

## **Masta Ase Inc.**

### **"Boom Bashin"**

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Here comes the boom with the hip hop bash as I smash  
and crash  
How many gangsta rappers are gonna last?  
Not one they got done I had fun  
doin em and screwin em and booin em and chewin em  
I'm slick and I'm quick up my sleeve is a trick  
Hey! So what I use funky drummers suck my dick.  
I'm still thick with murderous beats and heavy kick  
and I'm sick of the so called shots ya gonna lick  
I slam and I slam and I slam, did I mention that I slam  
don't eat spinach but I yam what I yam  
death-defyin like a circus, I work this  
mic, you can't jerk this, off-beat on purpose  
I never smoke dope, I don't carry a nine  
I ain't no hustler with bitches on my mind  
gangstas are swimming in the water,  
I oughta, boom bash and slaughta

I'ma break it down, and I do mean down, yo way down,  
so far downtown the devil's gonna call it underground  
and niggaz betta know the fuckin score  
cuz I'm raw, like eddy,  
and like confetti they get tore  
up, from the floor, up,  
there's no time  
and my spits gettin sprayed in ya face as I rhyme  
so run run run, ya better head for the hills  
get ya gun gun gun, and ya cyanide pills  
and a rope for ya neck, and a razor for your wrists  
cuz I'm pissed, and it's suicide to battle this  
ummm, highly explosive, material  
grand imperial, pour me on cereal  
cuz I flow from the belly of a cow  
wipe ya brow, how ya like me now

You can get with this, or you can get with that  
but you can't get with the man with the mad snap hat  
I take em out with one blow to the cerebellum  
and tell 'em, my jams are so funky you can smell 'em  
rhyme for rhyme, head for head with a one go  
i come from brooklyn, it's wild like a jungle

yeah, you might get a cap jack, ya act wack,  
I carry a can of flat black in my napsack  
lookin for a wall to tag up, and brag up  
and rag up, yo nigga yo digga raise the flag up  
I click click my heels, and good is how it feels  
there's no place like home and chrome on ya wheels  
chasin through the projects, I lose you  
hope I didn't bruise you, I cruise through  
your neighborhood, in a chevrolet impala  
dropped to the ground and, makin the girls holla  
rollin, rollin, rollin, I'm rollin  
sorry officer, the car ain't stolen  
i really don't care what you thought of me  
i oughta be, far from orderly  
in my fashion, i boom and i bash and

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