

# Tha Liks, Bully Foot

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah my name is, Bust-Down-Some'n  
Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm  
And I am alongside, Alkaholiks-In-Some'n  
Mhmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm  
Shit feel good nigga, what the fuck y'all want?  
Mhmmm-mmm..  
Let me feel on some bitches, with this bully foot rap

Now, every-time-I-give-y'all-shit-that  
blow up the spot, fuck what you got  
And bless and execute strategical plots  
that's to "Extinction Level Event" these wack niggaz offa this block  
Me and Tha Alkaholiks havin a drink; watchin y'all niggaz get sick  
Holdin ya stomachs 'til you earl in the sink  
The type of dude I never put in my clicks; because you funny  
and you be sittin down with your legs crossed like a bitch  
I be the foul mouth quick to toast y'all, so-called  
Niggaz who like to boast we let your bodies float along the coast y'all  
This very given moment, opponent; niggaz like you  
ain't allowed up in our circle cause we DON'T condone it  
We love to microphone it, perhaps  
What we gon' do instead is give y'all gutter beats and raw SEWAGE raps  
And for the last thing that I'ma make clear  
That when we present watch your step when you be COMIN round here

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

Every-time-we-give-y'all-shit-that  
blow up the spot (fuck what you got, we got)  
Shit for the East and the South and the West coast  
We blazin hot (controllin the block, you better)  
Watch-yo'-head-while-we-bust-somethin  
to make ya duck (said get down nigga what?) You know  
We-got-shit-that-make-y'all-wild-out  
to bounce in the truck (aiyyo, get with the funk, y'know)

[J-Ro]

This world's tryin to make me crack, but it still ain't broke me  
I fall down and just rebound like Charles Oakley  
Hoes be like all he wanna do is poke me  
Bitch what you think I wanna do, the hokey pokey?  
Her boyfriend Smokey said he was gonna smoke me  
Her daddy crazy loc he tried to beat me and choke me  
And she still want me, keep blowin up my Noki'  
Tryin to provoke me to fall for okey-dokey  
Don't quote me boy, cause I ain't said shit  
I'm just spittin liquid in the middle of the pit  
Turn it up a bit, burn it up and hit the bomb  
I'm iller than Sadaam takin Carrie's mom to the prom  
Cool and calm, Macken-Ro, Likwid don  
Bust rounds with Busta Rhymes, then I roll up, one  
You got ice I got ice, but who nice on these mics?  
[scratched: "You motherfucker!"]

[Chorus]

[Tash]

We out for justice so bust this it's Busta and the Alkies  
Niggaz wanna know the secret but they just can't get it out me  
So they talk that shit about me but to me that's never not  
They pop that shit across the room while I down another shot  
I smoke a hefty bag of doz and black out, and lose composure

Close my eyes and throw a bottle (I'm fuckin up) this party over  
I still got that flare so just stare from over there  
Cause I'm so accurate with guns I put parts in niggaz hair  
So I declare war - Tha Liks, we fierce competitors  
The feds be checkin fo' us writin letters to these editors like,  
&quot;Tha Liks is veterans - they straight from California  
We ain't even give a fuck when they sprayed that beer on us&quot; like  
{RRRRRAHHH RAARRRAOW} just like a Dungeon Dragon  
Taggin Tash up on the wall while my pants is saggin  
Draggin niggaz through the mud clear blood all through the club  
The quickest way to show some love is let a nigga hit your bud

[Chorus]