Chief Rocka (Rumblin' Mix)

Lords of the Underground

Chief Rocka, Chief Rocka, Chief Rocka, Chief RockaBoom shaka laka yo here comes the Chief Rocka
Rock it down so jump up off the tip you're not my nucca
For sharper type to battle make the people say
Think I won't curse I'll break down and say putaHey madrigon sesa me bichafi mi chocha?
Say what I want because I'm that type of guy
Now fam a lam I'll be damned, slam jams the weak
Could it be the skunk weed that makes us oh so funky?Now hold it let me choose, couldn't be the booze
No it's the shoes it's gotta be the shoes
'Cause girlies, they clock, they stand around and jock
So I say boom shaka lak, grab the microphone then rock
To think I'm the troop, when on the mic? I'll say it, it ain't the shows kid
Like drunk and a grump and sound over some
The cat in the hat and the mouse ran up the stairs
That doesn't make no sense, c'mon who cares?See even without the gift there's yours so don't be tryin' to knock me
I say what I want to say, as long it sounds funk
Some MC's wanted to buy me, so they try to take stands
But they don't understand, I'm the motherfuckin' manI amaze and astound, rhythm up and down
Smack a group of them around, let them know who wears the crown
Who's the tip of the top, the cream of the crop, the best under the sun?
I'm the Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Mr. FunkeThe Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief Rocka
The Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief Rocka
The Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief Rocka
Well, boom, shak-a-lak, I got the flavors, the funk
Whew! And it's smellin' up the hip-hop
A little bit of this, a little bit of that
Mixed a, little of this, and now I gotta rapI'm the, Chief Rocka, so I guess I am in charge
I freak it with a twist so you'll boom it in your cars
I'm the, one with the flow and the grip like G.I. Joe
I snatch, I grab, and then I grab the dough, see ifI was an Indian I'd still be the Chief
The only other difference I'd smoke weed in a leaf
To the hip, the hop, to the hibby to the hibbidy
Hip hop, oh no, I don't wanna go popI got, too much soul, rhythm and blues
R and B ya see, all that's cool, but
Hip hop and rap yeah that's where my heart's at
Even back when I used to break on a boxBackspins for backspin, even while I'm rappin'
Before I had a record, I always kept 'em clappin'
Freestylin' on the block, now I Chief Rock
I always entertain, by diggin' in my cruxMy brain, so if it's gonna rain let it rain

I spook you with the hit, make you jump like house of pain
Boogaloo boogaloo, shake and jump
And remember, remember, Chief Rocka won't frontThe Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief Rocka
The Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief Rocka
The Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief Rocka
The Lord Chief Rocka, Chief RockaAy Mr. Funke, whassup? Can I get assistance?
For what? For what? Yo Jazz, flex a cut
Well back is the backer, I'm chillin' with my knocker
And if ya got beef, then you can live with Jimmy Hoffa likeWhat goes up, must come down
But not me clown
I cut 'em, crack a speaker when I'm pumpin'
So jump in, and watch your ears start hummin'Through the block, and don't forget to boom shak shak-a-lak
Well damn do it all can I rock?
I hear a beat I grab the mic, and then I start this workin'
The kids around the way used to think that I was buggin'But they don't understand how I feel about the funk
I walk with the funk, I talk with the funk
I eat with the funk, I sleep with the funk
I live for the funk, I'll die for the funk
So now what do they say, when I'm walkin' up the block?
Boom shaka laka there goes the Chief RockaThe Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief Rocka
The Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief Rocka
The Lord Chief Rocka, number one, Chief RockaThe Lord Chief Rocka, number one
The Lord Chief Rocka, number one
The Lord Chief Rocka, number one
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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