

The Fugees "Boof Baf"

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I'm Chill-Master, Nell of a thousand MC's
But how are you gonna tell the real I bust from these fo'
knees
'Cause he sees everyone with a deal with a record
company
They go home, they write a rhyme, they think they
ready to battle better

Some write forward, some write backward
I wait for them to get the cheeba-ganja then reverse yo
With a verse that's worse than the last one
Some say boo! he's the po he used to diss Jamaicans

And Hatians 'cause you thought I was American
Ay Pras, remember that song they sang, yeah
Go back to Jamaica, what's good is what's new
But now we move off with Uncle's with a trail-crate of
cooler

I'm from the island, the island I'm from is the strong
island
MC's must be right, when I syke from lack of freestylin'
Mind must be sharp until my holler girl, I get all in
Black stylin', ridin', Boof'll be trappin'

When they come to battle champ see the shoes flappin'
Huh, coolin' while I'm rappin'

Boof baf, another sound of a guy
Boof baf, never boy, duck punk, try
Boof baf, another sound of a guy
Boof baf, never boy, duck punk, try

Said if you write with pencil you must write with pen
If you have a rooster you must have a hen
Five plus five you know that equals to ten
Then spit the yellow man, check it to groove-to-groove
site

One, two, I throw a flow to catch it
Three, four, back she know before the track miss
I fuck ya when style go, to wreck this static

But yo sister, grab the mic and do damage

Aiyyo I used to drive a hooptie, check me down
swoopie

Rollin' with the Jones' but I different homozones
See life's got no value if I ain't got no statue
Hannibal heads, I be the kid from "Timbuktu"

One, two, zip me-me, check the mic I'm ready
Three, four, please the army, "Oh God", with Uzi's
So what, converse man, the chicken or the hoodie
Get the hoodie came first then mans' then would be
Nancy

To kill the Jesse James rough, step back, check your
steps
I'll love your theory like the chi-chi-woo-woo-boogie-
man
You say I'm balanced but you're Silence of the Lambs
And when I call your name I say Candyman, Candyman,
Candyman

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Well I'm on fire, fire, fire
So let me re-light your viacom
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic, cool
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic, cool

And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic, cool
And let you enter the-the-elec-tronic
All that movin' I call my nozzle you see I was an
electronic
You listen to your lyrics in chime, your Panasonic

The ly-ly-ly-lyricaler, the di-di-di-digital
Pras take the mic man, you know you're really critical

Stall MC's soft-put 'em up for-er-Death Row
Rhyme and cultural, style and never old
Slashed the priest-fool, ooh, you're filth-swolled
I say no to spliff but my friends still smoke
[Incomprehensible]

Coolin' it, coolin' it, coolin' it, somebody chuck me-who
the who'd you think?
Hold the mic, hold the mic, I shoot 'em
Down with my last one, last one, last one, last one and

smoke
Smoke I got my bullet-proof and now to send my
bozack

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Rich rap come from the brothers in the neighborhood
Who used to rap on a Polaroid, here comes Father Joe
Let me clock the block as I pull fo'-five
Boof baf, I cut the block with gat-stops

I used to play hookie just to see how good an MC was
He said I bust a battle, aight, I still took a gun
No cheeba, cheeba just a Libra on a last ride
I waited so long that I thought I died and came back
alive

So hear the spirits, many fear, Sir New Stosser
This the new thing under the sun, when I come, I come
Bam-bam, alakazam, he grabbed the mic up the block
they ran
I came back with the bag 'cause that's my momma man

I'm just patrollin', move off in the block
But the spot that I clock, you get shot if your numbers'
about
So don't get caught on the fast lane, the fast lane
A just remain yourself and be the same

'Cause many rapper-days, say nuttin' for nuttin'
So here's sut-um to take you from the am to the pm

'Cause a imitator could never be greater than the
creator
Whose the originator, step up infiltrator, see you in the
alligator
Back stabbin' traitor, tape recorder, duplicator, roughly
rhymin' with
The head tranzlator and leave the forty to be naughty
in the refrigerator

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Boof baf, another sound of a guy
Boof baf, never boy, duck

Say gun-man, say tell me where you get your damn
gun from
You musta get it from the foreign land
We want to shoot up the old a Babylon
Pay the man to rhyme onto it

Say gun-man, say tell me where you get your damn
gun from
You musta get it from the foreign land
You want to kill your own brother man

[Foreign Content]

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