

Bush Babees, The Love Song (Remix)

(feat. De La Soul, Mos Def)

[Lee Majors]

This is....a Bush Babees... Exclusive ya'll.
De La, Bush Babees, yeah, yeah, check it!

[Mos Def]

Comin' wit it, comin' wit it,
comin', comin', comin', comin' 'wit it.
I been all around the world and back again.
All I want is piece of mind.
I been all around the world and back again.
All I want is piece of mind.
Love, love, and we don't stop!
Love, love everybody!
Love, love! Love! Love! Love!
Please, everybody.

[Lee Majors]

Hip hop's last desciple.
Your rhymes are tampered wit' like the bible.
My ill recitle, marks the genesis.
The nemesis flows malicious.
On Schindlers lists's with astericks's.
The ficticious, I get suspicious. He's born vicious.
For the list'ners.....I'm complex.
&B singers love to show off they bird chest.
Shirtless, and worthless.
Respect a truer living.
My tax dollars run your whole filthy religion.
It gets sick when I catch 'em slippin'.
They frontin' hard. Bring your crew son.
Laced up wit' words from god.
It's Lee Major!
I snatch the earth, and make the world believe.
C'mon now!
Ya'll fuckin' with these super MC's. So please
David Merse, I'll make your crew disperse.
Word is born. Pot holes, I'll stomp a cannon in your lawn.
Sing along! It's that same old song.
You ain't tough to step up.
In native toungues I'll have to call that bluff

[Dove]

Ay yo!
Straight out the laboratory.
'Got a bag of stories, for you fairy tale niggas.
I excersize this love into the fine figures.
We cuttin heads like the scissors.
Excuse me mista tally-man come tally up these digits.
Secure it like we live it.
No need to play it minor.
Up on you like your favorite designer.
From here to ocean liner..
I can please it cooler than cooley. Ya mooley!
Ya foolin' yourself. Only dependin' on wealth.
See you can shake it salt n' pep', but I can't taste your spice.
You got the evil all up in you like dice.
I keep the vision pricise.
And send these critters out to Candy, Calcutta.
Fuck the butter! See we make the persona.
And our kids lovin' out the solar galac'.
So pull the rope for no slack.
This second shot is to my man pharoah track.

Out of the seven-eighteen,
we meet the fifty-one-six on all sides.
And touch grounds to marinade with the five.
Check it out!

[Mos Def]

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Love, love! Love! Love! Love!
Please, everybody.

[Posdnous]

Yes ya'll.
Well I shall....proceed,....and continue....to make you bleed.
It's the anthem of the evil that knows your creed.
That's why I made sure to inform my seed.
That if the world looks scary, it's because it is.
Filled with scary young niggas takin' yours, and his,
and hers. Send a sign, helps to get this heard.
Worldwide it's hard to send.
I'll be the former fifty-two man.
Over-standing color and demeanor.
On the browns of L.I. Sound
To the greens of Medina
Where DCQ an' two, we holdin' down fort.
We got a quart of love stationed in the wagon. Right
Drinkin' an' braggin'.
Some puffin' wear they outfit pants saggin'.
Rhymes tight, I got another lighter to burn.
Lessons learned.
Coast to coast!
I pass to mighty Mos Def

[Mos Def]

North, south, to the east to west.
Well I don't know what I been told.
But nowadays you can't believe everything that you hear.
Skeezoids, tabloid like "A Current Affair";
Objects in the mirror closer than they appear.
Sometimes the world feel like it's a real cartoon.
I woke up in fresh air just to consume bus fumes.
niggas screamin' 'bout they cream that they tryin' to get.
The same issh different day, is still the same issh.
Whenever el's get lit, man your focus get split.
And then you start seein' double an' get caught in the bubble.
Pop music is what rap get confused wit'.
Same hand you play to win be the hand you lose wit'.
Who's this? It's the mighty Mos Def yall.
To make you raise your hand high an' say yes yall.
This ain't no stale fairy tale it's funk-fresh yall.
Accent the nerve wit' my verb. Like, Yes pa!

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[Mr. Man]
I been around your sun twenty-two times and still counting
Still rolling
I got that shit to keep your whole planet bouncin'-
Bounce -off it's axis. Relax cause the fact is spreaden'.
Rap till the ends I'm deaden'.
Wit' the illest ryme heard this side of the sun.
My man walks around the planet makin' money, havin' fun.
I walk around the earth makin' these rappers piss they pants.
Cuz' finance without substance is a nuisance.
See nowadays the pen is mightier than the sword.
So even when my style is free, you can't afford-
-to have stepped. I dash your whole rep to pieces.
I used to pray to Jesus.
But I found too many creases in that thesis.
So now it's the Elo on the war path.
As long as light shines I still be droppin' more math-
-than kids in college, who couldn't handle the preesure.
So spread the news around town like Sarah Lee Kesler.
Word!

[Mos Def & Big Lite]
We get love.
Yeah! Yeah! Bush Babees again!
We get love.
Keep it movin' for real.
We get lo-loove!
Lance an' De La Soul.
We get love.
I got a big up dere'
Pos an' Mase
We get love.
Yeah, for real!
We get love.
Mos Def in are de place again
We get love.
Lee Major.
We get love.
aye an' I one time
We get love.
An' Mr. man.
Hey dere' Rudebwoy talk ta' dem'.

crbt2('Bush Babees','The Love Song')

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Artist Info