

# The Jack Back

## Sir Mix-A-Lot

"In this country a man's home is his castle" I've been jacked by the racist scum, and here I come  
Klan, run 'cause revenge is fun and I'm that one  
To make you Tapdance with a shotgun  
On Donahue they said they had weapons Just to teach black people one lesson  
But I ain't goin' to your school of fools  
So come here and look at my tools You can meet and greet the Glock 19 in your nostrils  
I'll splatter your dreams  
Plans to overthrow are left in limbo  
'Cause one loco bro chose to dispose of you and your skinhead crew I ain't a house nigga with a  
twenty two  
I dump a hollow point slug in your windpipe  
Try to breathe, believe the hype  
'Cause this ain't the jungle fool  
And I don't throw spears, and I ain't leavin' here  
A Nazi and you ain't never seen Germany  
But you was lookin' for a enemy So you found a young brother with cash  
Crashed my glass, snatched my whole stash  
Boy I'ma getcha back, like it ain't no thang  
Show you what I learned from the gangs Stack 'em up deep in a six nine deuce  
Long range scopes for the whole damn group  
Hangin' outside a club called Moonshine  
Waitin' for the right time There he is, walkin' in the Levi's blue cut  
The wicked one dropped two shots in his butt  
I can't solve racism with a gat  
But this is where my head's at, get 'em with a jack back  
"You ask me the niggers around here  
Been treated awful bad for a long time" I've been sayin' this, I gotta fix 'em  
I wanna fix 'em with a crucifixion  
Nail 'em to a cross and burn 'em  
Burn 'em, burn 'em, burn 'em It's been said that this would happen  
Skanless skinheads jackin'  
All up in the crib insult for takin' my force  
I had to break North The leader had a spray paint can  
And on my wall wrote, 'Death to the black man'  
Burned a cross in front of the hideout  
Hopin' they could get my race to die out I'ma 'cause 'em pain, physical and mental  
I speak slowly, through the temple  
The wicked one is talkin' trouble  
Blastin' skulls into pieces of puzzle Damage 'em so bad, they can't stop me  
Not enough body left to get an autopsy  
Skinheads, stakin' 'em out  
Bloodshed, takin' 'em out Caught one of 'em, mix said, "Go ahead"

Thirty eight, straight to his forehead  
 I hit 'em hard and it hit the spot  
 I punish and plot with mix a lot Now where's the leader at? Gotta get him back  
 Gotta get the gat, gotta get the axe  
 Call it a revengeful murderous pact  
 Call it the jack back "Some things are worth killing for" They burned a cross in my yard, caught  
 a brother off guard  
 But I can't cry, 'cause I'm hard  
 They jacked another black, but this black wants payback  
 I rack up killin' stats Now, I'm on the hunt with a 12 gauge pump  
 Massive hardware's in my trunk  
 Creepin' low and slow  
 There's one, roll down the window  
 Whassup, fool?  
 ("No")  
 It ain't done 'til the punk stops breathin' Watch Kunta Kinte get even  
 It goes like that when a brother stays strapped  
 Couldn't get a job so I learned to rap  
 Livin' kinda large and the skinheads hate me  
 Run up in my house and they tried to take me Now I got the metal to his dome  
 A desert eagle, dipped in chrome  
 I got a black stocking cap yanked over my face  
 Anger is takin' rationality's place Hitler's in the house and I'm takin' him out  
 He shouts but the barrel's in his mouth  
 Before I shoot, he wants to know if I'm white or black  
 I yank my mask, this has been a jack back "These boys were trained activists" I'm not a slave but  
 the Ku Klux Klan  
 And the Aryan Nation say I am  
 What's behind the skinheads out to getcha?  
 The reincarnation of Hitler Now, I got a murderous attitude  
 I'm in a put 'em in a casket mood  
 Remember the days of slavery?  
 They hung many black men from a tree We fought to be free real hard  
 And the black man's freedom must not be scarred  
 Callin' me an African Sambo  
 But after this, "American Psycho" And I'll smoke any skinhead racist  
 With the black Glock that's in my fist  
 And the morgue'll be packed in body stacks  
 Memories due to the jack back Caught the leader of the skinhead clan  
 You know the one with the spray paint can  
 Drilled him with a crowbar die  
 In the left ear, out the right eye Then I took a knife to his chest  
 Carved a wicked message in a bloody mess  
 It was a warning for the rest of his pack  
 "This nigga got him with a jackback"