

The Next Shit

Pharoahe Monch

Yea yea yea yea yea
We bout to introduce the next millennium rap now
Pharoahe Monch (yea yea yea), Busta Rhymes (uh huh uh huh)
That'll bang your head shit (right right yea yea yea)
What you talkin' about yea

The next millennium rap now everybody listen
Condition yourself to be knocked out of commission
Watch out! Cause this is a new world transmission
Permission to shine now our time to glisten

The next shit
Yo yo yo, I scatter data that'll hammer niggas' catamaran then,
Around yaks cop figures like not stranded
The last batter to hit, blast shattered your hit
Smash any splitter or fastball, that'll be it
Didn't figure the ridiculous flow will hit vigorously
Triggerin' a rigorous amount of energy
That'll be definitely needed defeat a foe who retreated
Back, see no need to repeated it
Permission to shine, stop this and rewind that
Back, listen and find Pharoahe Monch, the rhymes phat
You run up on him without a gun I run up on 'em
Excel 'em, sell 'em verbally never seen me comin'

Yo Busta Rhymes, the imperial lyrical you heard
Kill like the one syllable word
The criminal of the lyrical killin' you pitiful
Niggas, leavin' you in a critical, destroyin' ya mineral
Back when I was scramblin' in front of the deli
Live on a cellly, which was in a street rippin' on shiny for really
Now every milli-second I try to reckon with niggas for jackin'
Like they really thuggin' I ain't even checkin'
How niggas could try to act like they really them foul niggas
Fuckin' with now niggas, better bow niggas
For moderation niggas going to hibernation
While I legally chase the situation of hyper nation
Now that we credible I require a busy schedule
Collectin' federals being put on a pedestal
While we clean and we keep on your feedin', you know the meanin'
Start to holla and screamin' and teach you how to stop bleedin'

10:pack a stadium and let's begin
9:new millennium rhymes by design now
8:get it straight no time to hesitate
7:universally bonded with all my present men
6:rub on ya titties, guys hold ya dick, yea
5:stop holdin' the wall and get live
4:yea yea yea 3 come on come on 4 3 2 1

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