

# Boombox Pimp

CYNE

[Intro]

Yeah, I dedicate this song to all the players  
All the cassette players out there that love to play my shit  
On cassette, digital DAT, any kind of format that you got  
This be the Cise Star baby, cool view, on CYNE Radio

Sunshine on my mind whenever I'm with you  
Never a day is the same your name beautiful  
I daydream about things I want to do to you  
I'm such a boombox pimp-pimp-pimp-pimp  
(Repeat)

[Verse 1: Cise Star]

Watch me colossal  
My watch is Fossil  
I step back  
Preach my gospel  
Respect, respect, so don't forget  
Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Left, Right  
B-A, B-A, Select, Start!  
You more prefab than Pop-Tarts peachy keen  
I be the dirty greens, served with Navy beans  
With a side of Akin, that meal is gangrene  
I be the freshest jive, nomenclature is Clyde  
When you see me on the street giving a nigga a ride  
I am so fucking fattening, my elbows are ashy  
I'm such a Beastie Boy son, Hello Nasty  
I am a booming box, never audiovox  
I be the shoes that you wanted with the footie socks  
Tighter than underwear, wild like pubic hair  
A black Fred Astaire, cause' I am so debonair

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(Repeat)

[Verse 2: Cise Star]

I diagram motherfuckers in Pintos  
New body style of the Kia Sorento  
Here's a Polaroid for a fucking memento  
Saw your stage show, throw your tape out the window  
I be the master lock, I never need practice  
I'm locking down the game while I'll be shackling actors  
You keep it in stock, I keep it in chrome  
Spend it, out of control, just give me my student loans  
From wallet to watch, undershirt to socks  
This nigga he so clean from the top of the drop  
Goes to bottle, maybe a role-model  
They have me on History Channel, show for Modern Marvels  
Rubberneck till your head bobble  
I'm in the driver seat going the speed of life at full throttle  
Now I'm scarier, breaking the sound barrier  
The more than merrier, supersonic like jet harriers  
But J.J. Fab blasting out the ride, not a bird man  
But I'm in flight catching your eye (Ah-Ah!)

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(Repeat)

[Verse 3: Akin]

Heyo! I'm sex through your Magnavox  
The rap Al Green vet  
Bang Bettys to the wall, we fuck till my balls sweat  
That's salty water, that's what she said  
And speak up on her earlobes, damn I think she's deaf  
Sick with the backshot, sick when I rap God  
Groupie on the left nut, she begged for one last shot  
Here love, take that, put that on repeat  
Oh Evolution Fight, Fuck America I free-fall  
Please Betty catch me, bass boosts are nasty  
Let's tune in my FM dial so you can blast me

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(Repeat)