

**7a3****"12 Bouldin, The Other 12 Ince"**Visit "[12 Bouldin, The Other 12 Ince](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[ Daddy-O of Stetsasonic ]

Yo Bret, Sean, Muggs

Let's rock this one for the East

(Na-na-na-na-na-na

Na-na-na-na-na)

[ Bret E.B. ]

Grandmixer Muggs, Bret E. and Sean E.B.

Your city needs your voice most definitely

To keep the party pumpin like the heart of a tiger

Grandmixer is the earth, Sean the air, Bret the fire

Combination of the elements, we're universal

Because we're gettin paid sayin we're commercial

But accept the fact that we're a household appliance

Muggs adds the scratch, we drop the science

Think that I'm lyin? Listen to it in your room

You'll notice that it's pumpin with a definite boom

And let me tell ya, I'm sure to convince

Because it's one half Bouldin y'all, and the other half

Ince

[ Sean E.B. ]

Whip MC's, don't try to criticize

Step to me yo, and I will victimize

Showin no sympathy, you know what I will be

Behold my lyrics yo, and now you pray to me

In astonishment, you come and compliment

Back to the drawing board yo, cause you're irrelevant

Write a rhyme, you're tryin to catch me

Climbin the barriers of conquer MC

So you make it and return to find

I'm still a step ahead so hit the back of the line

If we meet again it will be our last bout

Strike one, strike two, third strike you're out

Your posse roll up, I won't even clinch

Cause I'm one half Bouldin and the other half Ince

[ Bret E.B. ]

Charles Earnest Bouldin, Sandra [middle name] Ince

Produced two rhyme creators who been rockin ever since

Birth and you know from the time we were born  
To expect success the minds were strong  
Raised on Linden, building one, 570  
As you already know apartment 7A  
For all you scroungy suckers whose minds are dense  
My father's last name Bouldin, my mother's maiden  
name Ince

[ Bret E.B. ]

Last name Bouldin and my first name's Bret  
Dont' walk on me boy, cause you pose no threat  
To Bret E.B. speakin words of a prophet  
Peace is my answer, violence we should stop it  
Took a trip to Mexicali, threw on my sombrero  
Kickin it in a '68 Camarro  
Red and Convertible, cause that's my style  
Got a girl in every seat, I'm feelin kinda wild  
Always talkin knowledge with a touch of intellect  
And every time you hear the voice the name you shall  
respect  
So yo, and let me tell you just how I live  
I gets you in the mood, make you all festive  
Walk on me boy, nothin to it but to do it  
Had to think about it? Yo, then pursue it  
I am the engine and you are the kaboost  
And if you were a snneak I'd be a mongoose  
Cause I am the king, Sean is the prince  
And it's one half Bouldin y'all, and the other half Ince

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