

# The Jungle Brothers

## "Braggin' & Boastin'"

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Intro: afrika & mike g

Sammy b is on the cut  
Sammy b is on the cut  
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Sammy beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

A: ha hah, one two  
G: one two  
A: one two  
G: how we gonna do this?  
A: what we have here...  
G: ya  
A: is the jungle brothers...  
G: yeah  
A: on a black piece of wax  
G: yeah, my name is mike g  
A: uh huh  
G: on the mix is sammy b  
First in line to kick the rhyme, jungle brother...  
A: shazzam  
G: yeah  
A: one big scratch, here we go

Afrika:

Well, I'm a sure shot shooter and I'm the big shot  
The big shot, yes the biggest, and I know I'm hot  
Say I'm the baddest, just the baddest and I'm on the top  
Sucker mc's try to stop me, but I won't stop  
As I adjust and discuss all the rhymes I bust  
I leave 'em all in the dust when I start the thrust  
They try to catch me on the mic, but I'm hard to chase  
I'm the ace in the place kickin' rhymes in your face  
I'm outright, oustanding, outrageous, I'm smokin  
Never play on the mic, no jivin', no jokin  
Not a double-talker, so I don't double-talk  
Ladies clock, finger-pop to the rhythm of a hawk  
But I ignore the temptation, avoid the sensation  
Reputation's at stake, but I won't break  
I just chill, ill, let loose all my skill

I make a list of all the ladies that my skill will thrill

Mike g:

Now, my tasty technique tantalises your taste  
As my rhymes rock and roll right through this place  
I never fade away for forfeit or fess  
And my beat is a beat bound to be best  
Clowns craze and chase me 'cause I'm so cool  
As I ridicule the rule and fool the fool  
Ignite the party, excite the crowd  
I'll make the quietest person wanna go and get loud  
I'll make the hot get hotter when I start to rap  
And my reward for goin' off is to hear people clap

I'm a monster for music, and my means are to move  
Guys and gals'll get gray when it's time to groove  
I'm a sexy sucker, but the mind is sane  
Having nothing to lose but only goals to gain  
By my side, I'm supplied with the best of the best  
Sammy b and shazam which means there's no contest

Afrika:

Well, I'm an mc debator, rhyme regulator  
Cool creator, rapper, not a raper  
A damn good fighter, party highlighter  
Lady exciter, writer, not a biter  
Suckers lookin' to me, say, "what you think they see? "  
They see a fresh, fantastic, fly, funky mc  
They try to study my style, use and abuse it for a while  
'til I take 'em to court and have 'em put on trial  
I let mike g judge 'em, put 'em on the case  
Sammy b, you be my lawyer to put 'em to disgrace  
You see, I never have to worry, 'cause they both got my  
back  
Sammy b for the fader, mike g for the rap

Mike g:

The more suckers I burn, the better suckers will learn  
That mike g is takin' his turn to earn  
Havin' the time, the rhyme, I'm gonna get mine  
And it pushes the thought of suckers further out of my  
mind  
'cause as I rhyme to my peep, suckers smoke the  
cheap  
And butlers take down my orders from the words that I  
speak  
Because I'm strong like a horse and loud like thunder  
You mess with me, you'll be 60 feet under

In a jungle with a force, on a straight-forward course  
And if you don't join the jungle, you should feel  
remorse

Break

Afrika:

Ah yeah  
Yes yes y'all and you don't stop  
You keep on to the break of dawn  
You keep on to the break of dawn  
You gotta be on time when you bust your rhyme  
And you can't be wack when you rap the rap  
You gotta get on the mic and do your best  
For the people in the north, south, east and west  
Like you can't judge a book by it's cover  
If you listen, you will learn from a jungle brother  
Like that y'all, and you don't stop  
You keep on to the early morn  
Hey yo, I'm outta here

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