

# 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 clear  
Rhymes 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 hanger  
Mack, 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 Smacks  
Facts 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 me  
MC'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 flav  
MC'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 flav  
Now 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 page  
Remember, 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 Siam  
Breaker, 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's  
Boy, 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 mistake  
Youse 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 style  
MC'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  
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