

## Boof Baf

Fugees

I'm Chill-Master-Nell of a thousand emcees  
But how are you gonna tell the real I bust from these fo' knees  
Cause he sees everyone with a deal with a record company  
They go home, they write a rhyme, they think they ready to battle better  
Some write forward, some write backward  
I wait for them to get the cheeba-ganja then reverse yo  
With a verse that's worse than the last one  
some say BOO! he's the po he used to diss Jamaicans  
and Hatians cause you thought I was American  
Ay Pras, remember that song they sang, YEAH!!  
Go back to Jamaica, what's good is what's new  
But now we move off with Uncle's with a trail-crate of COOLER!!

I'm from the island, the island I'm from is the strong island  
Emcees must be right, when I syke from lack of freestylin'  
Mind must be sharp until my holler girl, I get all in  
Black stylin', ridin', Boof'll be trappin'  
When they come to battle champ see the shoes flappin'  
Huh, coolin' while I'm rappin'

(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy  
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try  
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy  
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Said if you write with pencil you must write with (PEN!)  
If you have a rooster you must have a (HEN!)  
Five plus five you know that equals to (TEN!)  
Then spit the yellow man, check it to groove-to-groove site

One, two, I throw a flow to catch it  
Three, four, back she know before the track miss  
I FUCK ya when style go, to wreck this static  
(But yo sister, grab the mic and do damage!!)

Aiyyo I used to drive a hooptie, check me down swoopie  
Rollin' with the Jones' but I different homozones  
See life's got no value if I ain't got no statue  
Hannibal heads, I be the kid from "Timbuktu"  
One, two, zip me-me, check the mic I'm ready  
Three, four, please the army - "Oh God", with Uzi's  
So what, converse man, the chicken or the hoodie  
get the - hoodie came first then mans' then would be Nancy  
To kill the Jesse James rough, step back, check your steps  
I'll love your theory like the chi-chi-woo-woo-boogie-man  
You say I'm balanced but you're Silence of the Lambs  
And when I call your name I say Candyman, Candyman, Candyman  
Cause I can, can, yes, I can, can

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Well I'm on fire (FIRE), FIRE (FIRE), FIRE (FIRE)  
So let me re-light your viacom  
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic (COOL!!)

And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic (COOL!!)  
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic (COOL!!)  
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic (COOL!!)  
All that movin' I call my nozzle you see I was an electronic  
You listen to your lyrics in chime - your Panasonic

The ly-ly-ly-lyricaler, the di-di-di-digital  
Pras take the mic man, you know you're really critical

Stall emcees-soft-put 'em up for-er-Death Row (yeah)  
Rhyme and cultural, style and never old  
Slashed the priest-fool, ooh, you're filth-swolled

I say no to spliff but my friends still smoke ?Juano?  
Coolin' it, coolin' it, coolin' it  
Somebody chuck me-who the who'd you think?  
hold the mic, hold the mic, I shoot 'em  
down with my last one, last one, last one, last one and  
(Boo-shoo-coo-coo!!) SMOKE!!  
I got my bullet-proof and now to send my bozack

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Rich rap come from the brothers in the neighborhood  
who used to rap on a Polaroid - here comes Father Joe  
Let me clock the block as I pull fo'-five  
Boof Baf - I cut the block with gat-stops  
I used to play hookie just to see how good an emcee was  
He said I bust a battle - aight, I still took a gun  
No cheeba, cheeba just a Libra on a last ride  
I waited so long that I thought I died and came back alive  
So hear the spirits, many fear, ?Sir New Stosser?  
This the new thing under the Sun, when I come, I come  
Bam-bam, alakazam, he grabbed the mic  
up the block they ran, I came back with the bag  
cause that's my momma man  
I'm just patrollin', move off in the block  
but the spot that I clock, you get shot if your numbers' about  
So don't get caught in the fast lane, the fast lane  
A just remain yourself and be the same  
Cause many rapper-days, say nuttin' for nuttin'  
So here's sut-um to take you from the am to the pm

Cause a imitator could never be greater than the creator  
whose the originator, step up infiltrator  
See you in the alligator - back stabbin' traitor  
Tape recorder, duplicator, roughly rhymin' with the head tranzlator, hah!  
AND LEAVE THE FORTY TO BE NAUGHTY IN THE FRIDGERATOR!!!

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(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try  
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy  
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck...

Say gun-man (BOOF BAF!!) say tell me where you get your ?? from (BOOF BAF!!)  
You musta get it from the foreign land (BOOF BAF!!)

We want to shoot up the old a Babylon (BOOF BAF!!)  
Pay the man to rhyme onto it  
Say gun-man (BOOF BAF!!) say tell me where you get your ?? from (BOOF BAF!!)  
You musta get it from the foreign land (BOOF BAF!!)  
You want to kill your own brother man (BOOF BAF!!), ay, ay, ay (BOOF BAF!!)