

# Heavy D, A Buncha Niggas

featuring Biggie Smalls, Busta Rhymes, Guru, Rob-O, Third Eye

Intro/Chorus:

Who's on the microphone? A BUNCHA NIGGAS! (repeat 3X)

I got my crew so other niggas better leave us alone

Chorus

[Third Eye]

The Group Home's down yo, flippin with West and me

Charge a gap quick kid, best believe it G

Oh, I like to flip the script and have a track record

Wreckin it swift, I'm tellin ya to heck with tell to get with the

crazy hairy thinkin drinkin cripple drunken monkey

style back alley freaky ass to gas technique

So peak, it's about to get deep, we just kick

your Third Eye right open don't let your eyeball sleep

The next step is the check, let's tell theses niggas whassup

Cause we get freaky G, no you can't get with me

Save yourself the trouble step back black, and don't even bother

Word to Shop and Swift they get called in like I'm your father

Chorus

[Guru]

Aiyyo, it's time for me to flow and get down with this

I'm pullin out my mic, spittin off some rounds to this

I gotta known rep, so son you better slide out

Cause when I'm flippin, I'll be rippin your pride out

So called gangsters play roles like in the movies

Oughta save that, they're way bad, you could never do me

I'm real as they come, I'll beat ya numb with my vocal tones

Words hit like aluminum bats to your dome

No charges against me cause I'm jumpin the law man

A-men, punks should cancel their plans

As the invincible principle Gang, is gettin bigger

Sayin peace to the Heavster rollin with a buncha niggas

Chorus

[Biggie Smalls/Notorious B.I.G.]

I bring drama like ya, spit on my momma

Cannibalistic, like that nigga Jeffrey Dahmer

I'ma, head peeler, girl stealer

Coffin sealer, ex-drug dealer, HUHHHHHH!

When I hit you with the blow of death I leave nothin left

I cook you up so quick they call me Biggie Smalls the Chef

My burner's in my left, I'm not the type to fight

I'm blowin up quick like a stick of dynamite

So call nine-one-one, Biggie's got a gun

The gat to your back, I'm smokin everyone

Quick to pack, quick to squeeze on the trigger

Who's in the house? HUHHHHHH! A buncha niggas!

Chorus

[Rob-O]

Like yo, beg your pardon, whoa

when I put one to the head nuff funk shit startin

Fine, so I headline for the public

Get mine for my rap subjects

Packed with potential, wisdom versatile elements

to quench your sense, I get down so feel the mental

Rhyme pro I'm Rob-O, the super spectacular

Brown skinned junior from Africa

Blowin up so it's, possible to freak

See the highlight, in fly writing, don't give a [f\*\*k]

I split when it's through then it's get with the Guinness brew

and give a shoutout to my Uptown crew and still I'm wreckin

Chorus

[Heavy D]

Yo, here I go, here I go, here comes the man again gain

Ruff with a pad and pen, so run go tell your friends

It's the big belly babalu boogaloo big, boy  
And I got plenty honies there's no need for no sex toy  
Free me, slavery, let me go oh no no no  
No longer will you treat my beautiful sisters like they're filthy hoes  
Never ran from static men to crew get dramatic  
And I get crazy respect from crazy crews with automatics  
Now push could come to shove because they love the way I flip a skip  
And that's what keeps me kinda popular with all the honeydaps  
So look at me now, and tell me who is bigger?  
When I'm on the block I'm with my flock and I'm rollin with a buncha niggas

Chorus

[Busta Rhymes]

Well HELLO HI! HELLO HELLO! How ya doin?!

HI! Hello hi HEY, how ya doin?! Voltronic!

Busta Rhymes comin with the mad ultrasonic

Esophagus to rock it, wreckin niggas need to stop it

You get your style busted that's just what they get for comin

You want some?! Yes I know you want some of the TALENT!

But you can juice up, and em-otionally get wicked

to stick it, in your inner groove watch a nigga kick it

Ohh hah! Yo Bee, Busta Rhymes

be my niggan, never muggin, only lovin and huggin

my niggas, as we get bigger we come diesel

as masculine figures, L.O.N.S. we gettin thicker with a buncha niggas!

YESS!

Chorus 2X