

Busta Rhymes, You Can't Hold The Torch

(feat. Chauncey Black, Q-Tip)

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah

It's funny how the game change, right? Hehe

Shit feel all different

Y'all niggaz complainin left and right about how the game feel all fucked up

Niggaz only been talkin like that since we been sittin out the game

I think the game need us Kamaal, let's talk to them niggaz

Huh!

[Q-Tip]

So many nights were spent ponderin

Wonderin how we gon' come again

My golden rule is not to focus on the fame game

In retrospect, the game ain't the same mayne

They heart and soul is divided

They ramshack the music, no control up inside it

Now - look at this, it's all stretched out and nasty

But - lettin money pass me

I doubt that, and niggaz from the bottom now

Pumpin hard, wind sleet hail rain or snow

So... you got to get your gate right

No matter what, you got to treat your weight right

On the block if you focused on greed then

Nine out of ten times you be bleedin

The analogy is clear

To all of my peers, I'm a muh'fuckin vet

Don't mean to disrespect, cause

[Chorus One: Q-Tip + (Chauncey Black) + {Busta Rhymes}]

"I write rhymes, I write checks"

(It's clear) Bust, aiiyo what happened to the (love)

For the game (love) for the music (I need realness in my life)

Aiiyo these niggaz in the game don't sound the same

Bust, these niggaz in the game don't sound the same

Aiiyo what happened? {They ain't got in 'em to make a classic}

Aiiyo what happened? {These niggaz can't hold the torch, so why pass it}

[Busta Rhymes]

Aiiyo, I ain't bringin they names up

These niggaz sound trash, straight foul in the game up

Need to change up (change up) sound so trash

When I see 'em feel like breakin they frame up

DuPont registry, talkin 'bout somebody else cars

Muh'fuckers better step up your bars

Instead of frontin in the game like niggaz really are stars

Like we ain't seein through the bullshit, we know who you are

I'm like a blessing to the game when your shit sound dated

I force niggaz to improve, you should be happy I made it

Here to rep the game fully, change my style like the weather

Givin you niggaz new shit to make the game feel better

I'm sayin, I cook in the kitchen and we make the thoughts connect

You forced to humble yourself, give me my big respect

You hurtin the game when your shit sound off y'know

A legend in this shit that's why I move like a boss y'know

You better be tight, cause you can get tossed fo' sho'

Y'all niggaz know whassup, I come correct with money long cause I

[Chorus Two: Busta Rhymes + (Chauncey Black) + {Q-Tip}]

"I write rhymes, I write checks"

(It's clear) Tip, aiiyo what happened to the (love)

For the game (love) for the music (I need realness in my life)

Aiiyo these niggaz in the game don't sound the same

Yo, these niggaz in the game don't sound the same
Aiiyo what happened? {They ain't got in 'em to make a classic}
Aiiyo what happened? {These niggaz can't hold the torch, so why pass it}

[Q-Tip + {Busta}]

Oh my God, they a (uh) come ridin around
Some (uh) old dream and they (uh) can't get down
They (uh) lookin around outside of themselves
And they {HUH} sayin things that ain't really themselves
And they {hah} keep fuckin regurgitatin the same script
Same hoes, same blow, same glock clip {ha}
Same drug strip, what the fuck is this? (uh)
C'mon y'all, raise the bar on this body, shit

[Busta Rhymes]

You sound stagnant, need to progress and grow (uh-huh)
Upgrade your punchlines, progress the flow (uh-huh)
Get your concepts and lyrics together, aiiyo (uh-huh)
Then drop the bomb shit to step up the pressure, y'know? (huh!)
I'm tired of niggaz complainin how the game changed
You niggaz should step up your game, cause you sound strange
That's why you ain't sellin no records, check the SoundScain
In this rap shit I command respect muh'fucker cause I

[Chorus Two]

[Outro: Q-Tip + {Busta Rhymes}]

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Bust, these niggaz in the game don't sound the same
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[echoes]