

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

The Boss Is Back

Par Sir Mix-A-Lot

Album : Baby Got Back: I Like Big Butts

Boss, boss

We have such sights to show you

This isn't for your eyes

The boss is back

Boss, the boss is back

Boss, boss

So, I took a one year hiatus

Ain't nobody heard my latest

You thought Mix-a-Lot was through

But I'm back, this boot's on you

What happened to all the old homies?

When the money gets funny, it's lonely

My ex turned into a slut

Down at the Hollywood, slangin' that butt

Cheap perfume an' a mini-skirt

Girl, what's your line of work?

Now that I'm rollin', you wanna roll with me

But have you been to the clinic lately?

Yesterday you had six condoms, see

Today you got three

Tossed you out like a paper sack

This brother ain't 'Sprung on the cat'

What about all the old homies?

I got paid so they call me phony

But I refuse to lay it low

When a brother like you tells me I can't flow?

So here we go, bro, the leader of the Flow Show

Let you know, I roll an' get mo'

I yank the bank an' I ain't been ganked

'Cause my back you're tryin' to shank, but no thanks

My face shows pain an' strain, as I stand in the rain

With this fame, you go insane

The game I run is not fun to some

And now I love no one

The boss is back

Big boss in effect, I ain't bluffin', I'm back

Your boss is back

Big boss in effect, I ain't bluffin'

Big boss in effect, I ain't bluffin'

Tommy wants revenge

But I want your oxygen

When the game got thick, you ran

Now in my face you stand

Beggin' for a few hun?

Son, your fun meets my gun

Now you scream you're true black

Boy, you need to chill with that

'Cause I'm an equal opportunity destroyer

My gat's my lawyer

Last week you's a stick-up kid

An' this week you're in show biz

Standin' on stage, another black wannabe

Wanna get paid, so you're as black as you gotta be

Throw up a peace sign, fakin' the rhymes

Run out of lyrics? Scratchin' a Malcolm X line

Hypocrite, your hits break the bits

The boss of brain lays pain when I spit

Criticized 'cause I'm takin' the dares

An' now you're tryin' to tell another brother what to wear?

Come off that tip, you know how it goes

Another brother gets shot an' punks blame it on gold

Gold ropes? Naw, that ain't your problem

The job of a rapper is to find 'em an' solve 'em

Now you're cryin' 'bout what a brother owns

King died, so you could buy your throne

I ain't got time to take steps in reverse

You or the KKK, who's worse?

You told me to stay low in my ghetto

An' so did the Klan, so wake up, bro

Why do you think brothers is sellin' dope, fool?

America, boy, the bankroll rules

Play that hard role an' say you ain't with that

An' everythin', you're cryin' 'bout money on your contract

Talked about me bad, it's time for the payback, black

The boss is back

Boss, I'm back, boss

I don't know the meanin' of trust

I gotta live, so I do what I must

Some girls'll cross you when you're soft

That's why I'm my own damn boss

They'll run you down with stress

If you're sprung on the butt an' chest

I'd rather be sprung on the Ducat

An' put another damn freak in my bucket

I deal with women, not girls

'Cause them young ones'll shake your world

I'm tellin' it like it is

'Cause a brother like Mix ain't losin' his

I got about two or three clowns

That try to kick me when I'm down

But when I come up, they all play dumb

All of a sudden, it's we, not one

I zip up lips when I spit these hits

I'm equipped to make misfits quit

Young bucks should all duck 'cause jaws are gettin' struck

The luck gets chuched, so what's up?

I ram an' cram my jams in the mouth of a man

I'm kickin' quicker than Van Damme

Face the facts, two platinums stack

Step off, fool or get cracked

The boss is back, who's the boss?

I'm back, who's the boss?

The boss is back, who's the boss?

Who's the boss?