

## **Boys Beastie**

### **"Car Thief"**

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Some static started in the pool hall  
In a motherfucker's face with the cue ball  
Then I met this girl she tried to gank me  
So I smacked her in the pocket with M.C. Plank Bee  
Me and my crew out breaking windows  
The bingo the lotto you know I'll never win those  
Possession is half the law  
I had my routines before all y'all  
Your whole life is coming apart at the seams  
You ain't nothing but a car thief biting routines  
I'm a city slicker I ain't no townie  
Right now I wish I had another hash brownie  
Like Ricky always said you've got to toké and pass  
Or Mookie's gonna kick your fuckin' ass  
You try to take what isn't yours like a God damn rat  
\*See personally I wouldn't want to go out like that\*  
I'm a writer a poet a genius I know it  
I don't buy cheeba I grow it  
\*I'm a farmer\* people always trying to get next to me  
But I'm down with Jalil Donkey and Ecstasy  
Smoked up a bag of elephant tranquilizer

Because I had to deal with a money hungry miser  
Had a caine filled Kool with my man Rush Rush  
Saw my teeth fall in the sink when I started to brush  
You be doing nose candy on the Bowie Coke Mirror  
My girl asked for some but I pretended not to hear her  
You can't deny me you always want to try me  
You're just gonna get your ass kicked  
Homeboy throw in the towel  
Your girl got fucked by Ricky Powell  
The Godfather of Soul is in the belly of the beast  
For smoking that dust at St. Anthony's Feast  
Sometimes you've got to let someone trip on their own  
shoelace before you tell them to tie their shoe  
All the wife beaters and all the tax cheaters  
Sitting in the White House pulling their peters  
Buy me cheeba from the cop down the street  
The only cop with a rope chain walking the beat  
Like a sneaky pouch time bomb tickin'  
Like the beat to my rhyme just kickin'  
Space cake cookies I discover who I am  
I'm a dusted old bummy Hurdy Gurdy Man  
Five-O caught me now I'm going to the mountains  
Said good-bye to my girl my lawyers and accountants  
My mind is kinda rhyming and I think I oughta think  
So I'm rockin all the rhymes and I'll have another drink

So the lights are flashing my mind is spinning

I feel like it is always the beginning

Of another rhyme I'm rapping M.C.'ing I rock

You ain't nothing but a car thief who must be stopped

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