

# God Lives Through

Busta Rhymes

I always wanted to rhyme on this shit  
Yea... La La La La La La  
La La... I always wanted to sing that shit

Yo, when I come with the excitement  
Like a baby when they speak they first words  
So compelling when I speak can even burst nerves  
Skyscraper rhymes flying like the first bird  
Penthouse view I help ya see the earth curve  
I scorch the street and you can search for burns  
I think sick before I speak my thoughts hurt the words  
Here I come, I come to get you what you each deserve  
Feed the street the shit that make em want to eat the curb  
Well if you lookin for me, here I am, run  
Because you can't erase me, accept it how it come  
You might as well embrace me, somehow I'm never done  
Maybach Zeppelin, call em metallic plum  
And while im having fun, we gotta keep it bouncing  
Unraveling another bag of the money, keep counting  
When a cup runeth over like a broken water fountain  
Here I am like I appeared at the top of the mountain  
Or here I am back from vacation, see ya boy is home  
Parading for the kid, they respect cus the cornerstone  
Invading strips so incredibly like im local homes  
Connect the hoods international like a global phone  
It's so magical how I hold my own or with my brother Kamaal  
Or when I hold the chrome, merciless with my advesaries  
I'm so alone, i'm in a place into planetary i'm in a zone  
Insighting wires int spots see how I get em  
Got em wild see how I be smilin when i'm with em  
Then I remind em, see i'm right behind em when I hit em  
Cus when I finally kill em got them bottles in ice buckets  
You know we gotta chill em, touching us over the streets  
See thats how got up in em, then im back to my city  
To properly put em on and make an everlasting  
Impression, my people sing along now

There's a million MCs that claim they want some  
But see I create sounds that make your ears go numb  
Peace to Sayres Ave., yeah you know how we go  
My best friend Steven at the Home Depot  
Laurelton is in the house, I can't forget Southside  
Walk past MCs like that girl did to Pharcyde  
I'm labeled as the cat's meow, the MC with the know-how  
Act like you know, not now but right now  
Beast of the East, on MCs I have a feast  
I'd eat that ass like quiche, crack a smile like Shanice  
Straight outta Jamaica, seen? Jamaica, Queens  
But you could find me out in Georgia, or anywhere in between  
Now if my partners don't look good, Malik won't look good  
If Malik don't look good, then Quest won't look good  
If the Quest don't look good, then Queens won't look good  
But since the sounds are universal, New York won't look good  
Picture Phife losing a battle, come on, get off it  
Put down the microphone son, surrender, forfeit  
Did I hear something 'bout a crew? What they wanna do?

You better call Mr. Babyface so he can bring out the cool in you  
Or it'll be a sad love song being sung by Toni Braxton  
And I'll dissect you like a fraction  
Oh, you wannabe top cat MCs, I'll pop you like a zit  
You wanna be the champ, you more like Chief Some-shit  
Big up myself every time when it comes to this  
MCs be running scared as if they're watching the Exorcist  
I kick more game than a crackhead from Hempstead  
My styles are milk, man, you'd think that I was breast-fed  
You know the steelo when the diggy Dawg is on the scene  
I dedicate this to all the MCs outta Queens  
That goes for Onyx, LL, Run DMC  
Akinyele, Nasty Nas and the Extra P  
You need a chart, straight up and down man, there ain't no other  
Nuff respect to all my peeps that made the album cover  
Yo, Tip don't worry none you know I get the party jumping  
Get on the mic and break 'em off a little little something  
Yo, Tip don't worry none you know I gets the party jumping  
Get on the mic my man and break 'em off a little something

We got the funk doody don shit, clearly it's the bomb shit  
So recognize me, kids memorize me  
Everyday, I be scrounging, really I be lounging  
I play the down low, very very incognito  
Aries is my sign, I know that I can rhyme  
Sometimes I rhyme in riddles, plus I make the honeys wiggle  
Intellect is the major, some heads like to wager  
The skills on the hill, overlooking dollar bills  
Man, you're crazy, thinking you can phase me  
The Ab doesn't study mere nonsense, money  
Life seems to need me, MCs seem too cheesy  
With their doody ass renditions of defeating competition  
I rock to the roll man, yes, I'm a soul man  
Bet your bottom dollar Vinia will make you holler  
As you stand at attention, did I forget to mention  
MCs will give me twenty if I sense that they act funny  
Lyrics are abundant, right there, I sound redundant  
Just mentioning the fact that the area is fat  
I dwell in the under, so honey it's no wonder  
That I get plenty of tail, well I even get white  
I'mma bet hitting head crack, there money, take that  
Breaking niggas off, cut their bank, then I'm off  
While my Nikes match my Lo hat, beat joint is mad fat  
Got the cutter of the box if a kid think he's ox  
For tier means creator, the poetry relator  
It's hemmed like Betsy Ross, let me tell you who's the boss

Queens got a...  
Brooklyn got a...  
Bronx got a...  
Staten Island got a...  
Long Island got the zone  
Jersey got a...  
Philly got a...  
Milwaukee got a...  
L.A. got a...  
Oaktown got the zone