

## Jessica Mohn

### "Boom, Boom, Boom"

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"Keep on rockin..."

[talking]

Okay... (Ari-sta Cats)

We in the studio right now (La-dy May)

Arista-Cats is in the house right now... (Rob Jack-son)

[Rob Jackson]

Yo, yo yo

I hit rap like, fiends hit the crack pipe

Beef in these streets but the beats make me act right

I don't sleep on these "quick-to-pull-the-gat" types

Cuz right when you blink, they'll squeeze and hold the  
mac tight

I write like Richard but Light still kiss ya good night

Hand on the swivel when I'm pitchin my dice

I'm might come out on the block, with my vest but keep  
glancin

So God Bless, I could live to see my grandson

[Boom, boom, boom] Playa you feel that?

That's the speakers beatin in the trunk where the wheel  
at

Pitch kept me sittin on a hit, with a ill track

So I gotta give it to him, spit it to him, real rap

I feel ya nigga [boom, boom, boom]

I gotcha gut workin - bout to make a dub

and bump it for the next person [boom, boom, boom]

That's how we workin, it's okay in L.A.

Is on the three-way singin it (holla at me!)

[Chorus]

Boom, boom, boom

[Rob] We got it poppin, some hits droppin

[Rob] we bout to knock 'em in ya ear like [boom, boom,  
boom]

[May] In the clubs, drops and trucks

[May] divas and thugs, keep it goin like [boom, boom,  
boom]

[Rob] Lady May and Rob Jackson, Arista-Crattin'

[Rob] bout to blow like [boom, boom, boom]

[Rob] We bout to (what what) hit 'em with the (what

what)..

[Lady May]

Hoppin out the new condition, Expedition  
With the fo' systems, me and my vixens [boom, boom,  
boom]  
Yeah, that's exactly how we enter the room  
Ka-Boom! Lookin fine-tuned  
Mmm-mmm delicious, sexy switchers  
Big witches, tasty as bait to big fishes  
Whole blastses of Cris's with froze wristses (uh-huh)  
Blow kisses, when we get catty we throw hisses  
So ridiculous, walk when you look at this  
Know we better not miss, it coulda been you, we not  
pimpin nuttin  
Bourgieous broad, a movie star  
That remains so \*tssss\* you can't cool her off [boom,  
boom, boom]  
Beats is knockin, hit songs droppin, keep on rockin  
Arista-Cats, I'm feelin that  
Lady May and Rob Jack' it's a rap

[Chorus]

Boom, boom, boom  
[Rob] We got it poppin, some hits droppin  
[Rob] we bout to knock 'em in ya ear like [boom, boom,  
boom]  
[May] In the clubs, drops and trucks  
[May] divas and thugs, keep it goin like [boom, boom,  
boom]  
[Rob] Lady May and Rob Jackson, Arista-Crattin'  
[Rob] bout to blow like [boom, boom, boom]  
[Rob] We bout to (what what) hit 'em with the (what  
what)  
[Rob] E'rybody say it!

[Rob Jackson]

Yo, I'm like the black rap Sandy Koufax cuz I'm a  
throwback cat  
that crack collars and yack like "where the 'dro at?"  
Deez niggaz know dat - Rob go hard with the Kojak  
Up in the side, gettin some blowback  
Hold that, that's slow rap - buddy you ain't robbin  
goody  
I'm gold-grill smilin, whippin cutties on the silent scene  
Do it up, who want it? Niggaz from Kentucky who be  
jeweled up  
Jumpin out they junkies lookin country, holla  
to what whenever, to fuckin clever  
With this rap shit for you to ever touch my level  
Mastered the flow, it's ventin me like Hennessey

But when you feelin me, you drink it fast like it's Mo'  
Nasty, gas that new ass in the fo'  
But feelings make me realer than the illest nigga  
though  
They be thinkin that they killers, cuz they slit a nigga  
throat  
I'm politickin with guerrilla niggaz, still a nigga folk like  
G. Dub Bush, and cheet-ah pushin  
Benzes in the caravan, grams in the cushion  
American black weighed in, we on the pavement  
Even though they callin us thugs, we gon' make it!  
(Holla at me!)

[Chorus] - 2X  
Boom, boom, boom  
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[Rob] we bout to knock 'em in ya ear like [boom, boom,  
boom]  
[May] In the clubs, drops and trucks  
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