

Boombox

Supastition

[X4]

Turn this up loud
Yes all the way to 10 we gonna rock right now, right now

[Verse One]

If your business ain't right don't step to me
And if it is
Get at Supa, but Illmind sold separately
I don't carry a briefcase but I handle B.I. properly
Puttin' a stop to these snakeskin cheapskates
Broadcasted on the evening news
If I can't make money off my name, neither can you
Now hip hop is the love of my life
But wack niggas want a guest appearance
So I'm gonna have to double my price
We both hungry as hell and both scraping out plates
But like Outback
I got a reputation at stake/steak
And I doubt that
That you wanna step, is this what you want?
I'm all about that real, no publicity stunts
Y'all dudes got a lot of talk game, saying that you pack arenas
But your shows look like an Atlanta Hawks game
Hold up, stop and reverse
I see the difference between reality and what you pop in a verse

[Hook]

So turn it up, turn the volume up a notch
In the car, in the crib, in the club on the block
Just, let it bang till your eardrums pops
Yes, till somebody calls the cops, I'mma rock
So turn it up, turn the volume up a notch
In the car, in the crib, in the club on the block
Just, let it bang till your eardrums pops
Yes, let in bang in your boombox

[Verse Two]

Now I respect a few rappers but I know there's no equal
My flow is so lethal it gags and chokes people
Whether legend or has been, the best get flooded

Stomp you, your producer and whoever pressed record
I'm dead serious so I fiend for legendary status
It seem niggas only aim to be better than average
And that's pathetic itself, get a medical help
Cause every other bar I spit, I try to better myself
I said it myself
The game, fame, man I would love it
But I ain't tryin' to water down my sound or go Banana Republic
That's real, cats feel that I'm underrated
But the day I shine, them fools be the first ones that hate it
I can't please every fan or every different listener
So I do whatever got me up to this position
I'm not crunk, I'm not backpack or abstract
I'm hip hop in its purest form, player that's that

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[Verse Three]

I know people gon' wonder what I charge for a track
If I write it on paper you'll think it's a phone number, fall back
Supastition, anything that I say is
Breathtaking, label me the franchise player
Not a punchline rapper, that was back then, I know the rules
New and improved, still blessing you with +Quotables+ now
But y'all don't get it homie
These underground cats aini't got shit on me
Y'all some one trick ponies
My skills are phenomenal and near perfect
I write a story or an anthem
A classic or a tear jerker
I'm never nervous, I'm a veteran with flows
And performances, but everything is evident at shows
At 7 man, he knows how he turn a crowd out
Outshine the headliners and silence the loudmouths
Let the music drown 'em out
Y'all stay at home rappers
And bedroom producers, y'all dudes got it backwards

[Hook]

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Just, let it bang till your eardrums pops
Yes, let it bang in your boombox
So turn it up
Just turn it up
Turn it up
Turn it up

Supastition. Illmind. The Deadline

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