

Masta Ase Inc.

"Jack B. Nimble"

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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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