

# Busta Rhymes, Ready For War

(feat. M.O.P.)

[Busta Rhymes]

Tri-lateral commission  
Berkowitz, Fizzy Wo', Bust-Down  
(AiYAHHHHHHHH!)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes + M.O.P.]

Everytime I take a look, the only thing I see is  
MY LIVE NIGGAZ IN THE SPOT  
Tell me what y'all want  
GIVE ME EVERYTHING YOU GOT  
Y'all niggaz ready to do it  
LET'S BLOW THE MOTHERFUCKIN SPOT  
All my niggaz  
ATTENTION.. (LOUD AND CLEAR)  
WHERE MY NIGGAZ READY FOR WAR? (WE RIGHT HERE!)  
GET EM (WHEN WE SPOT EM) HIT EM (KID WE GOT EM)  
WHERE MY NIGGAZ READY FOR WAR? (WE RIGHT HERE!)

[Billy Danze]

I got reason to believe, some of you niggaz feel  
the man isn't live and direct (GET AT EM BILL!)  
LONG, breathe easy pop, this is Hip-Hop  
in the HARM WAY, we do it the war way, all day  
I never procrastinate (you shouldn't)  
I'm from where the war games fascinate (you couldn't)  
You wouldn't believe what they've been tellin me  
The perfect match is jail and me  
cause I was born with a felony (uh uh uh)  
Fuck that! How this shit look  
when a nigga stretched out, with his chest out  
and a mess out in Brooklyn, HI-YAHHHHHH

[Busta Rhymes]

Y'all motherfuckers is back?!  
Y'all motherfuckers don't know how to act  
Y'all motherfuckers attack!!

[Billy Danze]

And those motherfuckers are wack, I travelled a rocky road  
Swift to the Flipmode, quick grip for the unload  
Father forgive me for my sins  
but I'ma raise hell to the bitter end - I'm a soldier!

[Chorus]

[Lil' Fame]

Fuck the bullshit! I kick a bone out yo' ass  
Hardrock nigga?! I kick a stone out yo' ass!  
Warning, to all those, caps get peeled  
quicker than e-mail to your ass sayin, "Kill kill kill!"  
Curb chasin, straight lacin, with a Mac-10 blazin  
Split yo' ass up like a Temptation  
You cats is animated cartoons (WHO YOU?)  
The return of Goodfellas Part Two  
BITCH throw your fuckin guns up, put your fuckin hands down  
HOT FLAMES UP, [buck you with], (BUSTA BUST DOWN)  
We sneak the guns right in, y'all keep tryin  
and I'ma check all pussies like a G-Y-N  
Open up your can of "Whoop Ass"; I'll open up  
a fresh can of "I'll Fuck Yo' Ass Up Quick Fast";  
Flipmode, M.O.P. Fizzy Wo-mack, Wo-mack

Y'all know who the fuck I am!

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

Aiyyo yo-yuh-yo, and now I hear no one  
(you) would let less than a motherfucker fear no one  
None of y'all niggaz don't really wanna fuck with the dread  
The street brawler stomp your face into the back of yo' head  
C'mon now, I'm quick to roast fry boil and even toast a guy  
Multiply the ghosts like the world's greatest coke supply  
Shit changed, you sellin WEED over the damn computer  
Introduce the millenium STOMP nigga for the future  
I be that prime honorary nigga  
that'll voluntarily blast the last, Tom & Jerry ass nigga  
And write raps to the sound of these gats  
Perhaps my raps will paralyze a bitch-ass and make him collapse  
Yo, see they be quick to bust they fashion of a calico  
My niggaz Berkowitz and that other motherfucker Fizzy Wo'  
Mashin through the city yo, and the foot it don't lie  
Ready to blow this bitch up at the drop of a dime

[Chorus]

[ad libs for about 8 seconds before fade]