

# Bulletproof Skin

Busta Rhymes

Can't believe this happening again  
But this time we pull out the ratchet  
We bussing Skillibeng  
Pull up if you want could give a fuck about your name  
Banger that we droppin', shoulda fuck up everything  
This shit'll stimulate the gangster, get to tucking in your chain  
Jugular will rupture when they cut you in the rain  
We run up in the club  
Despite the structure it's the same  
And fuck the building up and me and only Skilli is to blame (action)

New ting  
New whip with the bulletproof skin  
New ting  
New choppa with the hundred-round clip  
New shit  
Corvette with the butterfly wings  
Head shell out  
Boy dead from yuh fuck around wi

Whole leap a Henny wi a spit out  
Every enemy fi get out  
Eyeball kick out  
Shot fly 'til every likkle boy try skip out  
Shot in a yuh stomach  
Bloody diarrhea dem a shit out  
Hmm, everything start flip out  
Di way di gyal a skin out  
Bare cocky we a give out  
Nuff a dem fraud and try copy weh wi live out  
Skilli, them vanish wen di chopper dem a ring out  
You see di bullet dem a dig out  
Every likkle piece a yuh flesh  
Wen di copper dem a fling out  
Look ya, it nuh matter how we dapper wen mi spin out  
Could neva imagine all a di blacka wi a bring out

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Fuck when I reach  
Boy pussy face full up wid Crocodile teeth  
Mi a shub a Kay  
Inna boy head a crime scene and mi run di place  
Dem a run round it like wheel  
Glock 43  
Aguh mek a boy bleed  
A baby dem in a car seat  
Mi wave di tech nothing like sea  
Mek e place bloody like meat  
Choppa run town

A choppa run town  
Gotta have a buss down  
Mi a real gun man  
Wi a not a gun clown  
From yuh frig round top killer  
Shotta buss clown  
Mek a head shell  
Mek a head shell  
Mi wi mek a head shell  
From a boy ramp wid mi wi meadowrest dem  
None a Eastside runna dem neva breathless

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Anytime di pussy dem step inside a di place  
And wen wi pull up every single exit lock off  
No matter how dem a try and a disrespect di thing  
Mek sure yuh know seh every single gun a pop off  
Betta have yuh mannaz  
Mek sure yuh put dung yuh camera  
Yes wi duh it different  
'Til the very end  
And if yuh have a problem unuh fi guh suck yuh madda  
And a Kartel and kill yuh ova Skillibeng

Gun lift up and shift up dem tissue  
Boy missing Rifle buss and kiss yuh  
Wen yuh hear mi seh mi guh wid a big Beretta pon a mission  
Boy rap up a nuh fiction  
Shot a spin like a propeller  
And nuh fist up wid nuh nigga  
Life wi tek a nuh picture  
Shot a buss anywhere mi si yuh  
From yuh diss Busta mi killa  
Yeah, mi gun a whistle (yuh seh)

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Nuh get mi out mek mi head chip out  
Mi wi send fi yuh  
Mi send fi yuh  
Mek eh kill yuh  
Skilli wicked and vicious  
Whap, whap, whap, whap