

Stroke 9

"The Boomin' System"

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{Marley Marl:}

Just kick a little something for them cars that be bumpin

Yeah aight

But we need a beat that they can front to

Oh, that'll work

Be funky

You know what I'm sayin?

(Cars ride by with the boomin systems)

(Cars ride by)

Funky

For all the cars out there

And all the brothers

That like to front in their rides

Check it out

You know it's funky, funky, funky cos you heard it from
hear-say

A jam that you love that don't be gettin no airplay

Strictly for frontin when you're ridin around

12 o'clock at night with your windows down

Headlights breakin cos your batteries drain

Armor all on your tires and a big gold chain

Parkin outside of all the hip-hop spots

Push the E-Q and play connect the dots

Leanin to the side, people everywhere

The trunk full of amps, there ain't no room for a spare

Big beats bumpin with the bass in back

All the sophisticated suckers catch a heart attack

Cos they don't understand why I act this way

Pumpin up the funky beat until the break of day

It's because I want attention when i'm ridin by

And the girls be on my jock cos my system's fly

Girlies wanna ride with a brother like me

Cos they be hear me gettin funky frequently

They tell me don't drink and drive, I say what is this

Mind your business

Now pass it around

Laid back, hypnotized by the funky sound
People in the street see me bobbin my head
While I'm checkin out the rapper and the rhyme that he
said
I'm frontin, and I don't care if you know
The backseat of my car is like a disco show
You would think I was a good friend of Al Capone
Crazy air freshener, who needs cologne
Bottom to the bottom to the top to the top
Cruise - it's 3 o'clock
The girlies, they smile, they see me comin
I'm steady hummin, I got the Funky Drummer drummin
My trunk be shakin, vibratin and rattlin
Pumpin so loud, all the shorties be battlin
A right-hand man's here without the swing
Every chance I get I'm showin off my rings
I can keep it up until the break of dawn
Cos I'm frontin in my ride and my word is bond

Sun roof open, so I can feel the wind blow
I don't give a damn if it cracks my back window
C to the o to the o to the l to the i to the n
To the f to the r to the o to the n to the t to the i to the n
That means I'm chillin
Like Spoonie Gee said, my seats are soft like a bed
They recline way back, so I can get real cosy
I got the gangster tapes in the place
Like a basehead would say: I want bass
I want a hit, I want a dose
You're rollin up smilin, but you can't come close
Cos my system is pumpin loud
Like Rakim said: I wanna move the crowd
I warm it up with Kane, fight the power with PE
Tell the cops: you gots to chill with EPMD
This is something devastatin that'll break your trunk
And remember, Uncle L is like the future of the funk

You know what i'm sayin
Word
So next time you're in your ride pumpin it up
Just remember
It's Cool

Peace

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