

We Taking Off

Busta Rhymes

Welcome to The Abstract and The Dragon Airlines
Can you quickly get out the aisle and take your seats please?
When you are finished putting your luggage or your bags
On the overhead bin, please close that lid on your overhead bin
And quickly take your seats and strap into your seat belts
Because we're taking off, yea...

Motherfucka confess it
Speak on they god and address it
Ya'll niggas already know
The way I go when I rep it
Before I come and I bless it
Before I beat em decrepit
And make these niggas respect it
I'm only here to correct it
But nigga just for the record
You see these stones in my necklace?
I ain't do none of that
Though that bitch was stressing me
In the back of my car
And when im finished with mami, shawty light my cigar
They can't believe I redid it
They say this shit is bizarre
Go get a drink at the bar
I'm thinkin' a bottle, oh shit
Despite I live like a czar
Can not see none of you niggas
My bat is too far, they shit is not up to par
They do not talk to me star
Now pass me a bud of the kush
Go ahead and open the jar
Dread growin', I'm back on my Bob Marley, where my guitar
Hear the way the beat slap?
That be my brother Kamaal
We get together for ya'll
Now peep the way we ball

We taking off
You see us
We taking off
We taking off(off off off)
I said that we taking off
Never off of the work
Never off of the grind
But we taking off
You see us
We taking off
We taking off(off off off)
But we taking off
Never off of the work
Never off of the grind

Now what's the matter with ya'll
Yes I'm talkin' to ya'll
Some of ya'll frown and look at me
And see and wish I would fall
You need to stop staring at me

You need to look at the wall
Or you can look down the hall
Or you can get down and crawl
And while I continue to ball
You can go shop at the mall
Mad cause I tell the truth
And now these guys wanna brawl
They mad cause we do it big
And all ya'll niggas small
Can't fuck with me, not even a little
Matter of fact, overall
Stop being so fuckin' mad
I'm here to make niggas happy
By giving you all that shit
Bitches callin' me Papi
Rockin Givenchy Denim
Even I wanna slap me
For being so disrespectful with it
Nigga get at me
Overseeing the signs
I'm only leaving with dimes
That's real big for the
Little times I invest in the club
Be at the top of the mountain
Flying high like a dub
See how we risin' above, doing the shit that we love