

**N.T.**

**Busta Rhymes**

For real though who really got sick flow?  
On the edge got the ledge hangin' out of the window  
Bird chest niggas with ya winderous fearaf  
Fuck around you'll be against me the size of a meal sack  
Puny little punks better hit the gym  
But that doesn't mean nothin to the heart within  
You cramped up you and your team I'm amped up  
And you asses can't dim my beam  
My shine what the fuck is on your mind?  
Little weakling rappers better hit the grind  
Other brothers ain't motivated they can't do it  
Not only did I penetrate it I ran through it  
My music comes on and we mosh at the dance  
Inside of your mind or inside of my pants?  
Musical intentions that we have is vast  
You sick? Drink a NyQuil when I'm bed on your ass  
Oh well then here comes the gelatin  
Tips on some sugars but you yap on your cell to friends  
Now your party is completely blown  
Real name is Kamal I'm in "complete me" zone  
It's rap time for you that means nap time  
Reachin for my joint? What the fuck, I'mma clap mine  
Singin songs a sixpence with sit tensed  
Surprised your ass is the end like the sixth sense  
Heavy hitters knockin shit out the park  
You didn't even really play tell me why did you start  
Spittin' sharp blades laced with bleach  
You wanna play around kid I'm not a walk at the beach  
A stroll in the park or your fuckin playground  
Put on your headphones and tell me how grenades sound  
Put on your walkmase and go underneath the town  
Q-Tip abstract how I gets down

All my bitches, dance if you know that you damn sure  
Let your pussy drip on the dance floor if you wanna  
(Get down)  
Fuck that niggas will bust gats  
Better lit a make for their rush that cuz they wanna  
(Get down)  
Flip this piano sick shit  
(Get down)  
Chill you can get off my dick and  
(Get down)  
While I'm on the hook get on your good foot  
And blow up the spot for all of you niggas cuz that's how we  
(Get down)

Comin with the brand new quickly we pan to  
The young black man with intentions to ban you  
Seems that people need an aid today  
So many fade away, so many fiend to stay  
I really rhyme cuz I feel I should say things  
While the fraudulent acts rap just so they cop rings  
Or maybe because when they was young  
They was fronted on and left alone to have their own fun  
Now they're all grown up to be assholes  
I'm giving you the rope will you tie some lassos?

You swing dangling from peach trees  
While I sip my Daiquiris in the south west breeze  
Writings so exciting the pen it keeps  
Drippin out jings that's converted to hymns and them  
People be hummin em from now to their next of kin  
My family is starving? You know they want me to win  
We forfeit nigga please get off it  
Send the check in my name to my office  
Mutombo in the lane yo I toss it  
Abstract comin through witness the bomb shit