

Boom (X3)

Injury Reserve

How many trains will make that, yo
Where you can hear a nigga lurking on the street
My nigga, like boom, boom, boom
I'm working on my third, you see
And you still learning about the birds and the bees
My nigga, you knew, knew, knew
We be up all night, just murdering beats
And had the landlord knocking like a burglary
Like boom, boom, boom
They'll bump a nigga 'round the world, you see
And tell me which of you motherfuckers haven't heard of me
Tell me like who, who, who

Started making a name and now they knockin' it
Fuck the city up whenever we droppin' shit
Created a sound, they started jockin' it
Don't put on for the scene, 'cause we not in it
I'm not tryna make a scene
But is it still a scene if it's not heard or seen?
Don't worry about us, nigga, worry about your team
Tryna get this cream 'cause they say cash rules
And you know all of Parker's beats are cashews
Ain't nothin' but a thang, put bass in your...
Put bass in your voice if you're gonna speak my name
Damn near 30, grown ass nigga
We a dynasty, word to Jigga
Rockin' and I'm rollin', drive it like it's stolen
No sick calls, bro, I always go in
Still bumping Jill, nigga, life is golden

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See, me, I ain't fuckin' with none of that chit-chat
That he-say, she-say shit about this cat
That "Well, I ain't heard he had", nigga, just get back
That old, white nigga saying, "See, I don't do the rap
Thing, but I can actually understand you, I dig that
And you ain't talking 'bout all the guns and you flip crack"
Well, listen up, Baxter, well, see, I get that
But we won't agree on as much as you think, Jack
And then we got the old heads going
"What's up with the ghost-writing thing, my nigga? I don't get that
See, back in my day, you had to write and spit raps"
Isn't Ice Cube writing 6-4 a known fact?
They even put it in a movie, nigga, explain that
That's no shade, they ain't even try go and change that

And here we go back again with all that chit-chat
The he-say, she-say, nigga, just spit raps

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