

# Busta Rhymes, The Return Of Mansa Musa

Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Ayy, yo)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Ayy, yo)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Yo)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Push on his chest and see if he breathe)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (I called the ambulance already)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Jesus)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Bus)

It's the return of Mansa Musa (Mhm)  
We ain't changin' shit for the future (Okay)  
Shout my nigga Swizz the producer (Uh-huh)  
We got 'em hollerin' again like a rooster  
Take a couple pull off my hookah (That's right)  
Couple bottles, let them chill in the cooler (Yeah)  
Talk tough on your computer (Hah)  
You don't want me callin' my shooter, probably throw you off the roof, boy  
My bitch a twenty when it stone like Medusa (Voodoo)  
Grab a nigga, shorty a booster (Oh yeah)  
My warrior be movin' like troopers  
Most these corny niggas is putas  
While I fuck the bad bitch on house in a booster (Yeah)  
With pretty young friends, but shorty a cougar (Okay)  
I'm the father of this shit, you a junior  
Everything about me super

Gun blazing, I'm a soldier  
From Accra to Nova Scotia  
Run home, go tell your mother  
Go home, go tell your father  
Crown me now, I'm a warrior  
I'm a warrior  
Run home, go tell your mother  
Go home, go tell your father

I'ma tell you what I'm gon' do  
Set it off on 'em on the left  
Set it off on 'em on the right  
I'ma tear this bitch down tonight  
The head honcho  
Partyin' like we down in the Congo  
Shit that she only hear in the bando  
Charter the private to Morocco  
We be doin' this shit a lot, though  
Shorty back of the private, feedin' me Roscoe's  
Fill up a nigga like a pot roast  
She love my fragrance when it float up in her nostrils  
Let's hit 'em with another combo  
Fuck the talk, let's get back to the money pronto  
Sniff on this coke and get a snot nose  
This warrior leavin' shorty actin' like my truth

Gun blazing, I'm a soldier  
From Accra to Nova Scotia  
Run home, go tell your mother  
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Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Ayy)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Ayy)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Ayy)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Jeez)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Ayy)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa (Ayy)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Ayy)  
Ma-ma se, ma-ma Mansa Musa sa (Jeez)  
Jeez  
Damn (Right)  
Damn (Bus)  
Goddamn (Right)  
Woo  
Woah  
Woah  
Oh  
Damn  
Listen

Ma-ma se, ma-ma sa, ma-ma coo-sa  
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