

Busta Rhymes, Cocaina,

ayy yo yo...

bust rhymes ya gots to be the sureshot
flipmode ya gots to be the sureshot
aftermath we've gots to be the sureshot
my live niggas you know who be the sureshot
live bitches you know who be the sureshot

shit

im baggin ya soul just like a minister
im big like a movie, im on the screen and at the cinema
while im in the process of slowly gettin rid of ya
i bag a couple of bitches
and then i throw them in my video
yeah yeah, the god of the block
you know me killa, have ya spreadin the spot
where twisted like olivia
oh shit, flow so sicker than clamhyida
we know you a slouch, duke
we don't even consida ya
boss niggas see and hear me in ya area
the more niggas, the murder, the mode, the money
the more the merrier
smash shit till everything become mass hysteria
hungry for street shit
see i be takin care of ya
check nigga
f**k all the talk homie, im darin ya
ya laid from the shot
i'll poison ya blood like malaria
maybach accelero exotic wormskin interior
my swagger to my bitch to my money is all superior

(chorus)

when we in the spot you know that we sure to shine
so so holy and so divine
analyze niggas till we can read ya mind
sometimes a real live nigga is hard to find
we like drugs, overdose niggas everytime
(cocaina baby cocaina baby cocaina baby cocaina baby cocaina baby cocaina baby)
we like drugs, overdose niggas everytime

yo, im tired of tellin ya
back on my bullshit
f**kin put a shell in ya
gangsta niggas respect and salute me on the regular
when it come to this street shit
define me as the emperor
check it my nigga, most of ya mauf**ker's amateur
i mustard a nigga quick and damage any challenger
well now you know, oh a nigga flow so spectacular
breakin this down, i handle you mutha f**king characters
captin of this ship, but most of you niggas is passangers
im takin it back to the hood, like 87 maximas
yeah yeah, you know who the truth
no need fa asking the same question again
to get the same answer, bro
fasten your seatbelts, bitches
f**k wit the bachelor
wit money like a thousand coke deals from here to panama
strike like a brightness of light
im here to dazzle ya whole hood

from the boroughs to the niggas up in attica
soilders in the streets, the middle east, way down to canada
when it comes to the block
you know im the ambassador
follow nobody's footsteps, but set it like a scavenger
you wanna talk money bitch
then holla at my manager
the way yall niggas is trash
my crew will get to blastin ya
12 shot clip hollow tips quick to plaster ya
all over the cement
spread ya like a mansion
every day a busta bust day, but check ya f**kin calendar

(chorus)

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