

MC Chris "Fett's Vette"

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Cruisin' Mos Espa
In my Delorean
War's over
I'm a peacetime mandalorian

My story has stumped
Star Wars historians
Deep in debate,
Buffet plate at Bennigan's

Rhyme renegade
Sure to penetrate
First and second offense
I won't hesitate

Got a job to do
And Darth's the guy that delegates
Got something against Skywalker
Someone he really hates

I don't give a fuck
I'm after Solo
For all I care
He could be hidin' at Yoda's dojo

Gotta make the money
Credit's no good
When the jawas run the shop
In your neighborhood

Think you can cook
I got a grappling hook
Let's make this quick
'Cause I'm really booked

I'm a devious degenerate
Defender of the devil
Shut down all the trash compactors
On the detention level

chorus
My backpack's got jets

Well I'm Boba the Fett
Well I bounty hunt for Jabba Hutt
To finance my 'Vette

wicky wicky woo

Well I chill in deep space
A mask is over my face
Well I deliver the prize
But I still narrow my eyes
'Cause my time
I don't like to waste.

Get down

I'm a question
Wrapped inside an enigma
Get inside the slave one
Find your homing signal

From Endor to Hoth
Ripley to Spock
I'll find what you want
But there's gonna be a cost

See, my name is Boba Fett
I know my shit is tight
Start not actin' right
You're frozen in carbonite

Got telescopic sight
Flame throwers on my wrist
You still don't get the gist
Spiked boots are made to kick

Targets are made to hit
You think I give a shit
Yo mama is a bitch
I see you in the Sarlaac Pit

You just flipped my switch
Integrity been dissed
You scratchin' on my itch
You know I shoot to get

Got bambinas at cantinas
Waitin' to lick my lusty lips
So I'll let you get back inside
Your little space ship

Give you a head start

'Cause I'm the sportin' kind
Consider the starting line
The sneaky smile I hide inside

Hope you have hyper drive (drive)
pray to stay alive ('live)
Don't try to slip me a five
'Cause I never take a bribe

To the beat of a different drummer
Bad ass bounty hunter
Let no man put asunder
Or else they be put under

As in six feet
Got an imperial fleet
Backin' me up, gonna blow up
Any attempt to defeat

They gotta death star
Got four payments on my car
Hand it over to hammer head
At Mos Eisley bar

He used to carjack
Now he's a barback
Just goes to show how you can
Get back on the right track

As for me that's not an option
Can't say that with more clarity
Me going legit would be like
Jar Jar on speech therapy

Chorus
My backpack's got jets
Well I'm Boba the Fett
Well I bounty hunt for Jabba Hutt
To finance my 'Vette

wicky wicky woo

Well I chill in deep space
A mask is over my face
Well I deliver the prize
But I still narrow my eyes
'Cause my time
I don't like to waste.

Get down

Slice you open like a Taun Taun
Faster than the Autobahn
Or a motorbike in Tron
Do the deed and then I'm gone

Jaba has a hissyfit
Contact Calrissian
Over a colt, the plan unfolds
No politic is legit

Back in the day
When I was a slave
Living life in the fast lane
Like in a pod race

My mean streak tweaked
I became a basket case
So this space ace
Split that place, poste haste

Took up a noble cause
Called the Clone Wars
'Cause life's not all about
Girls and cars

Getting fucked up
In fucked up bars
See, I'm not a retard
Or gay like de Barge

I'm large and in charge
With a face so scarred
A cold black heart
That's been torn apart

The Sith wish that they
Had a dick so hard
'Cause it's long long ago
In a pussy far far

Call me master, 'cause I'm faster
Than Pryor on fire
I no longer have to hot wire

I'm a hunter for hire
With no plans to retire
And all the sucka MCs
Can call me sir

Chorus
My backpack's got jets! (jets jets jets)

Well I'm Boba the Fett! (the Fett the Fett)

Well I bounty hunt for Jabba Hutt, (Jabba Hutt Jabba Hutt
Jabba Hutt)

...To finance my 'Vette (my 'Vette my 'Vette my 'Vette
my 'Vette)

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