

Bavu Blakes

"Bah-Voo"

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* I ain't tryin' to be the dude with all the flow and none
of the loot
All love but no laughter after I recoup
It's all about balance and I bring that with my sound
Though it ain't no more than one or two rap stars from
my town
Wanna make great records with tight beats, but after I
eat though, follow me
Livin' not solemnly but scholarly on that level my father
be, comfy
What if I never do that 'cause of how some of you act
You can't classify something spiritual
My shit ain't underground, my shit is just lyrical
I ain't gon' act dumb as hell to get a hit
But I will have record sales in a little bit
If you read and write I got somethin' you gon' like
Broadcastin' live new non-white Cronkite
Words beyond tight I'm talkin' different dimensions
It'll be known whenever my name's mentioned
I'm tryin' to dis your courage neither as an artist nor a
writer
I just want you to go back to the lab and return tighter
Like (x4) who (x3)
Just pronounce it b-a-h, v-o-o, you got it, alright let's go

Words elaborate like artwork on all-access laminates
Rappers say they ready for war but turn pacifist
Somebody must've told you you don't sound like shit
So I guess I'ma have to break it down right quick
I don't mind takin' my spare time to tell ya
Damn near sound like last year's best seller
What you trendy or somethin', guess you supposed to
be hot
I can't believe your fuckin' record label gave you a shot
I'm sharp as a double-edged dagger polished, no
handles
Yet you desire to touch it, but it ain't in your budget
Step on stage erect like fuck it where the crowd
Ass rappers don't speak aloud
Listen how nice the speaker sound
Got it vice grip locked
Keepin' it warm like tight-knit sheep shearling socks

Say I don't rock and don't say psyche
Watch lightning strike your tongue for lying to your own
mine twice
Tryin' to dis your courage neither as an artist nor a
writer
I just want you to go back to the lab and return tighter
Like (x4) who (x3)
Just pronounce it b-a-h, v-o-o, you got it, alright let's go

I wear my hair straight buck 'cause I gives a damn
Not prepared to fall to my knees for any man
If I must I'm willin' to make a hit again
'Til I spit again, folks wait for me to drop some shit
again
Some styles are so unnecessary like ritalin
And when they lost faith in they own raps they bit again
Y'all sound awful it oughta be unlawful
Dippin' in a jam jaw full of all bull
Snout covered in sheep's wool
Folks be like go head, get deep fool, contradictory as
our lives
Some'll be real, make money, honor their wives
Others'll be broke, still playing the field, while their kids
bored
Kneeling in church like 'I wanna know who he is Lord'
Sorry if it strikes a chord but I'm a musician
And I want y'all to listen
I need high-quality sound, no extra hums or hissinn'
Then given a chance hip-hop can get what it's missinn'
Intense in my flow and that's the only way it go down
Get shut down, replace your proper name with a
pronoun
What's up now, mama can't pull you back on the porch
clown
You grown up, so when you get outperformed own up
Or speak up, maybe you need to turn your microphone
up
Or wake up, but you can't shut Bavu Blakes up
Tryin' to dis your courage neither as an artist nor a
writer
I just want you to go back to the lab and return tighter
Like (x4) who (x3)
Like (x4) who (x3) uh
B-a-h, v-o-o, one, two, three, we gone

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