

Boom!

Shaquille O'Neal

Boom!
Turn up the volume
We fix the magic can make the stars at the two
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What was that a buddha
I got a brand new shiny sharp shoota
But those who try ta'
Do do do
Yeah
Do what I do'a
I'm laid back
Kickin' it with the shaq black
Yakaty yak
Go for back
Or kick your freakin' back crack
With toes to your nose when I roll to my shows
That's what happened to the last man
That stepped to my toes
Goodness gracious
There's a little bit of what the taste is
I walk to grandma's house
I gotta pay a visit

Knock knock
Knock knock
Who do ya' think it's
The coma'
The coma'
I'm comin' to fix the sink and drink the
F-fees, f-fies, f-foes, f-fums
I'm comin' the bound
I'm comin' the bound
The bound
I'll be come around
The b-b-b-bod
K-k-k
Pull it a little f and I'm done
My lyrics are rugged they ruff ruff
Like they really go ruff ruff
I huff huff
Puff puff
Snuff it with us
Dressin' up on up I'm gonna be cotton picking
Wow us gadzooks us
Wows us
Mix the da da da da da da
Puppy
Cowards lost the style
Wickety wild
Watch my grill there's my style
See ya' later alligata'
I'm a wild crocodile
Like um um
Feels to be like tum tum

Hey Jerry
My style is bad
Flat like all the ass on Halle Berry
But really
Yes I'm a freaka'
Style from the dominant freaks and
Where it be called that hip
Like I got Down Syndrome

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Saw me now
Check out the way I do
I come in wicked
As funky as Wilson Pickett
You can dig it when I kick it
Competition betta' forget it
I'm dangerous
My underwear is Hane's
Broken Jack George's
Wassup
Every song I'm makin' a statement
With no replacement
Boom boom
You can fill a base kick
I'm about to do the Larry Bird
That means jack
With my boy Shaquille's up

Talk of the ol' forbidda'
That's right
Shaq is in the rythm
Who is my contender
Cause I'm about to rippa'
To shreds
No, smithereens
Eat you like a sandwich
What kind
Submarines
With some lettuce
Tomato or tamato
I'm the big bravado
Got sixty mill'
I won the lotto'
It must be magic
Shaq is called to havok
Yo I see your rebound
Hey mo', won't you grab it

NBI, yes I
The one with the drive-by lyracist
Coulda' get a wift of this high
Mister m-o
The intro with the pro-bowl
Check out the ro-fo
I swing my style on the down-low
With the f-u
It takes a few to get those with the fists

A brotha' who is wack is on my shh
I stay smooth and dapper like Hank Gathers
I'm badder than Michael, and plus I'm a rapper
I'm roota' than the pooga'
I'm sicka' than the snake
While the fly, deathly grinners
Part one of your faith
At the sofa

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Ha dayng da da da dayng da dayng