

# Busta Rhymes, Get Off Of My Block

(feat. Lord Have Mercy)

[Busta Rhymes:]

Just get off my block

Lord Have Mercy, Busta Rhymes. Flipmode Trilogy

A yo, we ain't familiar at all nigga

Don't like, go grab your gat and lets brawl at hall nigga

Straight fallin

When we use to chill up on park benches

My 20 block radius think we need some barb wire fences

Stop bitch niggas like you from easily trespassing

Nickel nine shine on your eye then you see fire blastin

Get off my premises

A yo Lord is you a friend of his

Mouth him back to John and show this nigga just who the winner is

The presence of a small town

I diminish and blemishes

And my player amps out like a game on my little sega genesis, ha

This inappropriate

Fuck is we takin for when we ain't even associates

Ass lyrical beatings

Straight trick or treating

What ya eatin

I ain't got no words for you

Fuck speakinm ain't part of my crew

Face look to brand new, who?

Niggas ain't even aloud to send my pass through

Can't chill on corner can't go up in my bull digger

Chill before I call Dinco to grab the qanco sinco

We don't give a fuck right now

We be hi caliber shit

Ya'll corny niggas must bow

We do unforgivable shit

We blow the spot any how, move

Ready for battle cause I'm refusin to lose

I'ma beat ya ass in front of nobody with nuthin to prove

Live nigga shit right there

Beware, stand clear

Many y'all niggaz is welcome here

[Chorus:]

Fuck is these niggas son

Get off my block

Yo I don't know none of these niggas du

Get off my block

Them niggas wanna sell there weed here

Get off my block

Yo how these unfamiliar corn balls

Get off my block

It's one of these niggas off my street corner

Get off my block

[Lord Have Mercy:]

Now who the fuck you beeeeeee? Landlord

Cradle la stainless for strangers

Vigilante, trigga stampedes

On the bulletproof for the crews

That lade this nigga ta hand breath

Move you off the block

The a orthodox general

Flash flood when a crowd

Patriotic for the intrepid style and reck more kids that's pitifal

Niggaaaaaaa, for ever trapped in danger

Emaciate when I take my razor

Sharp hears that scare herds

Niggaaaaaa, I'm from the wicked city

When chickens twist trees and dick tease

Breast feed  
Pet seeds with asthmatic chest we's  
Lord Have, cardiac arrest freeze  
Please, bastard handicap crews that stay soft  
It's mayor, ate off  
School your army, ya squad weak  
Remove four camps when I say  
Pumpin arms like nor plants  
I conquer and hold  
Home sweet home down with monster control  
Still they in the cut like runnin the coal  
And still we must bring the ruckus to all you motherfuckers  
Automatically, assault and battery  
We battle thieves that get tragically slap to sleep to relax the beef  
Collapse like weak cancerous lungs  
Scatter, we numb  
Blind feelin nap with jarred villain that alarm buildings  
Con scrimmage, woke up a lot of children  
Dirty ass venom village  
I finish and outsuns  
Then pulls like men is the malk of method vanesha blinds  
By all means necessary I reach for mine and lift golden towers from roof tops  
And give orders, rugged pound acre  
Drown violators in buckets of piss water  
[Chorus 3X]