

Hank Williams Sr.

"Chief Rocka"

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{*Lord Jazz cuts and scratches 'Chief Rocka'*}

[Verse One: Mr. Funke]

Boom shaka laka yo here comes the Chief Rocka
Rock it down, so jump up off the tip you're not my
nucca
For sharper type to battle make the people say ooh ahh
Think I won't curse, I'll break down and say puta
?Hey, madrigon, sesa me bichafi mi chocha?
Say what I want because, I'm that type of guy
Now fam-a-lam, I'll be damned, slam jams the weak
Could it be the skunk weed that makes us oh so funky?
Now hold it let me choose, couldn't be the booze
No it's the shoes (the shoes?) It's gotta be the shoes!
Cause girlies, they clock, they stand around and jock
so I say boom shaka lak, grab the microphone then
rock
To tell you the truth, when on the mic
I'll say anything that sounds good
Like jump and a grump and sound over some uhhh!?
The Cat in the Hat and the mouse ran up the stairs
"That doesn't make no sense!" C'mon who cares?
See even without the gift there's yours so don't be tryin
to knock me
I say what I want to say, as long it sounds funk
Some MC's wanted to buy me, so they try to take
stands
But they don't understand, I'm the motherfuckin man
I amaze and astound, rhythm up and down
Smack a group of them around, let them know who
wears the crown
Who's-the-tip-of-the-top, the-cream-of-the-crop, the-
best-under-the-sun?
I'm the Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Mr. Funke, uhh

{*Lord Jazz cuts 'The Lord Chief Rocka, number one,
Chief Rocka' 8X*}

[Verse Two: DoltAll]

Well umm, boom, shak-a-lak, I got the flavors, the funk
Whew! And it's smellin up the hip-hop

A little bit of this, a little bit of that
Mixed a, little of this, and now I gotta rap
I'm the, Chief Rocka, so I guess I am in charge
I freak it with a twist so you'll boom it in your cars
I'm the, one with the flow and the grip like G.I. Joe
I snatch, I grab, and then I grab the dough, see if
I was an Indian I'd still be the Chief
The only other difference I'd smoke weed in a leaf
To the hip, the hop, to the hibby to the hibbidy
hip-hop, oh no, I don't wanna go pop!
I got, too much soul, rhythm and blues
R&B ya see, all that's cool, but
hip-hop and rap yeah that's where my heart's at
Even back when I used to break on a box
Backspins for backspin, even while I'm rappin
Before I had a record, I always kept em clappin
Freestylin on the block, now I Chief Rock
I always entertain, by diggin in my crux
My brain, so if it's gonna rain let it rain
I spook you with the hit, make you jump like House of
Pain
Boogaloo boogaloo, shake and jump
And remember, remember, Chief Rocka won't front

{*Lord Jazz cuts 'The Lord Chief Rocka, number one
Chief Rocka' 4X*}

[Verse Three: DoltAll, Mr. Funke]
[DIA] Ay Mr. Funke
[MrF] Whassup?
[DIA] Can I get assistance?
[MrF] For what?
[DIA] For what? Yo Jazz, flex a cut
Well back is the backer, I'm chillin with my knocker
And if ya got beef, then you can live with Jimmy Hoffa
like
[duo] what goes up, must come down
[DIA] But not me clown
I cut em, crack a speaker when I'm pumpin
So jump in, and watch your earrs start hummin
through the block, and don't forget to boom shak shak-
a-lak
[MrF] Well damn DoltAll can I rock?
I hear a beat I grab the mic, and then I start this workin
The kids around the way used to think that I was buggin
But they don't understand how I feel about the funk
I walk with the funk, I talk with the funk
I eat with the funk, I sleep with the funk
I live for the funk, I'll die for the funk
So now what do they say, when I'm walkin up the block?
Boom shaka laka there goes the Chief Rocka

{*Lord Jazz scratches until fade*}

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