



[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  
Here's my tomahawk  
Here's my tomahawk  
Here's my tomahawk  
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  
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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\*)

Visit [Sir Mix-A-Lot](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.