bitch till the sun comes up
We can bang this club all night uh-huh
We can drop this hit till the floorboards creak
When the sun comes up we'll ride

[?] the spot till the sun comes up
It don't stop all night
Yeah, till the floorboards creak
We'll ride
Ain't no hollywood here, baby till the sun comes up
100% real, baby, yeah
Uh-huh till the sun comes up
During my hiatus I been watching these pop stars with microphones in they pocket lip-syncin', you know what I'm sayin'?
Till the sun comes up
I ain't hatin', but I like the \$10 ticket, get me up close, you know what I'm sayin'?
Till the sun comes up
Y'all need to see what real is till the sun comes up