

Noreaga, The Assignment

Word up, Busta Bus, my motherf**kin nigga, man. (Bus) Yeah, this one nigga right there

(Noreaga)

What, what, yo, you know Nore, type a nigga stay real trump
I ain't the type to fight a nigga, just blaze you up
What the f**k? All you niggaz wanna say what, what
While you half way thugs sound a half way what
If you ain't with Busta Bus then shut the f**k up
Niggaz is snakes, in other words just like jakes
Yo, I sell raps, used to sell crack on crates
Its like a stock that shot, oh look what it dropped
Yo, I hate to have to send my niggaz all in you spot
Like Spliff Star
Shootin right all in your car
Busta Bus plug the engine, with bananas
Even if they lose, its like we still got cameras
We play the game like the movie, smoke Lucy
B.I.G. gone, but my favorite song still Juicy

(Busta Rhymes)

Yo, ya-yo, yo closed caption, son don't even know what's happenin
Before the second thought, make you feel the wrath of my clappin
(Boom!) Fire flashin, two holes up in your head matchin
Dope fiend in the corner, itch from eight scars scratchin
(Huh) We make the nutta butta, thick creamy shit from the gutter
Paranoid these niggaz, flip and make they heartbeat flutter
You's a sucker, (ha) lace you up with my box-cutter
Your mother love your other son like you ain't even his brother
Pussy nigga, I flip up to the max on you, nigga
Pose the violent threat immediately, black on you nigga
Sky maskin', f**k whatever question you askin
Busta Rhyme and Nore connect on the train, we attachin
Hold your corner, violatin 'cross the border (huh)
Try to catch my jewel, spyin with your tape recorder
F**k is wrong with you?! Don't you know we raw till the end?
Battlefield shit, Flipmode Squad, CNN

Chorus: Busta Rhymes (Noreaga)

Busta Rymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!)
Thugged Out (What, what!) Spliff Star (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!)
Noreaga (What, what!) Thugged Out (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!)
Busta Rhymes (What, what!) Noreaga (What, what!) Thugged Out (What, what)
Spliff Star (What, what!) Flipmode (What, what!) Busta Rhymes (What, what!)
Noreaga (What, what!)

(Maze)

(What, what) Yo, it's the same as any, in this game you wanna lose
Jump out the Ac, run up with the Uz', don't move Magically Maze
Lyrically invade like a SWAT raid, top grade rockin wallaby suede
I'm always coppin, poppin, three in the air
For my niggaz not here
Locked in Whitney, tipsies
Specifically, and twist me when its Cristy

(Noreaga)

Let me go again, make sure the shits soakin

Thugged Out and Flipmode is like next of kin
Yo, we do what up, sendin em niggaz that will screw it up
What! Handle your business, God, even if ?Kalu? what up
I rock Clarks, on and off, like John Starks
What? Shoot at your face, God, aim at your heart
Yo, from Indiana to Atlanta, God we got this
Jose Luis, thugs just put me in the hotlist
I rip shows, but never gotta go at hoes
Stay travellin, playin click, just stay froze
I got the left arm, stay in the game like Montan'
My thug charm is everywhere now, dot com
Hear me anytime, you can access it
W dot Nore, yo, suck my dick
Peep me with Akinyele, yo, f**kin for free
On some thug shit, my thugs stay f**kin with me
What!

(Spliff Star)

Yo, every battle
Nigga I got your gat, so let me splatter
Into smithereens
Throw some bullets in his jeans
Another thug story, I bust my gun for Nore
Snap a nigga neck, now the law lookin for me
I'm thugged out, bugged out, blow your f**king mug out
No di-doubt, I see you can't eat what you dish out
Watch, I reach in your soul, nigga and pull the bitch out
Watch my tech rise, feel the shells that it spit out
I'm warning you, send twenty niggaz deep to corner you
Dressed in black
From Brook' to I-raq
Blastin Mack 10's, I be killin ya Benz
Live coverage at ten, on CNN

Chorus *order differs slightly*

What,what!