Boogie Man!

KMD

(Onyx)
Wham, BAM, bound to slam
Comes the birthstone kid with his own jam
So what'cha tellin me, you thought I couldn't rip it solo?
But yo, for your info, if every wind blow, I rip a show
The crowd says ho, gotta go gotta go
The birthstone kid {?} get biz {?} flow bro
So check the style, God don't even front on me
I gots the skills, your boy he gots none on me
I gets my props so yo Hops I don't share it
And if a beeper doesn't work indeed then why wear it?
Not about frontin, I never have, I never will be
If you swing, swing hard, God you better kill me
I'm blowin up like a SCUD missile hittin land
So take a stand, and wave your hand, cause I'm your Boogie Man!
(Onyx)
You ain't tryin to hear the what maaan, I beg your pardon
This ain't the place to bass you'll find your face up on a milk carton
Check it the message while I rip it somethin love love
to shreds, I turn jheri curls to knotty dreads
Here's the style that I say I sorta brought along
Straight from the Island called Long, but we call it Strong
God Body, by God {?} George I think I've got it
Funky as the Doo Doo Man, outside MC's were nodding
Don't even bite my style, relax, be different
Pick up your pen but forget bombing, that option's senseless
I'm despicable but not lickable YOU CAN'T LICK THIS
Try it Hops, you'll catch mops with the quickness
I got a sickness, called one-two-and-mic-check
and rippin wreck and gettin notice and all that
My style is that fat, I want you to know it and
stay tuned you coon as I wreck it for the Boogie Man
(Onyx)
Now check it, don't miss this, lick them while I diss this
sarcastic bastard, of which I've been mastered
You know the man, mankind let me say
Kind of like man the woman can't tolerate, he's low rate
Anyway, he called you and I the Boogie Man (what?)
Webster's Dictionary, black man, look it up

But that's an emphatical (Now Cipher)
Okay now that's that (yo Onyx why don't you get hyper?)
Hyper shall I get just to make your wish granted see
I rocks my tippity tippity {?} upon the planet G
I'm is a God-, -zilla, because I fill a
sucker with fear, who gets a kick off drinkin Miller Beer
I keep struttin, cause scrubs are sayin nuttin
The record Sub is cuttin, the Boogie Man is movin his butt
and so it stay grit, no need to be offended
You can have your soul back because the Boogie Man is endedYeah, there it is, khamsayin?
Devon he was tryin to call me the Boogie Man
Cause I can move like this, and like that
(And you can bop like this, and check it like that)
But yo God, I'll be the Boogie Man
Long as it's Boogie referrin to gettin down, knahmsayin?
(Word, got the soul)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (that's right, that's right)
Yeah, yeah, yeahThe Boogie the Boogie the Boogie Boogie Man
(Yeah, that's right) The Boogie Boogie Man
Yeah, yeah (do that stuff) yeah, yeah (do this God)
Yeah, yeah (do this God) yeah, yeah (bop like this, bop like that)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
And you don't stop (and you don't stop)
And you don't stop now (and you don't quit now)
Yeah, yeah, yeah (yo check it out yo)
Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh (check it out yo)
Uhh, uhh, uhh (that's how we do it, yeah)(more ad libs to fade)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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