

Come On Down

Busta Rhymes

When I'm in motion it's just like the flow of the ocean
The weight of the words swerve and curve
My style flexes bigger than the state of Texas
Quick as a Lamborghini, smooth as a Lexus
I guess that makes me the top of the line
Oh yes I'm the most prime of all time
Cause as soon as I pick up the mic and begin and the lyrics just start
To flowing, ahem ahem, coughing couldn't stop me from going
On with the rapture, so that I can capture
Your mind with state of the art music made to adapt to
To knowledge the God on the groove
Because when my tongue moves I just love that I'm smooth
Do it with these and in times I leave reas (reason)
To give em a little of the flavor that please
As I, school in the who in pursuin and doin and reignin again and the
Gutter and stutter and killin and chillin collectin the rent and
Jammin and slammin and damn it's
Too much for one mind to comprehend
A pure blend, the way that I make words mend
And, the way that I be doin rappers in
Michael Bivins couldn't make these Boyz II Men
I play, somethin verbally, capable to murder the
Average MC, the tough ones I'll burn third degree
And if you're thinkin that I'm takin a beatin
You're sure to see the Pink Panther speakin

I'm a native New Yorker, I pitch a lot of porker
When I get my ride, I be the grill squawker
Tip's a smooth talker, I love Alice Walker
So get off the dillz and step back you little hawker
Better yet you hooker, you wanna show I book ya
The highest way I took ya, is youse a good looker
Queens is residential, I make the presidentials
Over instrumentals, I utilize the mentals
First saw Big Daddy at the place called Union Square
If you went in by yourself it was a terror
See, I could do that cause my crew is kinda phat
Outside we had the toolies, out West you call em gats
It's that, oh thanks chat, well let me drop some more shit
Bring your bats and balls and please don't forfeit
Cause you won't get away, your status will be stank
You can ride with me G I'm goin to the bank
To meet up with Kane, up on Dollar Lane
You get the idea, cause page times is near
So rappers see they bug cause they really can't handle
Position from the rappin, cause some of them be slackin
Not in this sport of thought we block out the devil
The three different flavors, you know we on the level

Check it out, uhh! As I come down and get dumb
Yes roughneck, swingin along with the drum
Swimmin in the, track, retaliatin thorough is how
I react, Busta Rhymes will attack
As you feel the pain, bass kick impacts to the brain
Gotta make a mega migraine
Whattup? To the Big Daddy and Tip
My trip, flip the rhyme, then I dip

Hey, hip-hop, cool, bust the interlude
Wack do ya on the stage gettin booed
This structure it takes, bust the angle of three different flavors
On a young raider choc well that's my vocal fader
Keep my volume on extra boom!
All the vains in my neck symbolizes that I want room
Word up, huh! Here I am, damn
Dragon slayer stackin layer after layer
This jam will be ran while the record flim flam
Wiggle your front pram, to the runnin man
Sam, Busta, Rhymes, comin on time
L.O.N.S. did, rip a new design
Flavor one, taste the unborn baby
Flip before you move or catch a bad one baby
Chiggy change chump, the over sized puff
Busta pump you and the love, and then I rump
Emotional stare point, for the wild
Busta buckwild musically direct from Strong Isle
Unload, catch you like smell later
Dig on your taste of the third flavor, rrrrrrrRHHH
RARRARRRRH! Direct from the lungs of the dragon, uh!