

Kardinal Offishall, Watchalike

(Busta Rhymes)
Aiiyo Kardinal!

(Kardinal Offishall)
Yes rudeboy?

(Busta Rhymes)
Talk to the people then, please!

(Kardinal Offishall)
Put some fire on this one

(Intro: Kardinal Offishall & Busta Rhymes)
Yeah yeah you know
Circle Clique up in the place you know
Kardinal Offishall in the place you know
Busta Bust in the place you know
Flipmode Squad in the place you know
The whole T-Dot in the place you know
New York in the place you know
Get yo ass up

(Kardinal Offishall)
It was all a dream, I used to read Word Up magazine
Now you can catch me and my niggaz in the limousine
An eight-seater, rollin' ten niggaz deep
With five chicks and niggaz in the back in the Jeep
Cruisin' the streets, word, get down, to the beat
You don't stop til them niggaz lick shots
At the dance with a new dance, this is how we rock
When we drop, showin' y'all that we just can't stop
Yes, from the T-Dot, nigga
We don't say "You know what I'm sayin'?"
We say "Man, the shots sprayin'"
For the niggaz in the back (Clap, clap)
See me with the new rap attack, in fact
It's like that, at all times when I rhyme good
Rep every hood, North ??? to the wood
Then back to the streets and adapt, we maintain
I maim whack cats standin' at a close range
Tryin' to show y'all people that it ain't a game
And it's all love, if you check what I'm sayin'
Now what I'm sayin' is it's on tonight
My niggaz (Rock BaKardi) let me see what you like

(Hook: Kardinal Offishall)
My niggaz in the back show love
Straight from the man up above
People gettin' down in the streets
Middle finger, plus a nigga makes beats
Gangstas, keepin' a tool at the waist
No more gun shots in the place
Cause niggaz lickin' shots when the mic gets hot
And my people rub a dub to the bass

(Busta Rhymes)
(Flipmode!) Straight up, I hit up and shoot on the block
Get up and grip on the spot
Whip up and pick up a Glock, I make the blood spill up
Spit up and pick up a shot
Drip of it stick to your socks, bitch
Take a trip, controllin' the strip on your block, bitch
See I ain't finished stickin' the dick in your crotch, bitch
Now sit and watch, bitch

Another notch, you turnin' my shit up and rock
A little too eager to drop (C'mon, what!)
So, let's do it a bit quicker and split up your knot
A short circuit, like an electrical shock
So say it to shepherd niggaz, so say it to flock (C'mon!)
Before I send a bitch to go take what you got
Actin' like he didn't know the bitch, then you must have forgot, bitch
Rip up a nigga, stick up and kick up a nigga
It could be a million dudes, go rally your clique up my nigga (C'mon!)
Before we make you want to go ditch on your niggaz
Switch on them niggaz, before we bring the bitch out of you niggaz

(Hook: Kardinal Offishall)

(Kardinal Offishall (Busta Rhymes))
Yo, yo, last letter in the episode
(Let me see who to ??? from those who don't know)
Put your right foot in
(Now wait, step back)
Repeat with the left and add the (Clap, clap)
How we move makin', too much at stake in
The rap game these days, we got
(Itchy man) trigger finger look
A little itchy man, while I stay Ichiban
Tryin' to get money man
Y'all stay funny man, I'm a lesbian
Only like women, dun'know that's the master plan
Stan, why you tryin' to look like me?
(You best stay home chillin' out with your wifey)
This thing here's for the strong at heart, and the strong of the mind
We need warriors, not your kind
Trust me dude (Don't mean to be rude
But I'll eat the food)
Kardinal stamped it, double octave
Rappin' like a bull on the mic, never dropped it
If it ain't Timbs, then I'm rockin' some Nikes
Party people tell me what you like please

(Hook: Kardinal Offishall - 2X)