

# Busta Rhymes, Fuck That (Interlude)

[Spliff Star (Busta Rhymes)]

("What?") "Check it, what, ha. ("Noooooo!") Ha! Ha-ha, ha! ("Hey  
("I don't care! What?! What?! Uhhh...")

It's the musical felon, the black John Lennon  
who keep the gat between the brief and the denim  
The way the world is headed, I can see how it's endin'  
but I'm gonna get this paper from now to armageddon  
My mental's too strict, my squad is too thick,  
I fucked up and slipped but I quickly caught a grip  
Since my man put me on, ("Eh-heh.") I took another route  
I'm wreckin' shows you know from here to over South  
Them mothafuckas know exactly talkin' about  
Spliff Star, see me on MTV  
Fuck that! I'm comin' to gain on Soul Train  
Now I'm gettin' paid like that nigga Damon Wayans  
Fuck that! No more stress on the brain!  
Fuck that! No more sellin' cocaine!  
I'm out there, I'm out there on the radio  
Catch me in the video doin' my thing  
Still smokin' crucial bang  
Just came off my P-O ("Yo!")  
I'm in my basement writin' 'nough flow  
That's right, my fuckin' brain's open  
Got you jealous niggas on the sides slopin'  
Smell the weed I'm totin'  
It's stink like skunks, I'm beatin' down you punks  
Now shut the fuck up! ("K up! 'K up! 'K up...")

[Busta Rhymes]

"Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo, what the-what the fuck is goin' on in my shit?! Ayyo,  
Spliff Star! How the fuck you up in my shit, got your fuckin' songs on my LP,  
nigga? Nigga, we know your shit comin' out in '98, mothafucka! Have patience!  
Mawfucka tryin' to bogart space on my LP..."