

# 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...

(WHOOOOOOOOOO-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...