

\*song rolls over Jerry Butler sample - "Take the Time to Tell Her"

Word up, Busta Bus, my motherfuckin nigga, man. (Bus) Yeah, this one nigga right there

[Noreaga]

What, what, yo, you know Nore, type a nigga stay real trump  
I ain't the type to fight a nigga, just blaze you up  
What the fuck? All you niggaz wanna say what, what  
While you half way thugs sound a half way what  
If you ain't with Busta Bus then shut the fuck up  
Niggaz is snakes, in other words just like jakes  
Yo, I sell raps, used to sell crack on crates  
Its like a stock that shot, oh look what it dropped  
Yo, I hate to have to send my niggaz all in you spot  
Like Spliff Star  
Shootin right all in your car  
Busta Bus plug the engine, with bananas  
Even if they lose, its like we still got cameras  
We play the game like the movie, smoke Lucy  
B.I.G. gone, but my favorite song still Juicy

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo, ya-yo, yo closed caption, son don't even know what's happenin  
Before the second thought, make you feel the wrath of my clappin  
(Boom!) Fire flashin, two holes up in your head matchin  
Dope fiend in the corner, itch from eight scars scratchin  
(Huh) We make the nutta butta, thick creamy shit from the gutter  
Paranoid these niggaz, flip and make they heartbeat flutter  
You's a sucker, (ha) lace you up with my box-cutter  
Your mother love your other son like you ain't even his brother  
Pussy nigga, I flip up to the max on you, nigga  
Pose the violent threat immediately, black on you nigga  
Sky maskin', fuck whatever question you askin  
Busta Rhyme and Nore connect on the train, we attachin  
Hold your corner, violatin 'cross the border (huh)  
Try to catch my jewel, spyin with your tape recorder  
Fuck is wrong with you?! Don't you know we raw till the end?  
Battlefield shit, Flipmode Squad, CNN

Chorus: Busta Rhymes (Noreaga)

Busta Rymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!)  
Thugged Out (What, what!) Spliff Star (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!)  
Noreaga (What, what!) Thugged Out (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!)  
Busta Rhymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Thugged Out (What, what!)  
Spliff Star (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!)  
Noreaga (What, what!)

[Maze]

(What, what) Yo, it's the same as any, in this game you wanna lose  
Jump out the Ac, run up with the Uz', don't move Magically Maze  
Lyrically invade like a SWAT raid, top grade rockin wallaby suede  
I'm always coppin, poppin, three in the air  
For my niggaz not here  
Locked in Whitney, tipsies  
Specifically, and twist me when its Cristy

[Noreaga]

Let me go again, make sure the shits soakin  
Thugged Out and Flipmode is like next of kin  
Yo, we do what up, sendin em niggaz that will screw it up  
What! Handle your business, God, even if ?Kalu? what up  
I rock Clarks, on and off, like John Starks  
What? Shoot at your face, God, aim at your heart  
Yo, from Indiana to Atlanta, God we got this  
Jose Luis, thugs just put me in the hotlist  
I rip shows, but never gotta go at hoes  
Stay travellin, playin click, just stay froze  
I got the left arm, stay in the game like Montan'  
My thug charm is everywhere now, dot com  
Hear me anytime, you can access it  
W dot Nore, yo, suck my dick  
Peep me with Akinyele, yo, fuckin for free  
On some thug shit, my thugs stay fuckin with me  
What!

[Spliff Star]

Yo, every battle  
Nigga I got your gat, so let me splatter  
Into smithereens  
Throw some bullets in his jeans  
Another thug story, I bust my gun for Nore  
Snap a nigga neck, now the law lookin for me  
I'm thugged out, bugged out, blow your fucking mug out  
No di-doubt, I see you can't eat what you dish out  
Watch, I reach in your soul, nigga and pull the bitch out  
Watch my tech rise, feel the shells that it spit out  
I'm warning you, send twenty niggaz deep to corner you  
Dressed in black  
From Brook' to I-raq  
Blastin Mack 10's, I be killin ya Benz  
Live coverage at ten, on CNN

Chorus \*order differs slightly\*

What,what!

\*Sample to end\*