

**José Feliciano****"KABOOM!"**

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[First Verse]

KABOOM! Guess who's back in the room?  
The nigga with the skills to talk a dyke out her womb  
Soon, very soon, they'll recognize  
Ain't none as vicious or swift on these bitches  
Picture, runnin' your bust ass, succotash niggas  
Who could get with the dog  
Cuz I rip shit  
Up, with what? With skill  
I still  
Could whip up a batch of somethin' them bitches can't  
FUCK WIT  
Foreal  
And still  
I want much respect  
If not, then I got, alot of nuts to check  
Fuck the check, I'm in this for my props now, partna  
Watch a  
Nigga drop knowledge like a rasta  
I could scope where your head at  
Cuz I, funk up a room like the fumes of the wound of a  
dead rat  
Yeah I done said that, fuckin' right  
Now ain't no touchin' mine, and Smooth ain't nothin'  
nice  
Ha? Let it be known  
Soon as I hit the door, fake niggas be gone  
Ready for whatever you ready for  
If ever you ready to take me to the other level, baby let  
me know  
I got'cha back like a siamese twin  
Or a chinese friend who lent'cha nineteen yen  
Tim, perfects a hymn, like Mahalia  
If you don't know, I'm sure, somebody gone tell ya

Chorus:

KABOOM! Guess who's back in the room?  
My attitude is fuck it and muthafuckas love it

(4x)

[Second Verse]

KABOOM! Guess who stepped on the scene  
The player with skills to outscore your whole team  
I'm so clean you could eat red beans off me  
Awfully swift with words, but combos costly  
I'm straight bout my clout  
I'm straight out the South  
I wouldn't give a bitch mouth-to-mouth, trust me  
I'm wicked as Larry Bird jumpshots  
And I run this bitch and green is a young cop  
Not too many alive could survive my flow  
Not too many freestyle like me, I know  
But it's bout time that y'all get recognized  
And he who can't see what I see, better check his eyes  
He act froggish, then that's his ass  
Mr. Tim Smooth will suffocate another rapper, like a  
plastic bag  
And ask his Dad, "You want some of Shaburnke?"  
Show ya with that boot camp, they lettin' me KA-BOOM!

Chorus

[Third Verse]

Well I swing through the swamp like I'm Tarzan  
I may be a marked man, but I ain't mark brand  
I'm boot camp, read it and weep  
And here's a dick trick BITCH now eat it in deep  
You niggas sweet as bon-bons  
Ol' wannabe playin' ass niggas need some pom-pons  
Ha? You don't want me to act a fool  
And he shivers when he here my name, watch this:  
Say it again, "Tim Smooth"  
Five ten  
I'm strong as straight gin  
I'm harder than George Foreman's uppercut to your  
chin  
Tim, couldn't be seen if I was wearin' flourescent green  
With a twenty inch fro, and no sheen  
You hoes gonna understand  
That I done fucked Wonder Woman twice, now bitches  
are callin' me Wonder Man  
And, I hold the fort in this platoon  
But, Boot Camp Clicc, lit again ya bitch, KABOOM!

Chorus

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