

Boombox Pimp

CYNE

[Intro]

Yeah, I dedicate this song to all the players
All the cassette players out there that love to play my shit
On cassette, digital DAT, any kind of format that you got
This be the Cise Star baby, cool view, on CYNE Radio

Sunshine on my mind whenever I'm with you
Never a day is the same your name beautiful
I daydream about things I want to do to you
I'm such a boombox pimp-pimp-pimp-pimp
(Repeat)

[Verse 1: Cise Star]

Watch me colossal
My watch is Fossil
I step back
Preach my gospel
Respect, respect, so don't forget
Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Left, Right
B-A, B-A, Select, Start!
You more prefab than Pop-Tarts peachy keen
I be the dirty greens, served with Navy beans
With a side of Akin, that meal is gangrene
I be the freshest jive, nomenclature is Clyde
When you see me on the street giving a nigga a ride
I am so fucking fattening, my elbows are ashy
I'm such a Beastie Boy son, Hello Nasty
I am a booming box, never audiovox
I be the shoes that you wanted with the footie socks
Tighter than underwear, wild like pubic hair
A black Fred Astaire, cause' I am so debonair

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(Repeat)

[Verse 2: Cise Star]

I diagram motherfuckers in Pintos
New body style of the Kia Sorento
Here's a Polaroid for a fucking memento
Saw your stage show, throw your tape out the window
I be the master lock, I never need practice
I'm locking down the game while I'll be shackling actors
You keep it in stock, I keep it in chrome
Spend it, out of control, just give me my student loans
From wallet to watch, undershirt to socks
This nigga he so clean from the top of the drop
Goes to bottle, maybe a role-model
They have me on History Channel, show for Modern Marvels
Rubberneck till your head bobble
I'm in the driver seat going the speed of life at full throttle
Now I'm scarier, breaking the sound barrier
The more than merrier, supersonic like jet harriers
But J.J. Fab blasting out the ride, not a bird man
But I'm in flight catching your eye (Ah-Ah!)

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(Repeat)

[Verse 3: Akin]

Heyo! I'm sex through your Magnavox
The rap Al Green vet
Bang Bettys to the wall, we fuck till my balls sweat
That's salty water, that's what she said
And speak up on her earlobes, damn I think she's deaf
Sick with the backshot, sick when I rap God
Groupie on the left nut, she begged for one last shot
Here love, take that, put that on repeat
Oh Evolution Fight, Fuck America I free-fall
Please Betty catch me, bass boosts are nasty
Let's tune in my FM dial so you can blast me

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(Repeat)