

## **Chaka Khan F/ Larry Graham**

### **"Jackin' 4 Beats"**

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[ Sly Boogy talkin ]  
uh, yea, c'mon  
we finna give it to ya  
Sly Boogy, baby  
King Tech, baby  
urban legends  
ha, check it out

[ Sly Boogy ]  
ah, yes yes y'all  
I'm finna bless y'all  
I'm Sly Boogy and I be reppin the west y'all  
nevertheless y'all  
I gotta ?SASH? y'all  
I'm finna light it up and take it to the chest y'all  
yea  
we movin in like the cavity creeps  
bumpin yo teeth while we sceamin and we jackin for  
beats  
strappin the heat  
you can bang it in your lack of your jeep  
when you travel indeed  
we bringin it back to the streets  
baby  
we finna give it to ya

IT'S SLYYYY BOOGY!

the main man wit the masterplan  
I take a brewskie to the neck and then I smash the can  
if you disrespect my fam when I'm up in the jam  
you can recieve a pimpslap wit the back of the hand  
you can't touch me no matter where you stand  
even wit an armspan as long as plastic man  
battlin me could be drastic man  
it's like havin diarrhoea in a traffic jam  
gettin gaffled up wit the half a gram  
on a credit card scam in the back of the fan  
wit no tags  
I bust a cap and watch you scram  
runnin like the Taliban in Afghanistan

poppin my collar like a daper dan  
flossin the latest swapmeet fashion brand  
when I smash I'ma tap that ass  
as if I'm cockin the hammer back and I blast

so watch what you say to me, punk  
cuz I got what it takes to smash and straight dump  
yea  
you better watch what you say to me, nigga  
cuz I got what it takes to pull the damn trigger  
it's out the system to rip this shit  
you can slip into the grip of a fish and get bit  
you can trip and get yo wig split  
when I pop this clip and let the 4-5 spit  
straight from the hip wit six clips  
I pimps this gift and twist and flip shit  
I'ma split this bricks so we can twist this spliff  
and make you pop like the clutch on your stickshift  
slappin bones, I'm slammin the big six  
stick into yo hips like milk and biscuits  
yea  
when I smash on swiff like zip this  
cuz all I wanna do is get rich and sip cris

but for now just pass the courvoisier  
lemme get a fast swig of that alizee  
I just want a little sip of the tanqueray  
so I can get my wig so wet cuz I came to play  
I got the blunts and the drinks is crispy  
frolicin in the jam like a frisky grizzly  
sippin on hennessey and tennessey whiskey  
when I finish sippin I'm finna be pissy tipsy  
like Ja Rule I be livin it up  
wit King Tech in the cut we be flippin it up

like  
yo, check the delivery  
yo, check the delivery  
yo, check the delivery

turn it up if ya feelin me and peep the last piece of this  
poetical soliloquy  
yea  
Sly Boogy wit the elegant delivery  
comin lyricly strapped wit artillery  
stackin my chips to ball and livin immaculant  
and ghetto fabulous while I'm puffin the finest cannabis  
mad woozy off the kron-dooky  
when I exhale blow smoke like God-zooky  
curb servin like I'm slangin bomb cola  
the bomb doja got me floatin like a gondola

dirty as Black Eyed Peas and hot Oprah  
but now it's time to go, my rhyme's over

yo, check the delivery  
yo, check the delivery  
yo, check the delivery

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