

Another 1 Dead

Busta Rhymes

My man Kevin Black
The streets understand me
The whole promotion staff
Smash squad
My man Dwight King
The streets understand me
Drive by mobile

Easy my lord (For what man?)
Don't make the fat man hit you with the four (Alright)
Bad boys I turn to little girls
God don't like ugly, easy boy I murder your girl (Clinton Sparks)
Robbery business, jooks them pearls
Smokes spliff the return of Jimmy Cliff like
Li-di, da-di, dickdickda-dickdang
Labba, come, to rip it up again
Hold tight niggas in corners (That's the Brooklyn way man)
In the mortuary boy you a goner (Bye bye)
Snitch, punk bitch and fake friends
This laser cut key for this fast ass
Benz custom made the fat man way
AK, weed, forgot my Bible
I came to reign I'ma serve pain
Another boy dead with' a hole in iron

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Your not a gangster, but can't reach you
Bus' shots off [?]
90's Kingston where I'm from
Where we teach them, early to let off guns
Mac 11's, a Labba send dem
Colt 45, a Labba send dem
AK's and 9's, a Labba send dem
90's Brownsville don't beg friends
I defend until the end
Ain't no matter who you roll with
My favorite word's still "suck your mom"
Bus' go drum
I need a gangster [?]
One in a missile
Droppin' and jackin' fit the [?]
Up top we call it jooksin' and robbery
It's plain to see, I'm hungry, so I

Another one dead
Another one dead (Shouts out Get Familiar management)
Another one dead
Another one dead
Another one dead (My man Lil' B)
Another one dead
[?] (Don't forget, Busta Rhymes)
Another one dead (Big Bang album)
Another one dead
Another one dead (In stores June 13th)
Another one dead
Another one dead (Get familiar with it)
Another one dead