

Boom Music

Quasimoto

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Grip the stereo in an instant
Then I twist up a bud, light an incense
Grip the stereo in an instant
And then I twist up a bud, light an incenseGrip the stereo in an instant
And then I twist up a bud, light an incense
Bump the Boom Music [incomprehensible] nine times out of ten
I use it to start this wayAy yo Madlib
Who me?
Yo, hit 'em up with that high speedI gets high and start takin out wack selections
First by electin' Eric B for president
Zulu Nation for protection
Tribe Called Quest, KRS-One, Secret Hip Hop IntelligenceDiamond D and the whole DITC, Ultramagnetic
MC's
Gang Starr doin a show for free and you can smoke sensi
Lord Finesse teachin rhyme telepathy
Biz Markie did a couple for the Pistol 3
Back when Style was the name, belt buckles and Lee's
Boomers, sticky green treesGrip the stereo in an instant
And then I twist up a bud, light an incense
Grip the stereo in an instant
And then I twist up a bud, light an incenseGrip the stereo in an instant
And then I twist up a bud, light an incense
Bump the boom music [incomprehensible] nine times out of ten
I use it to start this wayYo Quas, hit 'em with that green talkOh, I gets high and starts takin' out wack niggas
Then fly up into the sky and use my lyrics as a trigger
Always pull it, let the bullets slide through to the left
Go underground without diggin' so far ended up in WestChina, yo' style sound like you've been eatin some bad
vagina
The unseen, you unclean niggas mad cause they can't find us
You step, we rap, we comin' out of the gates
We could do it for papas 'cause Madlib got the b-tapes
But Quas in the end, always win the sweepstakes

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>