

Busta Rhymes, I II vibe

My rhymes profess life like the birds and the bees
Make Funk-Master Flex say yo Im' feeling these
Flows make you shit in your drawrs. Change your dungarees
Smoking trees, getting cottonmouth, wild munchees
Bowed down the block eating food at Luigi's
Constipated... too much extra cheese
Well anyway, while I was cooling down at Luigi's
I met some Siamese twins from overseas.. Lebanese
Let's begin with the friends from New Orleans
They had a fifth friend. She was straight Black-Portuguese
Pretty palm-olive-soaped skin, AloeVeralese
She looked like the type of chick you only see in fantasies
The type of chick you would KILL for to get between the knees
Yo. I made time to chill with Miss Portuguese
Would you believe, the bitch tried to steal my fucking house keys
And rob me for my G's
Had to show this crazy braud, I mastered my Degree's and my Ph.D's
Got your face on camera; motherfucker say cheese
You better get with your friends quick, before I start to squeeze
Getting caught up in that freaky gold-digger Jamborees
[Chorus:]
I caught that ill vibe Tip [word Bust?] yo yo word
That ill vibe Tip [word Bust?] yo yo word
Cause when I'm in the place you know my shit be absurd.
[I caught that ill vibe Bust] Word Tip? [yo yo word]
[That ill vibe Bust] Word Tip? [yo yo word]
[So when I hold the Mic you know my shit be absurd]
[I caught that ill vibe Bust] Word Tip? [yo yo word]
[Verse Two: Q-Tip]
I got weight on my shoulders in the form of this beat
Ain't nothing sweet, on the street, for good these I compete
Come off complete
And you need to get back in your stance
We enhance and we're playing the whole world circumstance
So do good in your hood even though you puff life
Positive to comply
Don't screw up facing that crowd
Progress don't fall back. We can't have that
I'll hold your hand Black
We can't wind up with scratch
I put my best foot forward, when I play in life
Cause this world as I live it, chill's like a double edged knife
In the jam we regulate, cause we organize
Logic-a-ly thinking when along's enterprise
Alot of brothers from the ghetto got the gift of gab
Peace to the West Coast and the East, we's fam
Need I make mention that the crew we've got
Make things get hot, like the FoFo shot. Blauw!
No we don't premote no guns, but don't turn that cheek
In the world that we live calmness is viewed as weak
So, we got to stay awake for all these lizards and snakes
Some of them come as friends; some of them come as Jakes
We decipher all the force and build rounds with our friends
Why's that?
So we can live right until time ends
Yo why's that?
I estimate, so we can get these ends
Yo true that?
Busta and Tip, you know we make minds bend
[Chorus: (in reverse order)]