

Busta Rhymes, There`s not a problem my squad

Come on, yeah
Villain, come on
Aight, I got this side right here
Take the side right there
Gonna do this, Busta bust
Come on, aight
Come on

Verse 1:

Pause, to the wall
With the dirty dog, will rap ya'll
If you aint with the bike, crotch
Till I break your jaw
Been tryin to knock us
Tryin to kill or stop us
Jack or pop us
Busta bust, they fakin
The cake is for the takin
Why they run in their face?
I'm lettin the plan bake
Formulate, now look at the plot
We got more and more shit that's hot
Show the rock, spot, clock or knock
Nigga da hole pot, ready or not?
We coming, natchin every number
With your hoe in da Benz o, dumba like a motherfucker
(Busta comes in)

Verse 2:

You can be my lady
You can even be my lolli pop sucka
The road long coming like the mad trucka
Lot of jealous niggas lookin funnier than Chris Tucker
God bless, oh yes
I stay fresh, full of finesse
My congress, show progress
Stylist, hit you with tha shit to digest
And this rhyme shit we be some of the world's finest
Your highness
Leaving corny niggas spineless
Attack it with the classic rhyme flow timeless (Ha Ha)

Chorus:

Not a problem my squad can't fix
We can do it in the mix
When your niggas talk trash
Your forget to bust ass
Cause you know we don't fuck around
When your niggas talk shit
Lay ya six feet under ground
Ground, gro, gro, gro, gro
When your niggas talk shit
Lay ya six feet under ground
Ground, gro, gro, gro, gro

Verse 3:

This is how we ride
Throw your hands from side to side
It's party time
And don't forget to get yours
Cause I'm a get mine (Who dat?)
The villain
Till I'm peelin a million
Ridin dirty
And bustin like thirty thirty
Till when I get in
Knowin that the shit is fucked
I'm still here to win

Chedda
If you aint a pilot than I think you better
Hang a little
What you got?
A sweater man
My niggam y life so cut like Kain
Real raw
Ya'll don't know shit about Jamal
Or what I'm in it for
Cash cards, fly whores and tours
Fillin my plate with no mess to no limits
The mother once in it
Has since froze frigid
Ballers and gimicks
Dick lickin
Chasin chickens
I match for the cash with the clickin
Grippin sho'
Then I'm dippin
Into whippin
High trippin
Verse 4:
Why you niggas hopping and skipping
I stick to clippin
Yo, accelerate on the gas
Move fast, blast!
Find a nigga foot in your ass
Colorful niggas let's keep the whole contrast
Flipmode is tha squad a news flash, bustin shit up
What the fuck? Nigga get up
Violate, niggas get their whole shit lit up
Break fool, niggas know the rules
Rap jewels, champagne bath, no more, we in the pool
Nigga caught a motherfuckin strain on the brain
Ridin on the train
I'm a whip a Benz in tha rain
Oversize click, on the rise
So realize
We be dem niggas that eat up all you funny little small fries
The franchise
Flipmode damagin all you fall guys
Yo I'm tired of niggas they full of true lies
No time
We got the right surprise
Need a new beginning
Need to get a baptise
You need to get a baptise
Word is bond
Chorus
Just party to tha shit like this come on
Just bounce to tha muthafuckin beat come on
Niggas don't know my brand new song come on
Hear me out ya'll uh
Feel my shit
Come on bounce
What the fuck?