

## **Sir Mix-A-Lot**

### **"The Jack Back"**

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"In this country a man's home is his castle.."

[Sir Mix-a-Lot]

I've been jacked by the racist scum, and here I come  
Klan, run - cause revenge is fun! And I'm that one  
To make you tapdance with a shotgun  
On Donahue they said they had weapons  
Just to teach black people one lesson  
But I ain't goin to your school of fools  
So come here, and look at my tools!  
You can meet and greet the Glock 19 in your nostrils  
I'll splatter your dreams  
Plans to overthrow are left in limbo  
Cause one loco bro chose to dispose of you  
And your skinhead crew  
I ain't a house nigga with a twenty-two  
I dump a hollow-point slug in your windpipe  
Try to breathe {\*choking\*} believe the hype  
Cause this ain't the jungle fool  
And I don't throw SPEARS, and I ain't leavin here!  
A Nazi and you ain't never SEEN Germany  
But you was lookin for a enemy  
So you found a young brother with cash  
Crashed my glass, snatched my whole stash  
Boy I'ma getcha back, like it ain't no thang  
Show you what I learned from the gangs  
Stack em up deep in a six-nine Deuce  
Long range scopes for the whole damn group  
Hangin outside a club called Moonshine  
Waitin for the right time..  
There he is, walkin in the Levi's blue cut  
The Wicked One dropped two shots in his butt  
I can't solve racism with a gat  
But this is where my head's at - get em with a jack  
back!

"You ask me the niggers around here  
been treated awful bad for a long time.."

[The Wicked One]

I've been sayin this, I gotta fix em  
I wanna fix em with a crucifixion

Nail em to a cross and burn em  
BURN EM BURN EM BURN EM!  
It's been said that this would happen  
Skanless skinheads jackin  
All up in the crib insult for takin my force  
I had to break North  
The leader had a spraypaint can  
And on my wall wrote, 'Death to the black man'  
Burned a cross in front of the hideout  
Hopin they could get my race to die out  
I'ma cause em PAIN, physical and mental  
I speak slowly - through the temple  
The Wicked One is talkin trouble  
Blastin skulls into pieces of puzzle  
Damage em so bad, they can't stop me  
Not enough body left to get an autopsy  
Skinheads, stakin em out  
Bloodshed, takin em out  
Caught one of em, Mix said, "Go ahead"  
Thirty-eight, STRAIGHT to his forehead  
I hit em hard and it hit the spot  
I punish and plot with Mix-a-Lot  
Now where's the leader at? Gotta get him back  
Gotta get the gat, gotta get the axe  
Call it a revengeful murderous pact..  
Call it the jack back!

"Some things are worth killing for"

[Sir Mix-a-Lot]

They burned a cross in my yard, caught a brother off  
guard  
But I can't cry, cause I'm HARD!  
They jacked another black, but this black wants  
payback  
I rack up killin stats!  
Now I'm on the hunt with a 12-gauge pump  
Massive hardware's in my trunk  
Creepin low.. and slow  
There's one - roll down the window  
Whassup, FOOL?!! ("Noooooooooooo!!") \*buck buck  
buck\*  
It ain't done til the punk stops breathin;  
Watch Kunta Kinte get even!  
It goes like that when a brother stays strapped  
Couldn't get a job so I learned to rap  
Livin kinda large and the skinheads hate me  
Run up in my house and they tried to take me  
Now I got the metal to his dome  
A Desert Eagle, dipped in chrome  
I got a black stocking cap yanked over my face

Anger is takin rationality's place  
Hitler's in the house and I'm takin him out  
He shouts but the barrel's in his mouth  
Before I shoot, he wants to know if I'm white or black  
I yank my mask - this has been a jack back!

"These boys were trained activists.."

[The Wicked One]

I'm not a slave but the Ku Klux Klan  
And the Aryan Nation say I am!  
What's behind the skinheads out to getcha?  
The reincarnation of Hitler  
Now I got a murderous attitude  
I'm in a put em in a casket mood!  
Remember the days of slavery?  
They hung many black men from a tree  
We fought to be free real hard  
And the black man's freedom must not be scarred!  
Callin me an African Sambo  
But after this, "American Psycho"  
And I'll smoke any skinhead racist  
With the black glock that's in my fist  
And the morgue'll be packed in body stacks  
Memories due to the jack back  
Caught the leader of the skinhead clan  
You know the one with the spraypaint can  
Drilled him with a crowbar {\*gargling\*} DIE!  
In the left ear, out the right eye  
Then I took a knife to his chest  
Carved a wicked message in a bloody mess  
It was a warning for the rest of his pack  
"This nigga got him with a jackback!"

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