

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

Mhmmm-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,
"Tha Liks is veterans - they straight from California
We ain't even give a fuck when they sprayed that beer on us" like
{RRRRAHHH 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]