

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 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

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