

Otis

Busta Rhymes

The Dog is back baby,
Buss (go hard or go home)
Buss (Dog, wattup?)
Buss these niggas in they fucking head!

I'm right here dog, fo'real
You know how we do
It is not a fucking game!

Any you niggas got a doctor in the house

I'm taking the mic, fuck who's next
Two niggas reppin' the R, X and X
My niggas ain't on no rap shit, my nigga clap shit that quick?
Yeah, we on that shit

'Bout to roundhouse kick you muthafucking niggas face off
My voice so big you can turn the fucking bass off
Wanted for lots of murders lately, cops around the place off
I'm bussin' DMX up in this bitch, you better take off

Went away for a while, jail, prison
Gettin' down for real, fuck it, livin'!
Don't worry 'bout what condition I'm in
Cats cant survive half the places I've been

And while a lot of muthafuckers sit and watch the throne killa
We in the booth blackin' dog, welcome home nigga
We spazzin' in this bitch, while we keeping the crowd hyped
Remind em like what this shits supposed to sound like
Dawg, I pulled up in front of the jail to picked you up
Convoy of whips with 'bout 30 bitches in the trunk
Come on,

They sayin' locked down is easy
But a nigga like me is greasy
Population or PC?, Check my 5 nigga?, see when I'm on
Feedin' niggas with that thang then I'm gone

Most you niggas talk too much, puttin' police on 'em
Bunch of blabber mouth ass niggas: Jackie Gleason
I dig my foot in ya face, putting my cleats on
You niggas off, steady watchin' me putting the streets on

You need to think cause I got on and changed, something changed?
Bitch, I am the streets, whats my name?
I've been trying to stay sucka free but look where the suckers be
Had the [?] under me, can't a muthafucka breath

I know you baggage claim rapper niggas, just carry my luggage
And I take great pleasure whenever it's time to punish
Incinerate a rhyme, let me throw they ass in the rubbish
I don't give fuck what they think, you niggas know that I run this
You niggas can see just what it is and how I'm on it
How I fuck ya money up and be the foulest nigga

Fall back cause all that noise you making

Only let me know you boys is faking
Let me know that everything you got is mine for the taking
Before I leave you dead and stinking
Look here, I don't play games, I don't say names
Jump through with the guns out, (BLLAAP) spraying lames
I don't take aim, hit the whole crowd
(ch't-ch't boom, ch't-ch't boom)
I shoot loud

Ya'll niggas know my M.O, I kill ya little boy
Heatseeker missle, whistle seek and destroy
You ain't ready for the stand off
And while a dog shooting, I'm chopping a nigga hand off
Funny little nigga, see the way I treat 'em
Talk shit when I fuck niggas, than I beat 'em
And if you run around, I whoop ya ass, cuckoo
Don't-talk-back when ya fathers talking to you
These corny niggas is waving surrender flag banners
Taking no prisoners, pussy, I'm teaching ya ass manners
Fuck y'all up up bad, bitch, more bangers
And air 'em out to dry like we left 'em on clothes hangers
I'm sickly as hell, eat ya body up: cancer
Who the nicest in the spot, ya'll already knowing the answer
Then I listen to niggas talk and they fill me up with laughter
These niggas say they thug but be looking more like a dancer
There's something that you niggas need to know, its so important
that I ain't the one to fuck with homie, I'm tired of talkin'!