

# Busta Rhymes, There`s not a problem my squad

Come on, yeah  
Villain, come on  
Aight, I got this side right here  
Take the side right there  
Gonna do this, Busta bust  
Come on, aight  
Come on

Verse 1:

Pause, to the wall  
With the dirty dog, will rap ya'll  
If you aint with the bike, crotch  
Till I break your jaw  
Been tryin to knock us  
Tryin to kill or stop us  
Jack or pop us  
Busta bust, they fakin  
The cake is for the takin  
Why they run in their face?  
I'm lettin the plan bake  
Formulate, now look at the plot  
We got more and more shit that's hot  
Show the rock, spot, clock or knock  
Nigga da hole pot, ready or not?  
We coming, natchin every number  
With your hoe in da Benz o, dumba like a motherfucker  
(Busta comes in)

Verse 2:

You can be my lady  
You can even be my lolli pop sucka  
The road long coming like the mad trucka  
Lot of jealous niggas lookin funnier than Chris Tucker  
God bless, oh yes  
I stay fresh, full of finesse  
My congress, show progress  
Stylist, hit you with tha shit to digest  
And this rhyme shit we be some of the world's finest  
Your highness  
Leaving corny niggas spineless  
Attack it with the classic rhyme flow timeless ( Ha Ha )

Chorus:

Not a problem my squad can't fix  
We can do it in the mix  
When your niggas talk trash  
Your forget to bust ass  
Cause you know we don't fuck around  
When your niggas talk shit  
Lay ya six feet under ground  
Ground, gro, gro, gro, gro  
When your niggas talk shit  
Lay ya six feet under ground  
Ground, gro, gro, gro, gro

Verse 3:

This is how we ride  
Throw your hands from side to side  
It's party time  
And don't forget to get yours  
Cause I'm a get mine (Who dat?)  
The villain  
Till I'm peelin a million  
Ridin dirty  
And bustin like thirty thirty  
Till when I get in  
Knowin that the shit is fucked  
I'm still here to win

Chedda  
If you aint a pilot than I think you better  
Hang a little  
What you got?  
A sweater man  
My niggam y life so cut like Kain  
Real raw  
Ya'll don't know shit about Jamal  
Or what I'm in it for  
Cash cards, fly whores and tours  
Fillin my plate with no mess to no limits  
The mother once in it  
Has since froze frigid  
Ballers and gimicks  
Dick lickin  
Chasin chickens  
I match for the cash with the clickin  
Grippin sho'  
Then I'm dippin  
Into whippin  
High trippin  
Verse 4:  
Why you niggas hopping and skipping  
I stick to clippin  
Yo, accelerate on the gas  
Move fast, blast!  
Find a nigga foot in your ass  
Colorful niggas let's keep the whole contrast  
Flipmode is tha squad a news flash, bustin shit up  
What the fuck? Nigga get up  
Violate, niggas get their whole shit lit up  
Break fool, niggas know the rules  
Rap jewels, champagne bath, no more, we in the pool  
Nigga caught a motherfuckin strain on the brain  
Ridin on the train  
I'm a whip a Benz in tha rain  
Oversize click, on the rise  
So realize  
We be dem niggas that eat up all you funny little small fries  
The franchise  
Flipmode damagin all you fall guys  
Yo I'm tired of niggas they full of true lies  
No time  
We got the right surprise  
Need a new beginning  
Need to get a baptise  
You need to get a baptise  
Word is bond  
Chorus  
Just party to tha shit like this come on  
Just bounce to tha muthafuckin beat come on  
Niggas don't know my brand new song come on  
Hear me out ya'll uh  
Feel my shit  
Come on bounce  
What the fuck?