

Get Busy

Wax

Aw shit. You done fucked up now, man. You done put two of the best rappers in the same motherfucking place at the same motherfucking time? You gon' feel this. Break out the champagne glasses and the big red drugs. We gon' take advantage of all whack-ass rappers, man.

Ayo, Wax. Tell them how you get busy.

Ayo, I get busy like the Panama Canal
Waterway overflowers on Mother's Day – no other way
That I know but to stay at the workbench
Grinding, laboratory filled with a burnt stench

The wordsmith with his pen in his hand
He gon' earn this if he gotta live in his van
Picture Dr. Manhattan on angel dust
Treating rappers like graham crackers and sandcastles – I'll break them up

Wake them up out of the slumber the game's put them in
Have them take a number and wait 'til we make it good again
Turn never should have been into broken margarita glass rims
Salty old has-beens and trash bins

Ask ten people what's the key to rap
I guarantee they say Prince E or Wax
So I'll leave them flat. This ain't a Wheezy track
It's an atom bomb, camouflage – all you see is green and black
Wax. It's a wrap

Let me get busy. Let me get busy

I'm tired of cats who want credit
If your rap's sick, I can't tell it
Like fat chicks who say they pregnant
You got rhymes – but mine better
Been down in '97, I would know
I got a spot in my wine cellar

It's true, I've been down there
That shit is fucking weird
He got Pac's head on the wall like it's a fucking deer
Up in here, whack rappers duck in fear
What's a little buck of rules to some bona fide buccaneers

Buccaneers with rusty rifles and hunting gear
Fucking grimy – we ain't cut our beards in a couple years
When I wanna chill, all I gotta do is grab my lucky pills
Where the fuck I put them? I think they're under here

My mother fears that I'm losing my mind
Cause I keep a couple ears from you losers that rhyme
It's time to rhyme a neck and wear them to the Thanksgiving supper And ice grill my uncle like, "You're next, motherfucker"

Let me get busy. Let me get busy

Lockla busy. Lockla busy. Lockla busy

Let me get busy. Let me get busy

You see, me and Prince EA
We are the active ingredients in the recipe for disaster
Immediate catastrophe for MCs gonna be bastards
We be doing deeds dastardly – come on

You see us ballast
It's automatic habit with me and Wax on these tracks
Capturing passion of real rap and assassins
We've been tracking the data and extrapolating patterns to take the planet
Cause we the fucking best in the name of Khaled
You can't hack it cause you rap shitty, bro
You gonna make me snap if I hear that trash anymore
And if I'm strapped with the chrome, I'm popping it off
You getting shot in your car like a Wax video

So when they asked me to flow on the BET or Rap City show
I got into my car, crashed into the door
Then I drove down the basement steps
Parked the whip in the booth
Stood in the hood and started spitting the truth

Needless to say, they didn't have me back on the show
When they finally cleaned up the mess from the whole wreckage incident, they
didn't put Z on there. And he brought a bunch of tigers with him, boy, And
lions. They ate the whole camera crew up. Just like we eat these rappers, so
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