

Busted

Living Legends

You busted
You busted
Shame on you
[?] RAW!

(I had seen you... what you was doin'... you nasty bitch!)

Boo I know what you did last summer
Hooked up that fool in his dark grey Hummer
Y'all was on a Sunset Strip you was just so quick
Didn't think nobody knew but I knew it yep
You'd be on the under with your dirt extra work with your secret
See secretly aligned with the underground's elitest
So I held a little survey asked about her foreplay
Five out of six homies knew about the whoring
We all touring these freaks keep on orbiting
Absorbing performing artists in the darkness
Alluring and polished play innocent and honest (no)
But the (novest?) professional erotic (band-aids?)
My band played many a hot night
The type where the drawls just fall off the top right
Fools go new crews roll
Whose next get sex but whose crew told

Busted...
Talkin' about here... I was talkin' to her too...
Talkin' about she was...
She got on the Hiero bus last time they was out here...

Now if I ever had a reason to continue with the smoke
The stress relief you best believe of when the topic roll
I rock and roll across the plains a tumbling tumbleweed
With dirt up in my veins I heard my name
And now the game it's in effect I move my piece
This bitch here is mine
A rare pure design designated for my sign
Resignating in your mind
But when they moving from behind they take my shine
But I strike back like empires with highed standards
To root to loot to mate but it's a sin
To fuck around with ten different dicks in the same family of men
Here come the comedy again don't you know?
Mouse be talking bout you when you gone
Claim your personality just a pawn before the dawn has risen
Women come to talk and get the aharrrrrrg
Chokin' on your spit actually chokin' on my spit
I release on an amplified device
Now that I've been layed-
off I'm on the prowl so watch your ass [*whispered*]

Man, same old story...
She over there talkin' about she cool with Rhymesayers and Def Jux...
She tryin to tell me her cousin is talkin' to Aceyalone...

Where y'all folks been gone when the snowblower's been
Lost in the wind having customers for friends
Spend a lotta time selling

While them other niggas dwellin on their rap careers never hittin'
He didn't want that he rather be selling the dope sack
He'd never had no time to come out to write a rap
As long as them fiends kept spendin' 50's 100's
More cash give him more ass
A little dough maybe and you'll drop the price baby
Yes maybe not cause your boy was getting hot
They said the police watch him
Now the street's talking about
The majority of his fans got Aesop Rock in the walkman
Living a thug's life
With too much love for the white girls
Control over his world in the night
Trying to find the best price
At the expense of the music and they moving in the rap rights
Rap tight within the money
And temptations fight for his soul in a night flight...
And you know that ain't right... yep

Didn't know what the fuck he was doing [?].
Not makin no new songs...
Life's hard tryin to pay rent...
CD's wasn't sellin next thing you know you're on the streets...
Friends, you know, somebody's got the price
Next thing you know you tight, you in, you can't get out...