

We Home

Busta Rhymes

Yo, see, usually we musically go until it's cool to be
Using our soulfully bodies as we abuse the beat
Move your feet and lose your seat happily, not unusually
Leaders are atomically boomin', exploding stupidly
Brothers working out open arms, rejoicing jubilantly
Every move I see y'all [?], it's all so cool to me
Now that I openly express my potency
I hope that you all stay acquainted like you supposed to be
Vocally I flows in each moment to show I openly
Ready for the world to rejoice, peacefully, hopefully
I'm normally known as the [?] MC, only me
But different yet from the first time of even knowin' me
We grow in [?] to grow in size, fitting appropriately
What, you thought you wouldn't reshape and grow urgently?
Life's on the line, every minute in time, certainly
The next best thing than this money is our currency

Yeah, as Dinco D would say, "I see"
I hope y'all niggas see this shit, too

Skylines evoke fly rhymes to kick like a habit
Never quit, got saliva to spit, it's automatic
Emphatic, no static, love the fabric
Irresistible to all like they all gotta have it
The outcome for suckers is worse than tragic
Gorgeous with the group, it don't get more graphic
As sharp as a knife, I'll take a stab at it
Whippin' the track, I'm terrific in traffic
In a class by myself just like Mr. Magic
Poetry performs to pop off at the pageant
LONS, yes, the flavor is erratic
Current like recent, it's all mathematic
Keeping it tight, it's a soulful tactic
Locked in a rubber room as if prophylactic
Craftin' and creatin' the new up in the attic
Reaching for the stars, now you know that we're galactic

LONS, it's only been 19 years since we've been back in the studio together
Y'all shouldn't be scared, y'all niggas should be frightened

See y'all niggas can hang your fucking plans up, make you niggas stand up
Hands up (Hands up), hands up (Hands up)
News clips, yes I give you new shit, you flip
Cruise ships, new whips, sailing from the tropics
See we back from vacationin', take 'em in
Let 'em all decide while I break and bend, if you with me then come on
Never the one to front on, run on
Special Ed. program in this bitch, niggas getting they dumb on
Then we blacken the spots till they turn the lights in the club on
I come to eat your food and get my grub on
Blood up on the dance floor (Yup), somebody got a cut
Beefin' in the club while niggas drink until they vomit up
VIPin' with a bunch of bitches while we chop it up
Security pick 'em up, buss boy, you mop it up
Back to counting this money with my niggas, it's nothin' though
If you ain't know it, now you know

Busta Rhymes:]

Okay, cool

We gon' leave y'all to figure out

What y'all need to figure out

But just know, Leaders of the New School is home