

Esau "Boo"

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Yeah, Esau up in here
With some old off the top of the dome shit
That I wrote down

Now I can make a song
About all you wack rappers
But that shit's already been done
Or a song about all you thug rappers
And all you REALLY done
But I'ma do this one about me
Cause if I don't ring my own bell, son
Then you know that shit ain't even gonna get rung
I'm the nicest on the mic ever, yeah right
Man I ain't even the dopest kid
You heard on the mic tonight
But I still up in your cypher
And embarrass myself
And I still have enough audacity to tell you
I was the best MC on your set
Man you ain't hear me
I did a collab with myself once
But I kicked myself off the track
Cause I was talking too much junk (too much)
Then I wanted to a joint with Pras
But when we got up in the studio
He got mad at me cause I told him
His shit was way hotter than Nas
Man he thought I was being funny
Man cause I was
I was only fuckin with him
Cause I wanted to fuck with his Cuz
But now I can't think
And my brain's a buzz
I need to go listen to some old school hip-hop
And bite some shit like Mos Def does
Man, I'm wacker than Rawkus' website
I'm bright like the night
I'm about as fly as a fuckin emu in flight
Man I'm not the storm, I'm the calm
And I'm not the bomb
And if you want to listen
To these wack ass lyrics

Go get them shifts from Flash
You want at ohhla.com
Man, there ain't too many kids
Out there that are wacker than me
Except for Mase and Puffy
And that whole damn Harlem World Family
And that kid Cam'Ron
You know that punk better keep his distance
Cause his rhyming skills are about as tight
As Lance "UN" did his business
The farewell tour and debut album
I sold three units so far
But you know I'm still countin (one)
And at this pace it'll take me
69 years and four months to go platinum
So I guess I'm never gonna be needing
That new business accountant
But you know I got some cash man
I just can't spend it
My house payments over due
So I had to let my cousin move in it (come on, move in)
And my whip's kind of fly
Just got a huge dent in it (trashed)
That big 54-inch T.V. in the front room
Man, my mom rented it (thanks)
Man, I ain't got too many real fans
That's why you won't catch my live act
I ain't been on stage in a
Long long long time jack
And the last time someone met me backstage
When the lights went black
They said, "Forget about your autograph,
I want my motherfuckin ten dollars back"

Chorus of Boos and heckling

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