

Bronx Bombas

Boogiemonsters

{x4}

Clap ya hands if ya feel alright

Yeah, yeah, yeah{x2}

Pass me the mic I'm in the mood to get open

Coming from the Bronx and I be on top

Move to the relaxation of the music

Clap ya hands if ya feel alright

I'm cooling at the party with my faberge coat

Black ski goggles and my blue Puma suit

Precise like a dagger, staggering when I'm nice

Greg O's good to go, Flex Lover's got the dice

Get down, boogie to the bang

I got the slow lingo and that's how it swang

One of the bros from the video, you can call me Mo'

N.D.O., it's the flow go getter

I met her in the disco, didn't drink Cisco

Had water on ice, but the kid was nice

They had open mic tonight I came to rock despite

The odds were against me, [?] Boogie flight

I was on the solo, oh no a duo, but you know

That I can funk it up, I treat the mic like a rookie

Come into my cipher, watch the other brothers keep it hyper

But I'm ranking, I leave the mic stanking

During my donation my name's called next

Greg says "go", Flex says "yes"

I get up on the stage and I look up at the mass

My hands are [?], pardon me could you...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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