

# Busta Rhymes, To My People

Chorus

Ya don't stop  
To my people in the front  
Ya don't stop  
To my people in the rear  
Say what  
Throw your hands in the air  
Ya don't stop  
To my people on the left  
Ya don't stop  
To my people on the right  
Ya don't stop  
To my people everywhere  
Say what  
Throw your hands in the air  
Ya don't stop  
To my people in new york  
Ya don't stop  
To my people down south  
Ya don't stop  
To my people out west  
Say what  
Throw your hands in the air  
To my hip hop niggas  
Ya don't stop  
To my niggas in the street  
Ya don't stop  
To my niggas gettin money  
Say what  
Throw your hands in the air  
Ya don't stop

[spliff star]

Uh, straight off the bat  
My squad is known across the map  
When y'all niggas show love then we show you love back  
Y'all niggas want beef  
F\*\*k it take it to the streets  
Y'all niggas gon chill  
Then we sit down and we build  
My squad finally here  
Unit of the year  
We settin up shop and we ain't going nowhere  
We want it all  
Even if we gotta brawl for it  
We want it all  
Even if you gotta fall for it  
We stage wreckers  
Fifty-two car deckers  
Reppin to the world till the law come and get us  
You jealous fellas  
I'm puttin holes in vendettas  
Twist your body  
With two shells from a shottie pow!

[baby sham]

Niggas wanna get me touched  
(naw they cant touch you)  
Shinin and flossin too much  
(naw they can't cross you)  
Light on my toes  
Left him ten feet  
Part from his heat  
Play it softly

The truth speaks through this poetry  
For me to call shot  
Cock block my life  
Add a little spice  
Devil eyes snake rise on dice  
Have your fam call christ  
Flipmode battle for mics  
All my shit be high priced  
I'm slashing dikes  
Feel me  
Liftin thugs out they crease it's quickly  
Shift two keys in two weeks  
And gross forty g's  
Report me  
And live shortly  
Slouch cat livin off calibil breeze  
You wanna get involved  
Better grip on tight  
Take the next flight  
We got it locked on the next bike

[rampage]  
Check it out  
I got the eye of a tiger

That's plan to go higher  
My squad is on fire  
And till death do us  
If the label wanna sue us  
Yo I'm taking the reels  
I'm the man with the gat that be ready to peel  
I'm the one next to spliff when it's time to ill  
I'ma show by astro red cross and blue shields  
Watch us make a move  
Catch us on smokin groove  
Rules house of blues  
Mtv news  
On the bus with my flipmode loco (loco)  
Takin flicks  
Hittin chicks by the dozen (dozen)  
Keep a shot runnin  
Now I'm on a journey  
It take you twenty light years to burn me (burn me)  
If you want beef call my attorney  
All that other wack shit don't concern me  
I'm being felt  
I got a title under my belt  
I'm out to get the wealth  
I'm bout my squad and myself

Chorus

[rah digga]  
Uhh  
Comin correct for all my flipmode brothers  
Stats ratin higher then that of single mothers  
Peace to my outz clique  
Bitches that I bounce with  
Everybody else get the gas like auschwitz  
Like, flows for real like a rap bitch should  
Type takin niggas out like they packaged goods  
Rappers wanna contest  
They buggin  
Straight up and down we run the underground like h. tubman

What, I'm the bomb bitch  
Nigga rah  
D-i-g got rah  
God be my  
Witness  
Long as I walk this globe  
I be spittin more verses than the book of job

[busta rhymes]

Why are you ignoring us  
Running into hiding and avoiding us  
Niggas on the low be recording us  
My rhyme flow remain poisonous  
Thus  
Yo your shit sound wack still annoying us  
We alive nigga ain't no destroying us  
You better off if you come join with us  
Perpendicular  
Or analyzing my whole molecular  
In particular  
Roll with my squad or go singular  
I ain't into bitches who f\*\*k animals like caligula  
More hot shit so get your water sprinkler  
Fire extinguisher  
Rhyme prime minister  
C'mon!  
Never mistake me for nobody else  
Another blast make you shit on yourself  
I hope all y'all know that I always master the art  
Rip you apart  
Put your hand on my heart  
Flipmode number one on the charts  
Solo or collective  
My perspective the objective  
Is to win  
All praises due to my squad one in the same  
Cherish every blessing I have to make y'all witness my name  
Burn another calorie  
Come inside my galaxy  
Put your money where your mouth is double your salary  
Hey dude you know we stay rude high on a aqelude  
Bust your shit bouncin in a honda prelude  
Let's g off  
Nigga ease off  
I make you breeze off  
Brickfull make you rip your jeans off

Chorus