

Tech N9ne

"B. Boy"

Visit "[B. Boy](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

"B. Boy"

(feat. Big Scoob, Bumpy Knuckles, Kutt Calhoun, Skatterman)

[Introduction:]

B. Boys and B. Girls stand up.
Down South, Midwest, East Coast, West Coast, Globally,
everywhere.
Yea, Tech N9ne now...Lets go!

[Chorus:]

Swing first, Imma destroy.
You a curse, Imma B. Boy!
Cherried up, let 'em Be No(ise)y.
Let the whole world know Im a B. Boy! *[X2]*

[Verse 1 - Big Scoob]

Let Big Scoob do it, he let that blue hang.
So let Scoob do it, Imma let that brown rag swang.
Me to deuce to it, boy that's just a 5,6 thang.
Now SWHOOP! WHOOP!
Thats how we rep this game.
I ain't new to it, will I got that bang in my veins.
And Im true to it, all I know is bang 'em and came.
So get use to it, validation now Im with Strange.
ALL these villains off the block have been incinerated in
flames

[Kutt Calhoun]

I pledge allegiance to the flag, I am knightin' hoods of
dow-murity.
I'm certified, top bangin with sum fluency.
I made it with my heart in hopes of unity, and left out a
family with a .40, Kali, and a newer me.
Deuce click represent, red rag regiment, red rope
replicates, whips runt recreate.
Rest won't, like I meant.
Reffs don't let ya win, Red Rider Warriors we reppin to
find the testament we....

[Chorus: X2]

[Verse 2 - Skatterman]

Fore I tend 2:35, hell of a left hook.
Niggas think the feds came and got when they got
West Crook.
A vent look, pull up stuntin and get your vet took.
Or we could stand Mono Emono and get your best
whoop.
Knuckle up knucklehead, nigga been with this knuckle
game.
Still fuckin the street with Kutt and Kali, baby ain't nothin
change (STRANGE!)
A drive for no paper work, organize drive-bys and your
neighbor heard.
Send a couple down and hey you and your neighbor
Merc.
Show you I ain't playin fuck around and knock your
neighbor first.
It's Skatterman, pussy mortar just took virgins son.
Who you think Tech gonna call that the Dergish love.
Red cap, red shirt, red shoe strings.
My .45 is a bitch, and I think she havin mood swings
(Mood Swings?)
You think them boys got guns watch what your dude
bring.
Fully auto AR-15, wipe out the Blue Team!

[Chorus: X2]

[Verse 3 - Tech N9ne]

Beats bangin with a bigger bringer in the back bitch.
Bout to blast with the blood and a black brick.
Boss ballin with breakin bred and against breed.
And beautiful biancas, videos, and CD's with big beat.
Bow before brilliance, blessed to be build in it.
Best in this Bari o Bane and bazaar and more bills in
this.
Bangin this baby's be blingin as his booty.
Big booty, big bucks, bringin this his pencil in as big
bucks!
I'm a black baboon, bring me bags of bananas.
Bonified, really bad ass with a brown bandanna.
Been gone with Carty-bilou and I'm bout to be bigger
bent,
but if I break, you bein busted before I'm blown and
belligerent.
Six deuce brings dick in it, Im bloated than Blimpy.
Broades be blowin me in the back of the black Bently.
Never known about bringin no Brucy.
But Ive been in the bomb like Sha Boobla Boopy!
[pause]

[Bumpy Knuckles]

Yo it's the OG nuts nuts, I rose with them B. Boys.
We walkin round strapped up-up,
You can talk that killa shit if you want my niggas
guarantee that you'll get cracked up-up.
See I'm the beast, you better picture chick battlin baby,
in the blood,
Tech Nina's saddled up-up.
And for the record nigga, check mine and you will find
that I shit legendary statuses up-up.
Come on, be like both ya gotta be a big ball breaker
(pow!)
Crack a nigga jaws like a jaw breaker (craaack!)
Knock ya out and and hit them pockets like a cold hand.
I'm bustin new mothafuckin shit and I'm an old man.
They said my music was Strange until I made me sum
change and now they ridin my nuts-nuts.
Tech N9ne's out the window, you see them KC Killas
ridin by y'all niggas better duck-duck!

[Chorus: X2]

Visit [Tech N9ne](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.