

Fugees

"Boof Baf"

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I'm Chill-Master-Nell of a thousand emcees
But how are you gonna tell the real I bust from these fo'
knees
Cause he sees everyone with a deal with a record
company
They go home, they write a rhyme, they think they
ready to battle better
Some write forward, some write backward
I wait for them to get the cheeba-ganja then reverse yo
With a verse that's worse than the last one
Some say BOO! he's the po he used to diss Jamaicans
And Hatians cause you thought I was American
Ay Pras, remember that song they sang, YEAH!!
Go back to Jamaica, what's good is what's new
But now we move off with Uncle's with a trail-crate of
COOLER!!

(Pras)

I'm from the island, the island I'm from is the strong
island
Emcees must be right, when I syke from lack of
freestylin'
Mind must be sharp until my holler girl, I get all in
Black stylin', ridin', Boof'll be trappin'
When they come to battle champ see the shoes flappin'
Huh, coolin' while I'm rappin'

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean)

(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try

(Wyclef Jean)

Said if you write with pencil you must write with (PEN!)
If you have a rooster you must have a (HEN!)
Five plus five you know that equals to (TEN!)
Then spit the yellow man, check it to groove-to-groove
site

(Pras)

One, two, I throw a flow to catch it

Three, four, back she know before the track miss
I FUCK ya when style go, to wreck this static
(But yo sister, grab the mic and do damage!!)

(Lauryn Hill)

Aiyyo I used to drive a hooptie, check me down
swoopie
Rollin' with the Jones' but I different homozones
See life's got no value if I ain't got no statue
Hannibal heads, I be the kid from "Timbuktu"
One, two, zip me-me, check the mic I'm ready
Three, four, please the army - "Oh God", with Uzi's
So what, converse man, the chicken or the hoodie
Get the - hoodie came first then mans' then would be
Nancy
To kill the Jesse James rough, step back, check your
steps
I'll love your theory like the chi-chi-woo-woo-boogie-
man
You say I'm balanced but you're Silence of the Lambs
And when I call your name I say Candyman, Candyman,
Candyman
Cause I can, can, yes, I can, can

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean)

(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try

(Wyclef Jean)

Well I'm on fire (FIRE), FIRE (FIRE), FIRE (FIRE)
So let me re-light your viacom
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic (COOL!!)
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic (COOL!!)
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic (COOL!!)
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic (COOL!!)
All that movin' I call my nozzle you see I was an
electronic
You listen to your lyrics in chime - your Panasonic

The ly-ly-ly-lyricaler, the di-di-di-digital
Pras take the mic man, you know you're really critical

(Pras)

Stall emcees-soft-put 'em up for-er-Death Row (yeah)
Rhyme and cultural, style and never old
Slashed the priest-fool, ooh, you're filth-swolled

(Wyclef Jean)

I say no to spliff but my friends still smoke ?Juano?

Coolin' it, coolin' it, coolin' it
Somebody chuck me-who the who'd you think?
Hold the mic, hold the mic, I shoot 'em
Down with my last one, last one, last one, last one and
(Boo-shoo-coo-coo!!) SMOKE!!
I got my bullet-proof and now to send my bozack

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean)
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try

(Mad Spider)
Rich rap come from the brothers in the neighborhood
Who used to rap on a Polaroid - here comes Father Joe
Let me clock the block as I pull fo'-five
Boof Baf - I cut the block with gat-stops
I used to play hookie just to see how good an emcee
was
He said I bust a battle - aight, I still took a gun
No cheeba, cheeba just a Libra on a last ride
I waited so long that I thought I died and came back
alive
So hear the spirits, many fear, ?Sir New Stosser?
This the new thing under the Sun, when I come, I come
Bam-bam, alakazam, he grabbed the mic
Up the block they ran, I came back with the bag
Cause that's my momma man
I'm just patrollin', move off in the block
But the spot that I clock, you get shot if your numbers'
about
So don't get caught in the fast lane, the fast lane
A just remain yourself and be the same
Cause many rapper-days, say nuttin' for nuttin'
So here's sut-um to take you from the am to the pm

(Pras)
Cause a imitator could never be greater than the
creator
Whose the originator, step up infiltrator
See you in the alligator - back stabbin' traitor
Tape recorder, duplicator, roughly rhymin' with the
head tranzlator, hah!
AND LEAVE THE FORTY TO BE NAUGHTY IN THE
FRIDGERATOR!!!

(Chorus: Wyclef Jean)
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy

(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck punk, try
(BOOF BAF!!), another sound of a guy
(BOOF BAF!!), never boy, duck...

(Wyclef Jean)

Say gun-man (BOOF BAF!!) say tell me where you get
your (???) from (BOOF BAF!!)

You musta get it from the foreign land (BOOF BAF!!)

We want to shoot up the old a Babylon (BOOF BAF!!)

Pay the man to rhyme onto it

Say gun-man (BOOF BAF!!) say tell me where you get
your (???) from (BOOF BAF!!)

You musta get it from the foreign land (BOOF BAF!!)

You want to kill your own brother man (BOOF BAF!!), ay,
ay, ay (BOOF BAF!!)

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