

The High And Mighty "B-Boy Document (Bad Boy Document)"

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[Mad Skillz] (Mr. Eon)

Yeah.. uhh..

What it look like? Mad Skillz

Uhh.. Mr. Eon (The Mighty Mos Def)

The Mighty Mos (the E.C. Rawkus connection)

Coast to coast (from '88 to '99)

What? .. What? What? What?

[Mos Def]

It's on fire tonight

Everything on my side is lookin alright

It's high power original, b-boy traditional

Raw bass material, huh, when individual

true brand imperial you're hearin on your stereo

Transcribe the live, the Mos, Def init-ial

Sit BACK, and listen, you ain't, in no position

to deal with my condition-al mentally and physical

Strength is indivisible, crews be comin pitiful

Speech be sound typical, downfall habitual

Ock, I'm not FEELIN YOU; don't know what your label

tellin you -- or what magic beans they sellin you

I can flow, you can't though, example

of a cat who just a modern day Sambo (yeah)

Who be bitchin out to A&R demands so

you can collect your little petty cash advance HOE

You knock-kneed and sloppy, but not me

I'm I-N-D, E-P-E, N-D-E-N-T

Chorus: Mos Def (*singing*)

It was a jam at the center, and the party was shakin
and the poppers was poppin, and the breakers was
breakin

And it won't be long til everybody know that
b-boys rock the document! (document)

[Mad Skillz]

Yo, yo, you on the injured, I'm hot to death

I'm foul, plus I'm winnin, you think I shot the ref?

Rock a vest if you out of turn speakin

Cause I'm right there like nightmares;

I catch MC's while they sleepin

I'm back -- these rap cats is wildin
Got em in the studio poppin valiums, remasterin they
album
I'm about to re-up and restructure the case
You stuck, you about to get rearranged and replaced
I got plans for this rap game (uh-huh)
Put your head in the toilet and look son,
if you think my shit done changed
My shit is, out of your range, rip you out of your frame
Cop your tape, and the next day, copped an exchange
If you ain't, rockin raw, what you rockin for??
Without heat, y'all MC's, ain't hot no more
So for you lame cats tryin to put your hit out
try rockin back and forth --
it might be easier to get your shit out!

Chorus

[Mr. Eon]

I'm Jedi Master, Mase Windu, what you been through
Keep MC's heads wrapped like Erykah Ba-du
Hip-Hop's Cleon Jones, when Eon Jones
Wackest MC's, we pee on those
No need to impede The High and Mighty mystique
That shit would be as ignorant as Jimmy the Greek
Claimin they Godzilla's when they really Godzooki
Got a mill' from Charlie Brown, when I kidnapped
Snoopy
Eon, sale or performance, in any ordinance
Rhyme menace, that burst your verbal nuisance
in accordance, with all the laws from the cordless
Starbuck coming through, leavin any pimp whoreless
Stereo stompin -- defeatin me is like
Latrell chokin up John Thompson, Charles Bronson
had a Death Wish for this next to left shit
Leavin all these hot air MC's breathless

Chorus

[Mos Def]

I said b-boys rock the document (..ument ..ument
echoes)

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