

N.T.

Q-Tip

[Q-Tip]

for real though who really got sick though
on the edge got the ledge hangin' out of the window
bird chest niggas witcha winderaus fearaf
fuck around you'll be against me the size of a meal sack
cutie little bucks better hit the jake
but that doesn't mean nothin to the heart within
you cramped up you and your team I'm amped up
and you asses can't dip my B
my shine what the fuck is on your mind?
Little weaklink rappers better hit the grind
Other brothers ain't motivated they can't do it
Not only the opposite train it I ran through it
My music comes on and we march at the dance
Inside of your mind or inside of my pants?
Use a cruel intention that we have is bad
You sick? Drink a NyQuil when I'm bed on your ass
Oh well then here comes the gellatiin
Tips on some sugars but you yap on your sellin' friends
Now your party is completely blown
Real name is Kamal I'll make him peep his own
It's rap time for you that means nap time
Preachin from my joint what the fuck I'ma clap mine
Singin songs in 6 pens with sit tensed
Surpised your ass is the end like the sixth sense
heavy hitters knockin shit out the park
you didn't even really play tell me why did you start
spittin sharp blades lakes with bleach
you wanna play around kid I'm not a walk at the beach
a stroll in the park or your fuckin playground
put on your headphones and tell me how granades sound
put on your walkmase and go underneath the town
Q-Tip abstract how I gets down

Chorus: [Busta Rhymes]

All my bitches, dance if you know that you dam sure
Let your pussy drip on the dance floor if you wanna

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Busta Rhymes]

fuck that niggas will bust gats

better lit a make for their rush that cuz they wanna

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Busta Rhymes]

blick shit piano sick shit

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Busta Rhymes]

chill you can get off my dick and

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Busta Rhymes]

while I'm on the hook get on your good foot

and blow up the spot for all of you niggas cuz that's how we

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Q-Tip]

comin with the brand new quickly we pant to
the young black man with intentions to band you
see that people need a age in things
so many paid their ways so many phean to stay
I really rhyme cuz I feel I should say things
By the fortualte act rap just so they cop rings
Or maybe because when they was young
They was fronted on a life alone that have their own fun
Now their all grown up to be assholes
I'm giving you the rope will you tie talassels?
You swing dingaling for peas trees
While I sip my Dacarees in the south west breeze
Writings so exciting the pen it keeps
Drippin out jings that's converted to hems and them
People be hummin in formality next to kin
My family is starvin? You know they want me to win
We forfeit nigga please get off it
Second checkin my name to my office
Mutombo in the lane yo I toss it
Abstract comin through witness abortion