

Master Fard Muhammad

Busta Rhymes

Have mercy for the spirits still prayin' for me
Times hard, so forgive me if I smell funny
Sleeping in cars, it be real with no hotel money
Louis Vuitton, you just get it 'cause your man want it
Pictures and captions let me know that you will tell somethin'
Middle school, bitches used to call me Bruce Bruce
Now it's stretch Maybachs and the coupes, too (Maybach)
Like jewels, I'm just tryna pack a deuce-deuce
Diplomats, Arabic how I'm makin' my moves
Road to riches, fuckin' bitches in my favorite shoes
She thought I had a seizure, told her April fools
Fuck a lawsuit, bitch I'm tryna make the news
Master Mohammed sold silks goin' door to door
Givin' knowledge to the brothers fed who wanted more
We a nation of brothers, such a wonderful force
Go straight to the Quran if you wanted the source
I know God so proud you becoming the boss
Cold world with the flows, keep a nigga raw
We was sleepin' on the floors when they used to storm
I just wanna get a home for my only mom
This a dream to make her proud of her only son
This a dream to make her proud of her only son
Make her proud of her only son
This a dream to make her proud of her only son
And I'm number one (Maybach Music)

Look at my Piguet, yo, it's about that time
Light sparkle off my jewelry, it's about that shine
Money bust out every pocket, it's about that grind
I school them dudes, especially when a nigga third eye blind
Can't give a fuck about what's yours, only concerned 'bout mine's, nigga
They steerin' like all of this hypnosis it's heavy
If looks could kill, I'd probably die countless deaths already
Gillette razor-sharp shooter, shootin' star like a comet
Swag gave birth to millions like Master Fard Muhammad, boss
Lookin' relaxed like I don't wanna be bothered
I thank God for the blessings of paths paved
As I journey through a jungle of lions so unscathed
Until I speak in tongues when I visit my aunt's grave
And hustle like a genius with strength of a man's slave
It gets deeper while he's singing his praise, walk with me now
I bless the hood while I keep on bangin' 'em harder
Unconditional a love as a daughter's love for her father
And dream, flying through the clouds on the planes that I charter
And documentin' moments in time, becomin' a martyr
While I merge, the corporation's expandin' a little larger now
For the sole purpose, my people can all eat
Through the desperate folks occupying up Wall Street
But I'm torn while in the studio, givin' you all heat
And their ignorance is bliss, busy sayin' they born street
On their hands and knees just like they walkin' on four feet
Damn, look what they really turnin' us into
A savage smellin' blood while malfunctionin' in the mental
With baggage through the mud that they draggin' until they settle
I ration up success when I'm sniffin' a rose petal
If you violate the truth, your body with feel the metal
Listen to these words with the power to fuel rockets

Just in the same time it's so perfect for me drop this
It's getting to the point where they beggin' the kid to stop it
It's hard to honor such requests when you're bathin' in profit
Witness shit I said that's come to pass they calling my prophet, lord
Special how I touch the people when I'm speakin'
So precious like a moment of watchin' a baby sleepin'
Infectious like opponents that's always catchin' a beatin'
From journeys that I travel and missions I be completin'
Put the mic down and leave it with mama for safe keepin'

Hahahaha, wow (Wow)
Let me hear that shit again, son

Take notes!
Write it down, get a pad
Learn motherfuckers, learn from a God emcee
Ain't too many left
That's right, there's only a few out there, y'all
Motherfucker, everybody talkin' 'bout Busta Rhymes
Bussa-Bust, a man you trust
In Bust we trust
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
The only nigga we trust is Bussa-Buss