

Jungle Brothers

"Braggin' & Boastin'"

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Intro: afrika & mike g

Sammy b is on the cut
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Sammy beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

A: ha hah, one two
G: one two
A: one two
G: how we gonna do this?
A: what we have here...
G: ya
A: is the jungle brothers...
G: yeah
A: on a black piece of wax
G: yeah, my name is mike g
A: uh huh
G: on the mix is sammy b
First in line to kick the rhyme, jungle brother...
A: shazzam
G: yeah
A: one big scratch, here we go

Afrika:

Well, I'm a sure shot shooter and I'm the big shot
The big shot, yes the biggest, and I know I'm hot
Say I'm the baddest, just the baddest and I'm on the top
Sucker mc's try to stop me, but I won't stop
As I adjust and discuss all the rhymes I bust
I leave 'em all in the dust when I start the thrust
They try to catch me on the mic, but I'm hard to chase
I'm the ace in the place kickin' rhymes in your face
I'm outright, oustanding, outrageous, I'm smokin
Never play on the mic, no jivin', no jokin
Not a double-talker, so I don't double-talk
Ladies clock, finger-pop to the rhythm of a hawk
But I ignore the temptation, avoid the sensation
Reputation's at stake, but I won't break
I just chill, ill, let loose all my skill

I make a list of all the ladies that my skill will thrill

Mike g:

Now, my tasty technique tantalises your taste
As my rhymes rock and roll right through this place
I never fade away for forfeit or fess
And my beat is a beat bound to be best
Clowns craze and chase me 'cause I'm so cool
As I ridicule the rule and fool the fool
Ignite the party, excite the crowd
I'll make the quietest person wanna go and get loud
I'll make the hot get hotter when I start to rap
And my reward for goin' off is to hear people clap
I'm a monster for music, and my means are to move
Guys and gals'll get gray when it's time to groove
I'm a sexy sucker, but the mind is sane
Having nothing to lose but only goals to gain
By my side, I'm supplied with the best of the best
Sammy b and shazam which means there's no contest

Afrika:

Well, I'm an mc debator, rhyme regulator
Cool creator, rapper, not a raper
A damn good fighter, party highlighter
Lady exciter, writer, not a biter
Suckers lookin' to me, say, "what you think they see? "
They see a fresh, fantastic, fly, funky mc
They try to study my style, use and abuse it for a while
'til I take 'em to court and have 'em put on trial
I let mike g judge 'em, put 'em on the case
Sammy b, you be my lawyer to put 'em to disgrace
You see, I never have to worry, 'cause they both got my
back
Sammy b for the fader, mike g for the rap

Mike g:

The more suckers I burn, the better suckers will learn
That mike g is takin' his turn to earn
Havin' the time, the rhyme, I'm gonna get mine
And it pushes the thought of suckers further out of my
mind
'cause as I rhyme to my peep, suckers smoke the
cheap
And butlers take down my orders from the words that I
speak
Because I'm strong like a horse and loud like thunder
You mess with me, you'll be 60 feet under
In a jungle with a force, on a straight-forward course

And if you don't join the jungle, you should feel
remorse

Break

Afrika:

Ah yeah

Yes yes y'all and you don't stop

You keep on to the break of dawn

You keep on to the break of dawn

You gotta be on time when you bust your rhyme

And you can't be wack when you rap the rap

You gotta get on the mic and do your best

For the people in the north, south, east and west

Like you can't judge a book by it's cover

If you listen, you will learn from a jungle brother

Like that y'all, and you don't stop

You keep on to the early morn

Hey yo, I'm outta here

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