

Nasty Dog

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Kitty cat, kitty cat, run, run, run
Kitty cat, kitty cat, run, run, run
Kitty cat, kitty cat run, run, run
I'm the dog in the Benz with the big chrome gun
Lookin' for a coochie proper
Hot mama, big dog, big game, no drama
Never make babies, can't get rabies
Makin' head hit and it's crazy
And when I catch a little kitty lookin' oh so tough
(Hmm)
Bring hot water, 'cause I might get stuck
Ew, while I'ma stop in Cosmo
'Cause my lyrical content is gando
Stickin' to the mind of the critics
I'm still with it, dogs gotta get it
(Hey, come here buddy)
Bow wow was the sound of the hound with the C town crown
I sniff around 'til I pin cats down
They like to run up trees
But I can bring 'em back down with a jingle of my car keys
Most men is dogs and most dogs is
nasty
I can't let a cat run past me
Watch your skirt when you're walkin' through the mall
'Cause I ain't nothin', but a nasty dog (Yeah)
(What kind of dog is this?)
Dog
(I ain't nothin')
But a nasty dog
(What kinda dog is this?) What you want?
Can Mix come out to play?
Nasty bitch
So I'm back puttin' black kitty cats on their backs
Big macks never lag on wax, I'ma low down dog
I just stepped up and other dogs wanna flex up
I ain't tryna be the best rapper, just a big macker
So sit on down and watch the bank stacker
It still ain't easy G but this dog's a Bentley
So I'ma chase that cat, 'til I can't chase no mo'
There she goes in a drop top Rocko
What's up with your car sweetie?
Come on down and jump in the Black-ini
Another brother tryna diss and Mix ain't down
Oh no, hot sauce in my Dog Chow
Another brother can't see me but he wants to be me
I'm layin' these thangs on 'em freely
Now you got fo' fo' chromes, straight layin' on your dome
And get your mangy ass on
Back to the kitty, 'cause she's kinda pretty
I'm couldn't stop lookin' at her ta-ta-ta face

Me and cat mama rolled into the distant fog
Little did she know I'm a nasty dog (Yeah)
(What kind of dog is this?)
Dog
(I ain't nothin')
But a nasty dog
(What kinda dog is this?)
(Old, stinky, rotten, ripe and old dog) I'm slingin' that game like it ain't Jack
She's fat, black cat but she won't look back
Rollin' this Viper, tryna entice her
Don't need a front but I likes to Get me an attitude, fightin' over who pulls up
Two dogs in a sports car, playin' old cuts
Turned down the James Brown
I said, "What's up girl", but she still won't turn around Attitude, attitude
(What up, what's up)
When the girls are playin' the role and what do we do?
(Call 'em stuck up)
Now we're both tryna front like we don't care
Whip a u-turn to get a quick stare But the face was hurtin'
(Damn)
The girl's grill was tore up, mustache wasn't workin'
Grandma old face with a norm ass body
Mack Daddy didn't want this hotty Flashback to the cryin' game
I hate to see any parts of that poon-tang
Usually I'm quick to mack but that's road kill, back it up black
Quiz it, to giz it with the quick hiz It's for zeeze it, tazease it
It's hard for me to leave it
Not sexist, just sexy with my dialog
'Cause I'm a nasty dog (Yeah)
(What kind of dog is this?)
Dog
(I ain't nothin')
But a nasty dog
(What kinda dog is this?) 'Cause I'm a nasty dog
Yeah, dog
Nasty dog, nasty dog
Nasty dog, nasty dog

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>