# Jockin' My Style

## Craig Mack

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Here comes a rhyme in your ear
Craig Mack is here, so have no fear
My rhymes push the hack to the rear
I'm severe, rap pioneer, with funk I steer, now it's clearRhymes flow to the break of dawn
Exploring MC's I get silly on, like Ponce De Leon
Yet, don't forget, my style is a banger
MC's I deposit in the closet on a hangerMack, chop your rhymes like I chop, shop, chop a ACC
Startin' with the bones in your back
Whenever I attack, it's like a blow from a axe
Sweet like sugar that be on Sugar SmacksFacts is Mr. or Mrs.
Can't another rapper see me when it's time for gettin' biz?
And the moral of the story as you will see
Is that from now on, the greatest rapper is meMC's, you're jockin' my style, you're jockin' my style, boy
You're jockin' my style, MC's, stop jockin' my style
You know you can't touch the flavMC's, you're jockin' my style, you're jockin' my style boy
You're jockin' my style, MC's, stop jockin' my style
Craig Mack has the phat funk flavNow I'm sayin, rock funk to the Himalayan
No more delaying, MC's, you decaying, I'm staying
'Cause now I'm out my cage
And what I do for rap is gonna make front pageRemember, back in the days I was just a tyke
I do a rhyme while I do a wheelie riding bike
But now I'm the man with the mic in my hand
Starving MC's like them kids from SiamBreaker, breaker, it's the funk rhyme shaker
Super duper, superb, slamming like a Laker
Swimmin' on MC's like moray eels with mass appeal
Your rhymes are jokes, like Dangerfield'sBoy, I'll tell ya, ain't no liver on this continent
I'm dope and you the opposite, the man when I be dropping shit
Raw, I give MC's a headache
Hit your ass so hard and kill your man by mistakeYouse a fake ladies and real niggaz know
Non-stop rockin' til it's time to go, so bust the flow
I'm a be a round for a while
MC's, stop jockin' my styleMC's, you're jockin' my style, you're jockin' my style, boy

You're jockin' my style, MC's, stop jockin' my style
You know you can't touch the flavMC's, you're jockin' my style, you're jockin' my style boy
You're jockin' my style, MC's, stop jockin' my style
Craig Mack has the phat funk flavNow everybody put your hands in the air
Wave them shits like you just don't care, aiyyo
You could have a dollar or be a millionaire
Sometimes I think that Mack should be mayorNow me, myself and I, we three bad motherfuckers
Here to eliminate suckers
I came to rock a party, are you ready?
Get your Aunt Millie's out, I eat MC's like spaghettiRap machete, I'll cut your ass like a sword
Into buying rhymes, these rhymes you can't afford
I shine like jewelry, ain't nobody schoolin' me
I battle anybody just point to who the fool be'Cause you and me, we ain't the same type of breed
I grab the mic and give the crowd what they need, and proceed
To rock the mic since a child
Get off my tip and stop jocking my styleMC's, you're jockin' my style, you're jockin' my style, boy
You're jockin' my style, MC's, stop jockin' my style
You know you can't touch the flavMC's, you're jockin' my style, you're jockin' my style boy
You're jockin' my style, MC's, stop jockin' my style
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