Lockjaw

Sir Mix-a-lot

{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

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