

# Slap

Busta Rhymes

I go on and on and on and  
Don't approach me, I back the ratchet, that's a warnin'  
Yeah, hahaha  
Y'all gon' appreciate this slap today  
Taheem Allah, King Asia had it, galore  
AKA Buss' Rhymes, Big Daddy Kane, and the motherfucker  
Yo, we in the motherfucker this evenin'  
Rest in peace Biz Mark'  
Rest in peace to all of our fallen soldiers  
Rest in peace to PnB Rock, look  
Look, somebody polish my crown  
And put it back on my motherfuckin'—  
Yo, yo

We on course now, back with the force, respect the boss  
Y'all stood off, shit leak out your head, like pasta sauce  
Who's to blame? (Uh) Burden this bitch and bang a flame  
Ayo, we back (Conglomerate, bitch), you know the name (Ayo)  
You're ridin' on empty, you should refuel the amigo  
Most you niggas is finished, now pop ya self Plaxico  
Passed it though, cook you and serve you, like a casserole  
And lay you out on the street and display you, like a fashion show  
Sorry, but I have to go, my spitter's full of rockets  
And I'm done with laying niggas in quadrilateral boxes  
Compatible with toxins, the TEC's jam electrical  
Will reflect the image of niggas gettin' chopped with a thousand options  
The shit that I can concoct is, mixed like type-two diabetes  
Mixed with high cholesterol, artery blockage (Haha)  
You better call the cops, kid  
Or quickly turn into one of them niggas abroad  
As a headless or solvable hostage  
Next throw the coke around, like them niggas in moshpits  
A lot of niggas think they got it, but nigga just pop shit  
We 'bout to give niggas bangers, controllin' the block its  
The fact that I'm holdin' a rock while I'm throwin' a knot, bitch

Yeah, I see these niggas still lyin' on they raps and buyin' they own plaque  
s (Huh?)  
I'm so relaxed, I don't reply if you don't at  
Killer been chillin', but somebody die and the bro snap  
He dyin' to go "Grraht"  
That's when y'all niggas gon' be dyin' to go rat  
In and out of jail, so we don't mind if we go back (Huh)  
Got the rap business down to the science, don't know cap (Woo)  
Hall of fame and we're just analyzin' my old stats (Ah)  
Glidin' on those tracks (Ah), My catalog in it's entirety all slap  
And my impact is like that of a ball bat  
Swing from Aaron Judge, bring Canary studs (Talk to 'em)  
Yeah, Mercedes concept, where you get that from?  
You talkin' online and I ain't worried 'bout that bum (Come on, man)  
I was bullshittin', then I three-peat back to back, uh  
Machine brought that feel back, how they ain't gon' jack, son? (Woo)  
I'm 'bout to go on my Kobe and Shaq run (Ah)  
Punch a nigga in the chest and get a collapse lung (Hahaha)  
Doat street, May block, you know where I'm at, uh (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)

Made a solemn oath to never stop gettin'  
Decades later, stay about business  
Spendin' wild since I ain't have a pot to piss in  
Tried to give em game, but they steady not listenin'  
Some of y'all got that Fetty Wap vision  
My third eye proved my F.N. carnation  
Move like the feds and hit every spot different  
Ha, when me and Buss' hit the block-, listen  
Let me try to spit it to you logically  
You got Kevin's heart but no state property  
I claim whatever in this here monopoly  
Park Place, Boardwalk, them Greens, I got the three  
Stop playin', y'all, I got a third sum eat  
But I left a spot at the table, it's common courtesy  
The urgency for currency certainly workin' me, purposely  
Even inadvertently, turnin' me into Hercules  
No laggin' and that's the dept of it  
If y'all don't know the roots to this, then let me Questlove it  
Instead of y'all livin' on a set budget  
Make sure that bag secure, next subject  
I ain't at the ATM to check luggage  
My bags carry on (It'll come to you later)  
'Cause I'm a real earner boy  
And you don't wanna turn the boy into a Nat Turner boy  
You 'bout to be a learner, boy  
Enjoy yourself until I Pop Smoke and Burna Boy  
In the story, no one goes after me  
I anchor tracks so you hear last from me  
Don't ask me to pass the mic', that's blasphemy  
Fuck I look like to y'all? DJ Cassidy

A big daddy, haha  
My man, my mellow  
Let's count this bread because you been the type of fellows  
Hahaha