

## Care Bears

### "Boo"

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Yeah, Esau up in here  
With some old off the top of the dome shit  
That I wrote down

Now I can make a song  
About all you wack rappers  
But that shit's already been done  
Or a song about all you thug rappers  
And all you REALLY done  
But I'ma do this one about me  
Cause if I don't ring my own bell, son  
Then you know that shit ain't even gonna get rung  
I'm the nicest on the mic ever, yeah right  
Man I ain't even the dopest kid  
You heard on the mic tonight  
But I still up in your cypher  
And embarrass myself  
And I still have enough audacity to tell you  
I was the best MC on your set  
Man you ain't hear me  
I did a collab with myself once  
But I kicked myself off the track  
Cause I was talking too much junk (too much)  
Then I wanted to a joint with Pras  
But when we got up in the studio  
He got mad at me cause I told him  
His shit was way hotter than Nas  
Man he thought I was being funny  
Man cause I was  
I was only fuckin with him  
Cause I wanted to fuck with his Cuz  
But now I can't think  
And my brain's a buzz  
I need to go listen to some old school hip-hop  
And bite some shit like Mos Def does  
Man, I'm wacker than Rawkus' website  
I'm bright like the night  
I'm about as fly as a fuckin emu in flight  
Man I'm not the storm, I'm the calm  
And I'm not the bomb  
And if you want to listen

To these wack ass lyrics  
Go get them shits from Flash  
You want at ohhla.com  
Man, there ain't too many kids  
Out there that are wacker than me  
Except for Mase and Puffy  
And that whole damn Harlem World Family  
And that kid Cam'Ron  
You know that punk better keep his distance  
Cause his rhyming skills are about as tight  
As Lance "UN" did his business  
The farewell tour and debut album  
I sold three units so far  
But you know I'm still countin (one)  
And at this pace it'll take me  
69 years and four months to go platinum  
So I guess I'm never gonna be needing  
That new business accountant  
But you know I got some cash man  
I just can't spend it  
My house payments over due  
So I had to let my cousin move in it (come on, move in)  
And my whip's kind of fly  
Just got a huge dent in it (trashed)  
That big 54-inch T.V. in the front room  
Man, my mom rented it (thanks)  
Man, I ain't got too many real fans  
That's why you won't catch my live act  
I ain't been on stage in a  
Long long long time jack  
And the last time someone met me backstage  
When the lights went black  
They said, "Forget about your autograph,  
I want my motherfuckin ten dollars back"

Chorus of Boos and heckling

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