

Untouchable

Busta Rhymes

Untouchable uncrushable gettin' gettin' mad blunted gettin' gettin' mad blunted I'm
Untouchable uncrushable I'm (New Crack City)
Untouchable uncrushable I'm
Untouchable uncrushable I'm (Flipmode nigga)
Getting mad blunted Getting' gettin' mad blunted I'm (Clinton Sparks)
Untouchable uncrushable I'm (We gon' do what it do baby)
Untouchable uncrushable I'm
Untouchable uncrushable I'm
Gettin' mad blunted gettin' gettin' mad blunted (New Crack City nigga)

Gettin' mad blunted on the piff and the kush (Uhuh)
Only thing tighter than my rhymes is the pus' (Okay)
We out in the got y'all se me do what it do
Gully broad so sicker love song 2
Ain't nothin' but the goodies when I'm openin' my mouth
It's 'cause I took a break the game and took it to the south
Super bitch you bringin' back don't need no spinach
Ten years done got it in without so much as a blemish, I ain't finished (Nop e)
Your whole hood beat (Yeah), and your too weak (Come on)
We got that shit that turn a full street to Wolf Creek
Get possessed with that Italy spirit
Have these bitches fucked up, losin' more than their hearin'
It get even worse if any men tes' her
You gon' come face to face with Winchesters
Bushmasters [?] shit you ain't into
Can't get 'em in the hood 'less you tell 'em I sent ya

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Untouchable uncrushable I'm (Shade 45)
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Gettin' mad blunted gettin' gettin' mad blunted I'm
Untouchable uncrushable I'm (My man Ronnie Mills)
Untouchable uncrushable I'm (S-Dot, Reeves)
Untouchable uncrushable I'm
Gettin' mad blunted gettin' gettin' mad blunted (Thursday night, eight to mi dnight)

I'm a [?] fellas
I see like winter weather
Nigga I made the work do that dirt for the cheddar
Got niggas on my tideam that hustle for that clideam
Hundred thousand dollar cars when we step up on the sidcene
The reason they all love me all across the world
I'm gangster, so I keep a gangster girl
Don't fuck around little youngin' I don't play that shit
I run up on you with your weapon straight spray that shit
You got it confused damagin' bruise dudes we shootout in Rolls
Get a [?] like Makaveli should call
Keeps it rugged and raw
On the block with the raw
We go to war with the law we stay bangin' the four (Brrap)
Have them niggas stretched out on they back
It's a G thing code of the streets thing we do this for real
Fuck niggas I don't care how they feel
Spliff Stee, my ghetto pastime is heal but nigga I'm

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Now there's a lot of pressure you niggas can't do me nothin'
You figure they stupid buggin' get clapped in the coupe for frontin'
Slapped on the stoop or somethin'
Back on my ruthless gunnin' and strapped while your crew be runnin'
From every bullet poppin' up out of the luger (Bussin')
Ain't shots at the music bumpin' (Bitch)
Bounce with the movement cousin (Quick)
I put the whack in with the new see how the dude we struttin'
I hotstep (See how we do) see how my crew be rushin'
Break dudes back of they head and heel of they boots be touchin'
Black like we in the buildin' and stack like a couple million
Act like you know the feelin' sell crack just to feed my children
Black, I ain't with' concealin' the truth while you busy stealin' the proof
That I have to offer the booth for the mass appealin'
Facts that I documented with' tracks that I monumented with clash that I hon
or godly level like an army destined to kill it is my profession and chill i
t's a small suggestion for real I can never stop so you probably would need
protection

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