

Brain Dead

Busta Rhymes

(Jokey, trap)
Yeah (Yeah, yeah)
Check me (Check me)
Look

See I'm back and I'm havin' a ball (Uh-huh)
I don't rhyme with certain niggas, my seeds is nicer than y'all (Uh-huh)
Line you up with my fingers on triggers, please don't spike me to brawl (Yeah)
Put these bullets in holy water and wait for the almighty to call
(On speed dial) Yes y'all (Uh-huh, yes y'all)
Your ski mask niggas is ass that disguise my features in a shawl (Uh-huh)
Before my physical got knowledge and selfless, government was Paul
They told me to dress like what we come from and had science to share with y'all (How's it going nigga?)
While I share this talk from the heart, it was a time and an era
Where it was cool for niggas to be smart morphed to a time of terror
Where most you niggas just wanna spark, and light a L
And smoke on somebody's soul, stain in the dark
I'm smokin' on such and such, nigga (Uh-huh)
What type of gang is that?
Niggas, they misconstruin' it as literal
What type of slang is that? (Ha)
And while you wince in your barrows, throw someone up, bang it back
The toughest talker will probably end up on a casket rack
And pushed aside the back of the hearse to Paul Bearer's hand's back
Possessed by the soul of the dead, who got answers for that?
They line you up, fuck with your head, please don't fall in a trap
You will lie in the bed that you make, slip and fall in a crack
I found my comfort in discomfort while most of you slack
And lock the game like Emon Shumpert while talkin' to facts
Niggas all should relax
Now let me continue to give you this jewelry
When I speak and walk away with these thoughts in the back
Of your head, nigga

Think deeper, I hope you ain't brain dead, nigga
I don't repeat, so I hope you heard what I said, nigga

Penitentiary chances, record label advances
Predatorial practices keeping us from advancing
Put a price on your innocence, ignorance isn't fashion
Eulogies in your captions, dying became a passion
The internet converted corporations to a catfish
Exaggerated status only validates your capping
CIG replaced the OGs, some of them stag niggas
The examples that they set was modified to move us backwards
I'm on the phone with Busta Bust
We chop it up 'bout so much that I can't discuss
I listen to him
'Cause every key he gave me opened doors I couldn't get into
A lot of y'all advice lack experience and principles
Came up off advantages of niggas you was livin' through
Ran into some bread and got a bird and now it's pigeon food
Niggas playin' keep up, chasin' everything these bitches do
Okay, you got a Benz, I got a Benz
But the difference is I drove every class, I'm the principal

Drop top, G-Wag, Louis Vuitton, ski mask
Tuscan leather seats, I sink in them like bean bags
My new bitch badass, off of the sea bass
She stick to the code, that coochie came with a keypad
I bust down the bros to create barriers for niggas (Ay)
I pull up in that Gosha, it's gettin' scarier for niggas (Brr)
See real Gs movin' silence like Wayne said
Everyone's a menace till you end up like Kane did
You niggas brain dead

Think deeper, I hope you ain't brain dead, nigga
I don't repeat, so I hope you heard what I said, nigga

Ooh, brain dead
I hope you niggas ain't brain dead
Brain dead
I hope you niggas feel what it said to her
Brain dead, ooh, brain dead, yeah