

# Boomer Rang

Tech N9ne

Freedom of speech, yes  
But if you don't need stress, please, do not speak death  
You will not be blessed, too late to reset  
Should've been speechless  
Pray God follows, Allah follows  
Saves all who talk  
Karma, hold sorrow

Whatever I put in the uni  
I try to make it bright and not send the gloomy  
I'm blocking the looney that's cockin' a tooly  
For the talk a lot's a opp that's often with Tumi  
Luggage  
All around with him, he drug it and tug it  
Negatively, then signal the thuggish, rubbish  
Keep tryin' to front with the rugged  
Gonna make your spirit fade to the back like a mullet (Cha)  
I studied the law of attraction  
And every action got a reaction  
Makin' waves if you that one, you'll be floatin' without your gear from PacS  
un  
Always yellin' with the passion, flash 'cause you mad and you laugh none  
Talkin' trash, here the trash come, ready to blast one with they dad's gun  
What you say can really give you a cut toupee, you get up to grey  
You can make a tough dude day, make 'em gush your gut, touché  
If a ninja scroll and the shit is what he love to spray  
Hope you watched him enough today 'cause a rough crew may  
Put you in the dust to lay, huff and puff, it's a must you pay  
Seniors doin' junior thangs  
When you act wrong, they come mask on like the rumour gang  
When you're callin' to, you're gonna be way worse than a tumorous pain  
When the lunar came, they consume your name  
Blow you out your bloomers, mane  
They gonna make that Boomer Rang!

Who to blame? If I pop off, it ain't for no reason  
Big step chin check 'tis the season  
Everything you say comes back 'round  
It's bang, bang, bang, Boomer Rang

Watch what you say? That shit might get back to you like a boomerang  
No we don't play? That shit might get back to you like a boomerang  
Watch what you say? That shit might get back to you like a boomerang  
No we don't play? That shit might get back to you like a boomerang

Do you ever get tired of the shit? (tired of the shit)  
Overwhelmed and it makes you sick? (makes you sick)  
Everybody judging, everybody criticize the moves that you make, hoping that  
you'd trip (that you'd trip)  
Some of them want to divvy your chip but the tip of your dick sitting on the  
rim of their lips  
So sick of this shit, tell me how you remedy this  
You never had what it took to be top of the list, what did I miss?  
Who rose up out the abyss (the abyss)  
Swingin' back every time that they hit (time that they hit)  
They want you six feet deep down in the ground not responding like digging a  
ditch (a ditch)

But you'll never get rewards without risks  
I'm standing my ground, it's like I'm throwing a pitch  
So for forever we at war with the negativity, all of the fake shit does not exist (bitch)  
They be down with the Rah-Rah, all of your raps like blah-blah  
Can't take you serious, you like a Joker once you got us laughing like ha-ha  
'Cause you would never bang for the gang, you a swang like a lame  
Try to keep up with the slang, it's the reign to the same when the fat lady sangs  
And it all comes right back around like a Boomer Rang

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Now the onus is on us  
I feel the weight of the moment upon us  
Show me an honest man, I've been looking for truth  
And I lost it scrolling the comments, feelin' like  
Something broke in the promised land, dude  
Now we don't even want it  
How can we hope for the soul to be saved when they told us to pray to a golden Adonis?  
Look, I've been in the lab pourin' potions, forward motion is the key to my vision  
Lockpicking, get the doors open, I earned rank any seat that I sit in  
You can see by that speed of my bidness  
Manifest it, I believe it, I live it  
For a reason, I'ma leave when I'm finished  
And when I do it, I'll receive what I'm given  
Karma chameleon, Boomer rang true  
By the way, that my slaying move  
Had to keep a legitimate image up  
Be considerate of many angles  
And the light of my aura incinerated  
Any heartfelt or hatin' eliminated  
Every mark that I faced in a hurry, bruh  
It's prolly why I ain't never worried  
Here in Missouri, the people conceal and carry  
You don't gotta be part of the military  
And the average citizen'll pack rounds, no background or preliminary  
No psych eval' necessary, no period for you to wait  
Now the body count get serious, pray that my theory may illuminate  
Boomer Rang, bang

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Oh, Oh, Oh-Oh  
Oh, Oh