

fett's vette (muleboy remix)

MC Chris

Cruisin' Mos Espa in my De Lorean,
War's over I'm a peacetime Mandalorian.
My story has stumped Star Wars historians
Deep in debate buffet plate at Bennigans.
Rhyme renegade sure to penetrate
First and second defense I won't hesitate.
Got a job to do when Darth's the guy that delegates.
Got something against Skywalker someone he really hates.
I don't give a fuck. I'm after Solo
For all I care he could be hiding at Yoda's dojo.
Gotta make the money, credit's no good
When the Jawas run the shop in your neighborhood.
Think you can cook? I got a grappling hook.
Let's make this quick coz I'm really booked.
I'm a devious, degenerate defender of the devil,
Shut down all the trash compactors on the detention level.
My backpack's got jets. Well I'm Boba the Fett.
Well I bounty hunt for Jabba Hutt to finance my 'Vette.
Well I chill in deep space, a mask is over my face.
Well I deliver the prize but I still narrow my eyes
Coz my time I don't like to waste. Get down! I'm a question wrapped inside an enigma,
Get inside the Slave One, find your homing signal,
From Endor to Hoth, Ripley to Spock,
I'll find what you want, but there's gonna be a cost.
Say my name is Boba Fett. I know my shit is tight.
Start not acting right, you're frozen in carbonite.
Got telescopic sight, flame throwers on my wrist.
You still don't get the jist? Spiked boots are made to kick,
Targets are made to hit. You think I give a shit?
Your mama is a bitch! I'll see you in the Sarlaac pit.
You just flipped my switch, integrity been dissed.
You scratchin' on my itch. You know I shoot to get.
Got bambinas at cantinas waitin to lick my lusty lips,
So I'll let you get back inside you're little space ship,
Give you a head start, coz I'm the sporting kind.
Consider the starting line-up the sneaky smile I hide inside.
Hope you have hyper drive (drive), pray to stay alive (live).
Don't try to slip me a five coz I never take a bribe,
To the beat of a different drummer, bad ass bounty hunter,

Let no man put asunder or else they be put under,
As in six feet. Got an imperial fleet
Backing me up. Gonna blow up any attempt to defeat.
They got the Death Star, got four payments on my car,
Hand it over to Hammerhead at Mos Eisley bar.
He used to carjack, now he's a barback
Just goes to show how you can get back on the right track.
Guess for me that's not an option, can't say that with more clarity.
Me going legit would be like Jar Jar in speech therapy.
My backpack's got jets. Well I'm Boba the Fett.
Well I bounty hunt for Jabba Hutt to finance my 'Vette.
Well I chill in deep space, a mask is over my face.
Well I deliver the prize but I still narrow my eyes
Coz my time I don't like to waste. Get down! Slice you open like a tauntaun, faster than the Autobahn,
Or a motorbike in Tron, do the deed and then I'm gone.
Jabba has a hissyfit, contact Calrissian,
Over a Colt, the plan unfolds, no politic is legit.
Back in the day when I was a slave
Living life in the fast lane like in a pod race,
My mean streak tweaked I became a basket case
So this space ace split that place post-haste.
Took up a noble cause called the Clone Wars
Coz life's not all about girls and cars,
Getting fucked up in fucked up bars,
See I'm not a retard or gay like DeBarge.
I'm large and in charge with a face so scarred,
A cold black heart that's been torn apart.
The Sith wish that they had a dick so hard
Coz it's long, long ago in a pussy far, far.
Call me "master," coz I'm faster than Pryor on fire
I no longer have to hot wire.
I'm a hunter for hire with no plans to retire,
And all the sucka MC's can call me "Sire!" My backpack's got jets. (echoing)
Well I'm Boba the Fett. (echoing)
Well I bounty hunt for Jabba Hutt (echoing)
To finance my 'Vette. (echoing)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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