Chief boot knock Chief boot knocker Here I am chief boot knocker Watch your skirt, if you don't I got ya Tibbity toe, tibbity toe through the grass Old scallous ass nigga with a pocket full of cash Who that? 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 Scadan A fool named Draws in a seven six Kirk Parked at the bench and left his girl on trays 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 indo 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 (\*pause\*) "Mack Daddy" is back and Charles is mad (\* 2 gunshots \*) Show Charles what I had Some niggaz is fine and some smooth talkers But they can't fuck with the chief boot knocker Here's my tomahawk Here's my toma, tom, tomahawk And I here them sing Chief boot knocker .. Chief boot knocker .. Chief boot knocker Scam, scam devise another plan Take another girl from a 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 want to beat her down, but you got no proof Now you shootin buckshot through the roof (yep) To much emotion, somebody rub this sissy boy down with

And now your tellin her to stay home

You promised her another ass whippin

And there you go, slippin

But she can still call Mix on the telephone

And you slap, slap, slap, now you feelin kinda macho +I Got Game+ and I took your Benzo
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 joke but Big Mack's rule
You had to inject but boy I shot ya
Meet your new enemy the chief boot knocker

Here's my tomahawk Here's my tomahawk Here's my tomahawk Here's my tomahawk

I meet 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 throwback 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 slinger, just a gang slinger 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 whipped 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 jack ya

But the game came way with the chief boot knocker

Here's my tomahawk

Chief boot knocker Chief boot knocker Chief boot knocker Ch, chief boot knocker