

Boo-Yaa TRIBE "Six Bad Brothas"

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This is roll call, homeboy

1
(Ooh, that's funky, mama)
2 bad brothas
(Ooh, that's funky, mama)
3 bad brothas
(Ooh, that's funky, mama)
4 bad brothas
(Ooh, that's funky, mama)
5 bad brothas
(Ooh, that's funky, mama)
6 bad brothas

Ready?
Hit it

[VERSE 1: Ganxta R?dd]
Pong, Don Simone on the microphone
You like the sound? Don't touch the bass, homes
Drop it, you can't stop it, you wish you would
'Kick it in the hood...' - you never could
Good, better than bad, the new fad
But your 6-4 can never touch my Cad
The granddad, now you call me superior
You know my name, but me, I never hear of ya
Rid - R-i-d, now say it backwards
D-i-r, Director In Control Respective
You think you're rollin, jock holdin walkin around
But the T.R.I.B.E. rides deep, so deep you might drown
Now, you picked a letter
You picked the r, it's time to fade the trendsetter
Never, I'm just too clever, cause I'm the Ganxsta
To kill ya, you're the vermin, I'll drank ya
Intoxicated, r rated with the content
This one's so funky, gotta use it in my concert
You get hurt if you try to revert to any other
>From the Six Bad Brothas

7 bad brothas
8 bad brothas
9 bad brothas

10

[VERSE 2: Ganxta R?dd]

10, chin, you give the pin to the hench men
A kite was shot straight to the hit man
6 is better than 1
But Six Bad Brothas with guns
Packin 808 kick drums
Bad muthafuckas, six wanted hustlers
Down for the count, we kill you with a muffler
Silence - they said real bad boys move in silence
But the hard loud ones are more violent
I keep strollin cause of the mic I'm holdin
16 deep, so you know we rollin
Doin it like gangsters, rollin like stars
Busters beat up girls and tuck behind the hard
Hardcore, identical to the last one
All you can do is make beer runs
You got it like this, we got it like that
Man, y'all ain't be got no gat...
Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. is the winnin team
(Why you say that?) Cause we get the loudest scream
So hold your bitch tight, cause we're all fighters, not
lovers
Yeah, Six Bad Brothas

7 bad brothas

8 bad brothas

9 bad brothas

10

(Ooh, that's funky, mama)

Godfather, you think they can get with T.R.I.B.E.?

[Godfather]

Na, na, na, na, na

Tell em, T.R.I.B.E.

[all]

Na, na, na, na, na

Godfather - a bad brotha

(King Roscoe) - a bad brotha

(K.O.D.) - a bad brotha

(E.K.A.) - a bad brotha

(O.M.B.) - a bad brotha

Ganxta R?dd - a bad brotha

And to the T.R.I.B.E. - some bad brothas

Yeah

Word to the brothas

[VERSE 3: Ganxta R?dd]

I don't need an application for this rhyme creation
A boo-yaa to ya with the rhyme reputation
Multiply like a fly, opponents realize
6 bad brothas finna energize
??? rhyme sayer is what you wanna be
I said a rap, he was crap, sounded more like a
summary
O is on the go, known to be a bragger
Goin straight to all you posses like a 12" dagger
Suicidal, emotion will result in disgrace
A rhyme sayer, a player simply settin the pace
Temperature flare to a certain degree
And like a cold we got symptoms inside you will see
Now our dry cell analyzed, we can't be defined
Coordinated, updated with the one-track mind
Yo, the mind (what is the mind?)
The mind is a tool that make busters go blind
Manipulator, fader, perpetrator hater
Innovator, debater, operator, calculator
Rap schooler, and there ain't no cooler
When it comes to MC's, Boo-Yaa the rap rulers

1 bad brotha
2 bad brothas
3 bad brothas
4 bad brothas
5 bad brothas
6 bad brothas

That's all it takes, homeboy

(Ooh, that's funky, mama)

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