

# Chief Boot Knocka

Sir Mix-A-Lot

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  
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Here's my tomahawk  
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  
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 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  
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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

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Here's my tomahawk

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