

Endalay

Busta Rhymes

Dong, dong, dong
Gahng, gahng, gahng
Gohng, gohng, gohng
(Oh that's crazy
Swizz and Busta)
Come on!

Right before we run it all in the ground
Motherfuckers know we shutting it down
I dare y'all to say something
Motherfuckers want to give me a pound
Everytime we bring y'all niggas to say
We dare y'all to say something!
You can sit and watch the gat all the way round
Motherfuckers no we holding the crown
I dare y'all to say something!
Before we bring this shit that'll flood your whole town
Motherfuckers know we making y'all drown
I dare y'all

(Hey yo)...Bus Rhymes holding the fort
Read the report
MVP of the sport
You need to be taught
(Come on)
Snort whatever you snort
We coming up court
You know we never coming up short
So fuck what you thought
We high profile for this shit
I smile for this shit
I stack dough and make all my people just wil' for this shit
Hold it now!
We rolling it down
We holding it down
Thick money, folding it down in a hole in the ground
Stash more loot than before
A brute from before
Tell the truth and get used to leaving you boots at the door
We four, five, sixin' it up
We fixing it up
We keep the bitches stripping the way we be mixing it up
Come out from wherever you are, whoever you are
Incredible performance, their so unforgettable Star
They'll never find the get because I threw the barreta too far
Police go drive my whip, so I'm going to get a new car
(What the Fuck!)

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(Yo Busta)...I was born in the ghetto, raised in the ghetto
I was born in the ghetto, raised in the ghetto
I was born in the ghetto, raised in the ghetto
I bang out beats in cars with ho stacks
Rap nigga putting out rock-n-roll tracks
Anything with wheels, playa I drove that
Y'all, six, Swizz, and Busta back
I be hearing that I'm drugged out
Because I be bangin them beats like I'm drugged out
I threw gerdems on the bus, threw the dubs out
One, niggas gettin robbed when the clubs out
Dog, and it gets ugly, and the hood loves me, and your chick know me, plus
Your man owes me
That clown don't pay
They straight killing homie
Y'all don't gotta like me, screw y'all, blow me
I walk up in the club bitches want to go to breakfast
Clowns lookin at me, niggas acting reckless

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I put my foot in your ass just like a kung-fu flick
Bust my tool quick hitting with the force of a mule kick
Spit fly shit as if I was bagging a new chick
Instead of biting mines, it be best you bite on the true shit
Funny how niggas be trying to do shit
When I rock a light bling all my pinky gleam in the blue shit
Bitches loving the way we always pass through shit
The way we rep the gutter and bring you the brand new shit
(Double back!)
Y'all niggas don't really want to trouble that
Brass knuckle beat you stupid, with a belt buckle rap
Couple cracks, some weed, back when we used to muscle that
And take a niggas shit like we like we fighting to get our hustle back
Used to be the shit, now you writing your suicidal rap
Fronting like your the champ, trying to get your title back
Remind me that, this could even cause a homicidal act
And if you blaming the music, watch me write the title track
The way that we kill and make you wanna cop that
Fucking with corny niggas you need to stop that shit!
Come on, please just let a nigga pop that shit
All in they trunk, you know you want to rock that
Stay repping the struggle
Busy pulling my man's up
Shit we giving y'all niggas might even swell y'all glands up
(Stop!)
All of my niggas, all of my bitches stand up
And rep whatever you repping

And put your fucking hands up

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Endalay, Endalay
Arriba, Arriba motherfucker
Endalay
Move from around these parts!