

Busta Rhymes, Niggaz Wanna Act

Yo, check this out right
Harlem on da rise
And you don't want no problem with us guys, uh
M-A-dollar sign-E
And if you ever out tryin' to find me
I think I should warn you
I get hard when I want to
Angelettie, Bad Boy, niggas ain't ready

[Mase]

Yo, you the type of cat in the building holdin' the cracks
Playin' some the niggas on the corner holdin' the gatts
Nigga come through, a nigga kill, never blow back
You the nigga never did but send in all the facts
Yo, I know niggas like you cuz I meet 'em all the time
And I greet 'em with the 9 if they ever keep what's mine
If I lose I get loc, put a fool in the yoke
Two to his throat, take his jewels and his coat
More than likely, you ain't got to like me
And this might be the last time I take you nicely
For my legion, fill up the season and start squeezin'
Niggas talkin' shit, be behind the cars weavin'
There's no breathin', ain't nobody in here leavin'
You kill my man, I kill your bitch, now we even
I'm from a cold world, where it's bleeding 20 degrees in
Fahrenheit, niggas get sniped for no reason
Do a lot of work, got plenty funds and many guns
Many sons, niggas do anything to anyone
And on the streets I don't doubt nuttin'
So when you talk to Mase better watch yo mouth son

[Mase & Busta Rhymes]

[1] - Yo, if niggas wanna act we can act
You niggas wanna scrap, we could scrap
You niggas got gatts, we got gatts
You niggas wanna style, we style
If you get foul, we get foul
You get wild, we get wild

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[Mase]

Yo, started with a blue whip, got a silver new whip
Cuz feds watch when I do shit, keep poppin' up new shit
Think the whole Harlem World on some clue shit
We crisp bub sippers, strip club niggas
Peace to the street team, ya'll get love niggas
Six years ago I was the have-not nigga
Hot nigga, represent for all my block niggas
Now I'm 6 drop niggaz, baggette rock niggas
10 G's a show and I ain't even drop niggas
Shock niggas who thought I was a pop nigga
You go against Mase you get your wig rocked nigga!
Players like me'll leave your whole block bitter
Roll hard like when I see the bank stop nigga
Hustle is a hustle, so I never knock a nigga
Don't really fuck with Dame, but still I cop Jigga

[Repeat 1]

[Mase]

Yo, I do this everyday, why brag about the glory?
Tell you the whole truth, never half the story
You wasn't no hater, you'd probably be happy for me
Billboard first slot in every category
Niggas say they love me, they don't love me
I know deep down they wanna slug me
I feel the vibe when they hug me
Luckily I rock jewels that be chuckie
Over Iceberg Rhugby, pushin' a Benz buggey
For a better batch, roll fever for notes
And need I approach little niggas seated in coach
I mean, um, think it's smaller than the weed in my roach
The seed in my smoke, the niggas ain't cheap, they broke
Oh yeah, this my dough year
Jealousy and envy'll get you nowhere
You don't like me, bet against me
You right, got dough do whatever you like
I get front row seats on the night of the fight
My Roley too tight, how many link, loosen my ice
And 'for I scoop the dice, bet a grand I beat the duece twice
Niggas who don't make dough, I can affil'ate with 'em
I'm dyin' from a sickness known as Willie-ism

[Busta Ad Libs around Chorus while:]

[Mase]

Um, yo, whatever you want
We can do
We can do it better
And you niggaz wanna scrap? We can scrap
Niggaz wanna wild? We wild
However niggaz like it, you get it
Harlem World
Bad Boy
It's '97, yeah, Harlem on the rise
And you don't really want no problem wit us guys
Uh, got my man Cardan with me
KFC, D-R-E, Blinkey blink
Cooda Love, Utto, uh
Black Fred
Big
Puff Diddy
You know we got bitches
Lox, Black Rob, the whole committee
You don't stop, we won't stop