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Sir Mix-A-Lot "Chief Boot Knocka"

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Chief boot knock Chief boot knocker (Repeated - 4X)

[Verse 1]

Here I am chief boot knocka

Watch your skirt, if you don't I got ya

Tippity toe, tippity toe through the grass

Old scandalous ass nigga with a pocket full of cash

Who dat? rollin in a Viper

Got much beef with the freeway sni-per

He wants me cause I bumped his girlfriend

Your suicidal tendencies are not my problem

Low life DOG, chasin these skirts through the motherfuckin fog

I'm that, black man with fourteen skirts in a black Skidan

A fool named Charles in a 7 6 Cut

Parked at the beach and left his girl on (?)

He said "Get out the car bitch", that's a mistake

Cause now I'm the beach with a rake

The whole beach is smellin like Endo

I'm in a drop top Benzo on three piece rimzos

Cranked up the bass just a little bit

She turned to the left with the "Ooh shit..."

"Mack Daddy" is back and Charles is mad (* 2 qunshots *)

Show Charles what I had

Some niggaz is fine and some smooth talkers

But they can't fuck with the chief boot knocka

[Break - "Tomahawk Chop" chant plays in the background]

Here's my tomahawk

Here's my toma, tom, tomahawk

[Sir Mix-A-Lot - talking over Break]
And I here them sing
Chief boot knocker...
Chief boot knocker...
Chief boot knocker

[Verse 2]

Scam, scam devise another plan Take another girl from her cryin ass man Always askin her where she's been She was rollin with me from six through ten (yep) Got home at ten thirty You was smellin her neck, tryin to see if she's dirty You wanna beat her down, but you got no proof Now you shootin buckshot through the roof (yep) Too much emotion, somebody rub this sissy boy down with lotion And now your tellin her to stay home But she can still call Mix on the telephone And there you go, slippin You promised her another ass whippin And you slap, slap, slap, now you feelin kinda macho +I Got Game+ and I took your thang so What you gonna do with a cake boy's nightmare Bought you a nine but you still looked scared AK-47? nope I run a HK-91 with the Leopold scope So eat that 308, fool Actin like a Jake but Big Mack's rule You had her in check but boy I shot ya Meet your new enemy the chief boot knocka

[Break - "Tomahawk Chop" chant plays in the background]
Here's my tomahawk

[Verse 3]

I met a girl named Gail at a soul food restaurant
Big fat rocks on her hand tryin flaunt
Tried to step to her in the hall
She said her ex-boyfriend plays pro football
But I hate quarterbacks, but I like fullback
On a young, fine brown skin snackpack
She got a black SL, it was sittin on 19's lookin all swell
I really don't care about your boyfriend sweetness
Jealousy is every man's weakness
But I ain't no salt slanger, just a game slanger

And oh yes it's the bird banger
I followed Gail to the crib
Walked in straight trippin off a how the girl lives
Your man is a trick and his game is weak
I can pull you in a Benzo and a broke down jeep
Take notes off the shit I just wrote
Trick daddies get left in smoke
A lot of copycat niggaz might jock ya
But their game can't weigh with the chief boot knocka

[Break - "Tomahawk Chop" chant plays in the background]
Here's my tomahawk
Here's my tomahawk

Here's my tomahawk

Here's my tomahawk

Here's my tomahawk

Here's my tomahawk

Here's my tomahawk

Here's my tomahawk

[Sir Mix-A-Lot - talking over Break]

Chief boot knocker

Chief boot knocker

Chief boot knocker

Ch, chief boot knocker

(*chants of "chief boot knocker" and "Tomahawk Chop" chant, continue until fade*)

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