

# Chief Rocka

## Lords of the Underground

Chief Rocka, Chief Rocka, Chief Rocka, Chief Rocka

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  
Think I won't curse I'll break down and say puta

Hey madrignon 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 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 think I'm the troop, when on the mic? I'll say it, it ain't the shows kid  
Like drunk and a grump and sound over some  
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

The Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief Rocka  
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Well, 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 and 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

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Ay Mr. Funke, whassup? Can I get assistance?  
For what? 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

What goes up, must come down  
But not me clown  
I cut 'em, crack a speaker when I'm pumpin'  
So jump in, and watch your ears start hummin'

Through the block, and don't forget to boom shak shak-a-lak  
Well damn do it all 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

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