

The Buzz

Wyclef Jean

Ya'll know what it is man, April Showers Mixtape
Man we take it to a new level man
It's beyond the movie, man we do epics, ya'll know what it is
Speakin of epics, I wanna bring my new female emcee
She straight out of Trinidad but we're in Brooklyn
Check out, she go by the name of Trini man
Dangerous

Yo I like a nigga that lives at the hand of a crazy bitch
'Cause I'm crazy bitch and I'm crazy sick
And I swear sometimes I be feelin like me
So whatever that be on some Jay-Z shit
Copy with the pon that ego, lil pussy T-Bow
And the game better be with me,
Because my pussy's evil
Plus my flow got a fever, if I fuck Rick Ross he might have another seizure
I'm a gamma rose, watch while I'll give head to Wiz Khalifa
I'm no diva but for Franklins I would turn into a freak
I'm no Lady Luck, but I eat bitches alive
So fly, pop the shit in the sky
Might tie a nigga down and piss in his eye
Far from honey, they call me the queen of the hive
I spit it nasty light that bitch that gave that shit to Easy
And I could bring the super freak out of Jeezy
And I could add baby to his Weezy
He gonna need a pump just to eat me
I'll leave Santana harder than the hammer,
Come on and whipe it up with his bandana
Lands ain't safe, I had lung like Drake along
Made Gucci Mane tattoo my pussy on his face
I stay with that Mary Jane, I be getting more hits than Beats by Dre
And I would turn into a bagel like Anita for the cake
Got that Waka Flocka flame, they gonna have to let it burn
I usher niggas out the game so hate it or love it
I'm in the game

I'm getting my buzz on,
We're getting our buzz on
Puff puff pass, puff puff pass
I got twenty on the buzz
I got sixty on the buzz,
I got a young on the buzz
Puff puff pass, puff puff pass

Ayo my shit is heavy and most of y'all emcees light
And I say that with no disrespect to MC life
It's T R I N, they can't see I
If I was 20, still creepin, seen the Tunechi ah
I am hot enough to turn Chris Brown
I'm like a nigga with a real Big Sean
No mercy to the fake, coppin shot Trevon
Pour some liquor out, bottom's up, Trey Songz
I'm every rapper's delight, Sugar Hill
I'm the meek that will inherit the earth and Meek Millz
Jet life, Curren\$y is my aim,
Call in vain but I'm a spend it no 2 chains
We are young but I'm making no fun

If Chris cab it to the crib to bring me Rihanna's gun
And I will take the chicken to the slaughter house and let the codeine murder her
Just call me Venus or Serena when I'm servin her
All hands on deck, you gotta love it
I should put a condom on the mic and then fuck it
Nah fuck it, I should go Lady Gaga, meat suit boy, rush all over the track
And it's gon be a wrap when I leave this game lookin like Jim Jones in the Suicide Pack

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Without the J I'm Cole (d)
Matter of fact, Nat King Cole
I spit it so slick but you could say I'm slow
I'm tryina to it big like I'm holding big soul,
It's gonna get Mobb Deep on the ready
I'm bout to put this game on luck, three Grammy
How many lames get killed? Many
Many money, many many many
Many man get killed for the money
Mama say, mama ma husa like Feni
I mean fella
If order mac and cheese show the bitch that Trini with French Montana
My rhymes is nasty, Nas like calm in a movie
Death, now the preachers done broke up, Wyclef

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Yea that was Trini right there man
She bringing some of that 90's vibe back, you know?
Late 90's, early 2000's, you know what I mean?
Shout out to all them females emcees out there, nothing but respect