

# Boof Baf

## Fugees

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  
     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  
     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  
     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  
     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 rhyming with  
The head translator and leave the forty to be naughty in the refrigerator

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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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