

## Blueprint

### "Boombbox"

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"You are disturbing me!  
You are disturbing my customers!  
No service till you turn that shit off!  
I can't even hear myself think!" - "Do the Right Thing"

[sample]

The smooth criminal on beat breaks  
Never put my in your box if your shit eats tapes (\*2X\*) -  
> (Nas, N.Y. State of Mind)

I got a Panasonic with a set of 15's  
Black with the silver grill, shining, lookin clean  
Glove on my right hand, face on lean  
I keep it by my side like Radio Raheem  
Ghetto blastin', you know the sound  
Everywhere I go I get asked to turn it down  
I'll tell you hell no to your face, I ain't a coward  
And if you keep trippin' I'm a turn it up LOUDER  
I don't give a damn about your quiet or your peace  
The only time I turn it down is when I see police  
The last thing I need is being sweated by the beats  
Trying to throw me in the hole and take away my beats  
Me hear nothing but the music, I'm slipping  
So fuck hip-hop, I'm easy listening  
Me hear nothing but the music, I'm tripping  
So fuck hip-hop, I'm easy listening

[Chorus]

You thought it was gunshots, the way my boombbox  
knocks  
Before you see me, you hear me coming down the  
block  
Loud enough to make your eardrums pop  
But it won't stop, it don't stop (\*2X\*)

[sample]

Some cats decorated theirs with hand styles and  
stickers  
I decorated my piece with Polaroid pictures  
Extra bass boost so you know I ain't frontin'

Tinted deck with a missing pause button  
A pocketfull of tapes from the latest mix shows  
With one in the deck 'cause the door won't close  
I might get it fixed when I get some cheddar  
Auto-reverse, one side sounds better  
My pulse meter pulsates when I play my jams  
My equalizer got 32 bands  
This cat try to battle, he didn't know me  
I drowned him out with my tapes on Dolby  
Plus, I only had the volume on 5  
God forbid, he really woulda tried to get live  
Me hear nothing but the music, I'm slippin  
So fuck hip-hop, I'm easy listening

[Chorus]

Some cat bought the same model and thought he was  
equal  
But he lost the battle 'cause he couldn't freak the EQ's  
He shoulda known better than to battle me  
He dug his own ditch with them Ray-O-Vac batteries  
Now he mad as hell  
I told him not to come back unless he had some  
Duracell's  
My boombox: fully equipped  
With a microphone jack whenever cats want to spit  
Whereever I'm at, the B-boys follow  
My box turns bus stops into the Apollo  
I give you 15 minutes of fame  
And had a downtown sidewalks looking like Soul Train  
Me hear nothing but the music, I'm slipping  
So fuck hip-hop, I'm easy listening  
Me hear nothing but the music, I'm tripping  
So fuck hip-hop, I'm easy listening

"You come to Sal's, there's no music  
No rap, no music, no music, no music  
Capice? Understand?" - "Do the Right Thing"

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