

## Sir Michael Rocks

### "Lockjaw"

Visit "[Lockjaw](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

{Your silence is my trade}  
Lockjaw! (Shut up!) {Your silence is my trade}  
Givin' MCs lockjaw! (Shut up!) {Your silence is my  
trade}  
Lockjaw! (Shut up!) {Your silence is my trade}  
I'm givin' MCs lockjaw! (Shut up!) {Your silence is my  
trade}

Here we go! Oh no,  
Another flow show from the young black dynamo  
Lockin' up jaws, MCs pause -  
No lyrical flaws  
Hush, when the boss is talkin'  
Lay down gats and get your weak knees walkin'  
You ain't allowed to speak 'cause you've reached your  
peak  
The elite don't get with the weak  
Shut up, 'cause I'm burnin' this cut up  
Boy, don't try to run up  
'Cause I chop up crops  
A weak hip-hop boy tried to jock my spot and he  
flopped  
He went down to the concrete ground  
I'm a hound when I get down  
And I'm back, the mack with a lyrical knack  
To pack sacks and never pay tax  
And when I leave they diss me  
Knowin' they can never get with me  
But he who laughs last gets the most cash  
And lives the blast past of rap trash  
Gone! Left ya, son  
Gimme a call when you're done  
Your silence is my trade, shut up!  
{Your silence is my trade}

2x:  
Lockjaw! (Shut up!) {Your silence is my trade}  
Givin' MCs lockjaw! (Shut up!) {Your silence is my  
trade}

Run, run, run, your time is done, son

Move out for the well-hung young one  
And I'm rackin' up stacks of greenbacks -  
Dead presidents, black!  
Peace to my fans and I love ya  
And I got yo' cover  
'Cause I'm back to please  
And cool off the hot MCs  
'Cause they're runnin' around like ants, tryin' to grab  
their pants  
That shit don't make you dance!  
What's this beat doin'?  
Leavin' your posse ruined  
Stuck my fist in his mouth  
Caught him on a whole shout  
No pity on the lyrically weak  
Face defeat, retreat, but don't speak  
'Cause I ain't through, fool  
And you ain't true to the Mix rules!  
You try to flow so you go for what you know  
But yo, bro, you ain't the flow pro  
(Ohh!) I can't go slow  
Gotta grow 'cause I wanna get mo' dough  
Full blown, bad to the bone  
And known to get it on with a microphone, homes  
Leave my throne alone  
I've been to the low zone  
Your silence is my trade, shut up!  
{Your silence is my trade}

2x:  
Lockjaw! (Shut up!) {Your silence is my trade}  
Givin' MCs lockjaw! (Shut up!) {Your silence is my  
trade}

Come on, Punish!  
Punish!

Your host on the coast is known to boast  
And roast most that choose to get close  
Put 'em in a lyrical knot  
My spot: the #1 slot  
But I gotta have beats  
When I lyrically de-feat the weak that try to compete  
Get 'em up, if you wanna go head-up  
What up? Do as I instruct, black  
'Cause my gat is jack-backed  
And lookin' at your baseball hat  
I rolled over that mess you stole  
And took control, and then broke the mold!  
Now here I stand, boss man  
The NorthWest tip is where I am

And I'm runnin' this work like dope  
Shippin' it in planes, trains and boats  
Up the charts I go  
Steppin' on toes and throwin' low bolos  
My group is large, and hard  
No need for a bodyguard  
We flex, rippin' off MCs' necks  
Run 'em into Critical's pecs  
Your silence is my trade, shut up!

2x:

Lockjaw! {Your silence is my trade}  
Givin' MCs lockjaw! {Your silence is my trade}

Come on, Punish!  
Punish 'em!  
Punish!  
Punish 'em!

Lockjaw!  
Givin' MCs lockjaw!  
Lockjaw!  
Givin' MCs lockjaw!  
Lockjaw! Shhh

Visit [Sir Michael Rocks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.