Oh No

Busta Rhymes

Bitch, what's the problem?
Fuck you talkin' 'bout, my nigga? I got 'em
(Dready)
I got 'em

Bitch, what's the problem?
Fuck you talkin' 'bout? Nigga, I got 'em
Need I remind 'em? They must've forgotten
Fuck this bitch up from the top to the bottom
Kill 'em all 'til they decay and they rotten
Whip shit I can't pronounce, just know it's foreign
Spaceship outside and the fiber is carbon
I'm making 'em sick again, bitch, go 'head, vomit
Bitch, what's the problem?
Fuck you talkin' 'bout? Nigga, I got 'em
Me takin' L's, that talk is so uncommon
And shit, hide they shit before my niggas rob 'em
You better off dead or probably playin' possum
And stay on the ground 'cause there's no better option
Then fuck up this bitch with another concoction
Clear out the block with a blare from the shotgun (Shotgun)
Bitch, what's the problem?
Fuck you talkin' 'bout, my nigga? I got 'em
Clown niggas from miles away, we still spot 'em
Man, fuck around and end up on a milk carton
Nigga wonderin' who shot him
Grave located, don't post these niggas garden
Pop niggas up, now watch how I'ma rock 'em
I chop a brick up, now watch how they gon' cop 'em
I mop the clique up on top of how I flop 'em
Get got in your gut no matter how I drop 'em
Plot against us, then watch how we just stop 'em
What we 'posed to do? Nigga from the bottom
Plant the money tree and get the money when it blossom
How the fuck is they gon' stop him?
Clout thirsty niggas on the 'gram, we block 'em
Pull up and watch the way the bitches flock 'em

(Flocka! Waka Flocka!)
Most you niggas really caca (And)
Get the pass and meet Mavaca (And)
Bitch, you know I keep the choppa (And)
Every single time I pop up (And)
Pop, I make the ratchet pop-pop (Pop-pop-pop)
Pop, I make that ratchet pop-pop

Think you niggas can fuck with my clique? I say, "Oh no, no" (No)
How could he be better? Nigga could be never, oh no, no (No)
Fuck the building up, promoters screaming out, "Oh no, no" (No)
Until they shut us down, they got every hood fiending like, "Oh no, no" (No)

Bitch, what's the problem?
Fuck you talkin' 'bout? Nigga, I got 'em
(Watch how I) How I wack 'em and I sock 'em
Outer space with it how I Mr. Spock 'em
Then cop me a planet, fuck it up like Saddam
Batmobile whippin', pullin' up to Gotham

Chamomile sippin', countin' blood with Pac-Man
Gotta chill, bitches know I beg your pardon (Your pardon)
Bitch, what's the problem?
How we fuck shit up, my nigga? I got 'em
Y'all niggas know that what we do is awesome
You're better off leavin', purchase you a coffin (A coffin)
You gon' thank me in the morning
You know I keep shootin', the gun barrel scorching
Lay you to rest and spin the Wheel of Fortune
Do shit that keep all of you niggas talkin'
Bitch, what's the problem?
Fuck you talkin' 'bout, my nigga? I got 'em
Fuck shit up here and all the way to Scotland
And bruck him up where there's no reason to pop him
And talk my shit clear while every speaker knockin'
Motherfucker got 'em flockin'
I talk to the streets, that be my final calling
Walk and go sleep, that be your final warning

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