

Busta Rhymes, Things We Be Doin' For Money, F

[Rampage]:

Yo, it's 3:25 in the morning
My baby mom still yawning
Kiss my little daughter on the forehead
'Nuf said, beeper goes off
Five hundred, it's Busta Bust
In God We Trust another one bites the dust

[Busta]:

Hey Ramp, fuck that!
I was 'bout to see this cat
Some niggas pulled up in a black suburban jumped out the back
Tried to put it on me while we fighting over the gat
The way them niggas tried to play me son, them niggas is wack
Aeiyo, Ramp, yo, you know it's only right to react
Call the whole squad, let's lay these niggas down - face flat
Aeiyo, Bust, chill, calm down
I'll be there in twenty minutes
Uptown 1-51 at St. Nick
I'm there quick
I tell my baby mom I got's to go
I walked out the do' then grabbed the two nines out the flo'
Driving through South, yo, we takin' niggas war
Still on the run
Always running for cover when its necessary
I'm out numbered for now
But all that shit is temporary
Fuck with the wrong klik, the way we get down
If your violatin', leavin you lost, you never be found
Number whatever on missing persons
Any minute them niggas gon' feel blast of my squads gats bursting
I through the tri-borough bridge
In my fat land with my two nines and my mans
I'ma second from the spot
I cross the street from the parking lot
My trigger finger is hot
I'm seeing Bust in a phone booth
Niggas on the roofs
Spiff Star is in the range
The atmosphere change
Lord's in the forerunner with machine guns, big ones
Now we 'bout to have mad fun
Me and the whole squad meet up,
Know shit about to heat up
Went the whole entire street up
Blast from the car seat-er
My enemies wouldn't even wanna be you
I see you, hunting me down
I knowing that my crew arrive
We gon' see who be the last alive
While we creep all over the place
Looking for space
In case, see him, rinse my whole clip up in his face
As my squad hold they post down
We patiently waiting for them to pass through
Carefully timing the way we put it on their whole crew
Aeiyo, Bust give me the queue
I'm here for you, close to you
Blood in and blood out
We goin' all out, bullets just ringing out
Guns is just spraying out
Yo Bust, hit the dirt layflat
You my nigga to the end I gotcha back

Turn around quick
Oh shit!
You started blasting, grazed me on the hip
Lord Have Mercy dumped five on a nigga
Suck his whole shit, his whole crew busting
Shit ain't going according to plan
Goddamn, my shit jam
Nigga standing right behind me
I think I'm caught up on a creep
I think I need to prayer to Lord, my soul to keep
Dis nigga about to fry my head
My crew burst into a rage
Spliff lifted this nigga, putting two inside his rib cage
Yo, Rampage
Aeiyo, I see them niggas coming, now I'm dumbing
We dead three niggas already the next two we leaving bloody
So much drama over this fucking money
The way this situation end it wasn't even funny
Trying to rob this nigga because I was fucking hungry
But if you try to test let's blast a nigga in a hurry
Me and my squad bounce and left the fucking scene ugly

[Anthony Hamilton & The Chosen Generation]:

Things we be doin' for money
Livin' in the street when you're hungry
The way you start to live it ain't funny, no, no
Living day to day but don't live for tomorrow
Things we be doin' for money
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