

Busta Rhymes, We Got Cha Opin (Part 2)

(Rah-Digga)

I be the worst like Nick
To all them mc thugs
Like them 4 little kids
And the teacher gettin plugged
I don't give a f**k style
Tell me come jiggy
I rock kix and swishees
Coppin moet wit 2 counterfeit 50's
What?
Dirty girl rhyme spit mucous
Speech uncoothe
And raise the roof like Lukas
12 years done rocked through all phases
Watch your peeps scream the bitch was the blazest

(Spliff Starr)

Niggas run they mouth about my click
Not smart
I bust your bloodclot
Then drop you upon the sidewalk
(Chi-chi-chi-Blow!!!)
Hit ya ass wit a vicious blow
You know my style
Spliff the foul
Through your stereo
Spliff Starr ignorant immigrant
I'm gettin it
Money, fast car, fine broads, what
I'm hittin it (that's right)
Raw shit i'm spittin it
At you and yours
Make you feel the pain nigga
Like the dick to your balls
Thug blood fluid
Pumpin in the face of my music
Drop the street shit
Watch the whole world rock to it
Nigga Squad!!!

(Baby Sham)

Squad had em opin
Had his bitch scopin
Sittin by the bar
Sippin Heinken's totein
Pinky rings glowin
Triple beams to the club
My man is half thug
Giving me pound and holdin grudge
Feelin my shit
So I can put a lock on your klik
Your style is past tense
Hold on, Hold on
You just started rappin
Ever since you heard the shit
We f**kin wit it's platinum
Slow your growth
Stop the show
Go at you both
Hit you with more bars than soap
Sham is the name
Feelin invain
Fiendin for dope
(Buckshot)

Yeah, you know we got cha opin!!!

Hook:

Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid
Yo, stop frontin, you know we got cha opin kid
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid
Stop frontin, you know we got cha opin kid

(Ramoage)

Niggas made me mad
And now I wanna clap shit (Uh)
I reign supreme in this muthaf**kin rap shit
I lost my mind
I can't get it back
The way that I'm spittin, yo
I spit ya f**kin wig back
Don't front, my squad got you opin
Hit you with a buck fifty
Here's a token
Ramp is smokin
I'm no joke and
I leave your face broken
This is survival of the fittest
Get wit us
All you critics and bullshitters
My nine goes bang
I'm talkin street slang
I'm reppin Flipmode
Plus I'm doing my thang
On the side
We won't let it ride
Nigga don't hide

(Lord Have Mercy)

Landlord innovator
Switch lanes no indicator
The general, cash generator
Master and saviour
Nigga stay massive in nature
When tooth shatter ya die bone
In the savage cyclone of cops, sirens, and cases
Who read the bible for basics?
When I'm crooked eye with rivals
Horizontal in God's places
Suspicious of all
Now who dat???
Quick on the draw
Lick a paw
For loved ones blood runs cold in the winter wars
Check the criminal thoughts
Villains warp with the invisible force
Know the ledge
Stay focused like photo lens
And spread wings like Cobra heads
Till I'm old and dead

(Busta)

Hot shit, toxic
You know we blocks shit
Traffic in the streets system
All in your jeep knocks shit

Julio for no reason back the fifth
And he cocks it
Rock shit, we make niggas mad
And wanna pop shit
Massive and attractive
Niggas is captive
Chemotherapy needed
Lyrics radioactive
When I hit hard
It get my dick hard
In my backyard
Analyze the stars
On how to defeat all odds
In a new zone
I'm on a new phone
Make most of the wackest rapper niggas
Wanna find a new home
Like Rasco jeans
My style flip two-tone
Pass my blue chrome
Here's one of the best of Busta Rhymes own
My debut made you
Wonder who
Shit blazes so much
You wish you could play out
So you could blaze, too
Before I shout you
Or give reason to doubt you
I study shit and re-analyze everything about you
My rhymes on the preserve
Niggas know we deserve
Everything up in your stash and in the reserve
F**k that!!!
Hook up all my lyrics on the echos and the re-verbs
Never f**k with these herbs
My squad remains superb

(Buckshot)
(Heh) Walkin thru the streets
Undercovers follow us, stress
Muthaf**kas on the regular to bust
Trust us
We don't get enough
Nigga wha-what?
Dirty baggy jeans
Black napsack with something for ya gut
Wooly-type skully
Fully strapped, black bulletproof, and match
Quick,
Whip up a batch
Of bullets to blow up the map
Shit
Collapse, perhaps doing this in the raps
In the long time, ya trapped
Buck make em react
God verse attack
Let em know the moon is still black
And it's a fact...

Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid
Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid
Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid
Yo stop frontin, ya know we got cha opin
Don't front, you know we got cha opin, yo
Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid

Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid
Yo stop frontin, you know we got cha opin

Huh, word life
Mad niggas opin
Yeah, word life
Flipmode, muthaf**kin Buckshot
Mad niggas scopin
Buck to ya brain!!!!