

Boy Jones

"Nappy Afro"

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[Chorus: Boy Jones] I still get busy in my nappy afro My, my, my nappy afro My, my, my nappy afro I said I, I said I, I said I I still get busy in my nappy afro My sword slice the Peter Pan shadow Stop me, I'm feeling so guilty Check my swag, my afro still nappy Check my swag, my afro still nappy Check my swag, my afro still nappy [Boy Jones] I still be sword fighting while I'm cutting the potatoes At the same time, shit, I can slice up an eightball At the same time, shit, I can smoke a Chris Tucker My sword get higher than Wang Yu in Chinese Boxer My sword get higher than Snoop Doggy in the club I think I stab Paris young panties in the club I feel innocent, I seen cigarettes in the club I stab Mr. Cancer, let the nicotine flood Fuck it, it's time to go to church My preacher said, my afro stink I lift my sword up, I cut the tomato out his skull Now the preacher can't think Some people say I got mental power I touch a human, I can see his heart slowly devour I'm great in impression, my sword will slice the Nipples off your breast, something something something Chest inflation, then I put his lungs up for donation My eyes closed, but my third eye's swollen I'm thinking too hard, ahh, about Jedi mind controlling I speak so evil, I got the mouth of madness I eat with no fork, I'm an old school savage My teeth so bad, it's the color of cabbage And the point of my dagger smell just like catfish Jerry, you safe with time at the end of my sword shift Boy Jones a bad ass But I take my grades up in Samurai class Master taught me how to strike fast Stuck my blade all in that ass I stuck my blade all up in that ass Master taught me how to strike fast [Chorus] [Outro: Boy Jones] Oh shit... shadow

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