

Busta Rhymes, It Ain't Safe No More...

(feat. Meka)

The Surgeon General.. of the Flipmode Squad..
has determined.. that the sounds you about to hear..
can be devestatin.. to your ear.. to your mind..
to your body.. to your souuuuuuuuuuuuuuuulllll!

[Chorus: Flipmode + Meka]

You better, pack up your bags, better get out of town
Cause when the God come you know he gon' be puttin it down
Everything we do be blowin, better get on the ground
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more (nigga)
He keeps it wicked by creatin the sound
That make the people wanna spaz 'til they give him the crown
Fuck around you'll turn up missin just to never be found
It ain't safe no more, it ain't safe no more (nigga)

[Verse One]

Bodies'll turn up missin, I promise you need to listen
Abolish the need for bitchin, I polish and shine and glisten
Demolishin while I'm whistlin, astonished while you're witnessed
Hardest to smash another artist son, regardless if it is
a nigga who think he the greatest son I'll lock him in the fridge
And hang him from both of his ankles when we drop him from the bridge
Blockin your paper really stoppin that dude from gettin his
Poppin the safe and splurgin, havin the crew up in the crib
Block 'til these niggaz havin 'em rockin gargle with a bib
Shittin and fartin, spittin and vomitin all in the crib
Fallin into shock from the bullets we shot up in they ribs
Hot up the block and blew up the spot and got up out the mix
Tried it a couple stops and spotted the Squad up in they whips
Plotted and then I signed on the dotted line and made a wish
Return us even the hardest makin you garbage niggaz sit
The smartest now you a target only the heartless niggaz win

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

You can't believe can you, I'm callin my dog Nathaniel
And ballin with all my mans you'll be blowin and all will hand you
Accordingly or disorderly bullets are sure to bang you
considerably my 9 milli hit you at any angle
Shootin, shootin, shootin - high, low, verticle or horizontal
And if you were makin plans I do think you gon' have to cancel
Sorry I had to ask you, save it I have to blast you
Takin a chance to laugh from you makin the masses gas you
So now you thinkin that you tough and that we can't get at you
Change up your mind and leave you stiffer than a massive statue
Tired of talkin need to use all your precautionary measures
Washin off the blood haulin the water force of steady weather
You can handle it or you can't, it be only gettin better
Like a candle, we burn your chandles and make you feel the pressure
Cockin it back, articulatin the flow just like a lecture
Break it down and rebuildin the flow, now peep the architecture

[Chorus]

It ain't safe.. in the current state.. of our democracy
Terrorism.. motherfuckers bombin New York.. shit is crazy
It ain't safe no more!
All these rappin niggaz goin at other rappin niggaz heads
Shit is crazy! But most importantly..
The most unsafe thing.. is that.. niggaz ain't seein, the God comin
Watch where you walk!

