

# Catastrophe

Busta Rhymes

At the end of our time  
We've chosen to believe in each other  
Today we face the monsters that are at our door!  
Today we are cancelling the apocalypse!

Catastrophic!

Yeah, do you know who I am?  
You know who I am, nigga?  
Motherfucker named Reek the Villain, nigga  
Where the fuck you been, under a rock, nigga?  
The Conglomerate lead off nigga  
They send these shits to me, nigga  
I lead this shit, Buss finish it, but I lead this shit, man  
Fuckin' cockroaches - fuckin' cockroaches

Catastrophic!

Listen...  
I said I'm dippin' in my low-low  
Ridin' with that four-four  
Pretty bitch beside me, all your bitches they be so-so  
And I'm slingin' cocoa, got it for the low-low  
Dudes I get my coke from be screamin' 'bout them locos  
Know we keep it Trillville, all my niggas real trill  
Shout out to my homies in the feds, my nigga Real Nil  
Roosevelt we G'd up, wildin' like we eat up  
I'm the nicest nigga, Buss can go and kick his feet up  
And let me take this over, let me get that dough up  
I don't even drive no more, the boy be gettin' chauffeured  
And this bitch she wear my chain, I'm feelin' like I'm Hova  
And you used to be the man, now your shit is over, it's over

Catastrophe!

If you listening to this song right now, blessings  
That means the world didn't end  
But this shit is catastrophic  
You test Conglomerate  
The world gon' end  
You test Busta Rhymes, Reek the Villain, J-Doe  
It's YMCMB

If you ain't know we hear to win, lethal like I'm heroin  
Every time we come again, niggas know we murderin'  
Everything about y'all, bitch you know I don't care  
Make my niggas throw chairs, we ain't goin' nowhere  
Bitch they love Busta, know they lovin' Busta  
Your swag lackluster - matter of fact, fuck ya  
Bitch I got a chauffeur, and a fuckin' butler  
Pics of bitches givin' me head on Instagram and Tumblr  
I don't need your number, throw 'em in the dumpster  
When you get new money, bitch, you get a new type of hunger  
Smokin' like a muffler, gettin' money like a hustler  
I don't mean to be mean but I'll poke your spleen 'til the shit get ruptured  
Dali!

Don't play yourself

You know when you hear the icon, legend Busta Rhymes  
You know what he does  
You know how he does it, too  
He shits on every verse  
Shits on you  
And finished you  
This shit is catastrophic  
Conglomerate

How do I start this? Wanna say some hard shit  
To show you I'm a artist, but this song is retarded  
I can't think of nothin', but I gotta say somethin'  
And since this track is bumpin', these ratchet hoes gon' love it  
I be goin' crazy on these records every day  
I'm getting' to the money every ma'fuckin' way  
I let all these hoes come over but not one of them can stay  
And this shit gon' never change 'til I'm old and I'm gray  
Sit your ass down... and don't say nothin'  
Better get excited when you see the don bumpin'  
And to me it's like Christmas for these bitches they be blushin'  
It's disgustin' how they love it but I ain't givin' 'em nothin'  
Yeah...

More money, more problems  
Same shit, just a different day  
It's the end of the world every day  
It's called survival  
This shit is catastrophic  
Catastrophe  
No room for the weak  
The weak can suck a dick, and bow down  
Conglomerate  
We the best  
YMCMB  
Shaheem Reid