

## **Boys Beastie**

### **"Professor Booty"**

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Well, I got more bounce to the fuckin' bump and

Then you want to know why it's 'cause I'm  
motherfuckin' truckin'

I'm in the pocket just like Grady Tate

I got supplies of beats so you don't have to wait

'Cause I'm the master blaster drinking up the shasta

My voice sounds sweet 'cause it has to

So light a match to my ass 'cause I'm blown up

I'd like to thank the people for just showin' up

But now I want y'all to move it

Put your point on the floor and just prove it

And I'm smurfin' not rehearsin' gettin' live y'all

A little puffy so you now what I'm doin' right

'Cause that's the kind of mind I'm in

I got a feelin' that's back again

So don't touch me 'cause I'm electric

And if you touch me you'll get shocked!

You've got the boomin' system but it's blasting out doo-  
doo

You think it's chocolate mild but it's watered down yoo-  
hoo

I've been through many times in which I thought I might  
lose it

The only thing that saved me has always been music

We've got our own studio the son of the G

It's no question life's been good to me

'Cause life ain't nothing but a good groove

A good mix tape to put you in the right mood

This one goes out to my man the groove merchant

Coming through with beats for which I've been searching

Like two sealed copies of expansions

I'm like Tom Vu with yachts and mansions

The logo I sport is the face of the monkey

Union made Ben Davis quality it's no junk see

My chrome is shining just like an icicle

I ride around town on my low-rider bicycle

So many wack M.C.'s you get the T.V. bozack

Ain't even gonna call out your names 'cause you're so wack

But one big oaf whose faker than plastic

A dictionary definition of the word spastic

You should have never started something that you couldn't finish

'Cause writin' rhymes to me is like popeye to spinach

I'm bad ass move your fat ass 'cause you're wack son

Dancin' around like you think you're Janet Jackson

Thought you could walk on me to get some ground to walk on

I'll pull the rug out from under your ass as I talk on

I'll take you out like a sniper on a roof

Like an M.C. at the fever in the D.J. booth

With your headphones strapped you're rockin' rewind  
pause

Tryin' to figure out what you can do to go for yours

But like the pencil to the paper I got more to come

One after another you can all get some

So you better take your time and meditate on your  
rhyme

'Cause your shit'll be stinking when I go for mine

And that's right y'all don't get uptight y'all

You can say shit because you're biting what I write y'all

And that's wrong y'all over the long haul

You can't cut the mustard when you're fronting it all

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