

Renaissance Rap

Busta Rhymes

I don't care who first or who last
I just know y'all betta rock dis at da drop of a dime, baby!
(Renaissance...)
I don't care what chy'all say or what chy'all do
But you got to be finished befo' the music is through...

I don't think they heard me, hold up..
..So here we go, now
It be the "Midnight Maurader" on the scene
Geographically earthed in a place called Queens
I was formed with my principles, way I displayed
When I used to cool out where all the other kids played
Cause I was way too ill, I would hone my skill
Go out in the park and let my chemicals spill
Right there, on Farmers Boulevard, I made my mark
Two dudes, brothers would dip from us, me, and NARCS
And then my, legend would grow on the A-train line
Where rappers would gather to see my blowin nicks and dimes
It was me, Big, Pete, Tanya, and Sa [?]
When in the heat of the cypher, I was not liable
For all the casualties of the dutty MCs'
I split the train car like Moses did the Red Sea
Get it in ya head, we gon' rock the dead
Night of the living MCs', the weak ones fled
C'mon Bus..

Yo, yo, God body, wise intellegence
Smack niggas and wrestle with elephants
My beloved respect my benevolence
Comin like missles, the issue is this
Be the shit you can't rebel against
Then I sniff out you niggas that be hidin in bushes - whassup?
And strangle niggas like poisonous octopuses - shut the fuck up!
Back with hazardous weathers and blizzards
As I spit, stickin out my tongue like an iguana lizard
At you corny niggas, Animal Planet rap, Wildlife
Stabbin you in yo' back wild nice (Ahhhh!)
While I hunt and eat you niggas like food, leavin you bleedin
BEATS - rattle the speakers, like some buffalo stampedin
If you don't understand what I'm sayin
Lyrically I'm like goons acci-
DENTALLY beatin you like gorillas playin (Ha ha!)
Bitches know when I spit, I be seducin 'em
Countless money with diamonds that's buried in Jerusalem
The Renaissance

WHOOO, that Busta Rhymes right there
I don'- look like sendin Raekwon in here
Where Raekwon at?

Aiyyo, aiyyo, squeezin Johnny Walker neck up in the Benzo freezin
The head-long cock block pumpin is easy
Poison medals on my neck wrists and arms
Louie luggages is bronze, a big bag of D, Happy Kwanz'
Together we the Chi-Lites to twists of the O'Jays
One line from miss'll have you leanin like roach spray
Poison up on holstery, my boys in Mrs., our choice

Booklyn, Shaolin whylin in the Royces
Old Gold at the Golden Globes, my robe hitin the cement
Chef in the buildin, yep and he been
A thousand one goons at the Rumba
Certified clients, drug money and sum'thin up giants
Yo, it's the Tarzan cocaine clan in the area
Guerrillas in Louie hats, the more, the merrier
Take mines, take a hunnid nines
We be runnin out of rhymes, never bullets
Try to front and you mines
Renaissance...

(WHOOOOOOOOO-WHEEE!!!)

A-go off...

Let me spaz, let me spaz (c'mon)
Though they call me Weezy F., you gon let me pass
So ahead of my time with my next week ass
Money on the dinner table like let's eat cash
And I do it for the killers and the hunnid dolla billas
And from now on, I don't think you should stunt without a million
Dollars in the bank, I got money in the bank
Now throw yo' hands in the air if yo' pussy don't stank
You got a bullet and a shank, I got a bullet and a tank
I got fur, in my boots, and the hoody on the minks
Stop sweatin me, you should follow me, I'm directin it
Other fools break it down, I be dissectin it
EVER since I made it up out of middle America
Everybody wanna be in my genital area
But you better stay away from my chemical barrier
Weezy, baby, straight out the Cesarean, nigga
(What's it called man?) Oh yeah...(Hah?)
"Renaissance Rap"

MAN, I ain't gon give y'all my microphone no more!
Cause y'all tear it up when you get it
Lemme see who you have
Now, you have Q-Tip, you have Busta Rhymes
You have Raekwon the Chef, you had Lil Wayne on here
Man, I ain't givin y'all my microphone no mo'
Cause y'all tear it up when you get it
I just said, get a lil' somethin before the beats GO...