

# Busta Rhymes, The Statement

Yeah, yeah  
Why y'all show off  
We show up

How many times do I gotta remind you niggas that I'm one of the greatest?  
And I will just rewrite the pages of every history book while they askin' me, "Save us"  
From all of this other bullshit that they be listenin' to while you just amaze us  
And me and my niggas just step inside the building and they just get on their knees and they praise  
They kiss a ring and then they just might just argue and then fuss  
You the only god we trust  
Imperial Busta Bust, I be fuckin' shit up just because, wait  
I appreciate your patience, but all you niggas should face it  
There's no one that's greater than me  
Thirty years later, fuck shit up like we still in basements  
We want all you haters to see  
Piss on your face, give you facelifts  
Now shut up and cater to me  
Pricelessness, bitch, I'm the nicest, I make all you haters agree  
Watch the way I'm runnin' circles around on these niggas  
Know why they so afraid of me  
I'm only here to inspire you and set shit on fire  
And give you what you came to see, see (Hold up)  
(Hold up) Hold up  
Nigga, fuck your conversation, make sure you have my compensation  
Nigga, fuck you contemplating, my hungry niggas out here waiting  
And know none of them niggas patient, they do not like to tolerate shit  
If the money come up short, better find you a new occupation  
If you lucky enough to survive the situation  
I don't do good moderatin'  
I stay out at all of that and mind my business  
For feelin' the greatest at my obligations  
Fuckin' up the street and  
Fuckin' up the street and get worse when I be on my concentration  
Body every individual with minimal complication  
Get you some shit that be swallowin' up every nation  
Just cover all accommodations  
While we continue to fuck up the street in everything  
I'll flatline your whole operation  
Niggas worry 'bout they future  
I fuck up everything they use to  
Walkin' back and forth and pacin', I get the streets another booster  
The return of Mansa Musa  
I ain't got no time to waste it  
What I do, you can't replace it  
Impossible to appraise it  
The nicest, my nigga, prices, my nigga, we timeless  
I hold all the dice, let me shake it  
While we fuck shit up again and again  
Securin' every win  
Why you niggas talkin' basic?  
Shinin' so much, how we grindin' so much  
We ain't never complacent  
Feeding every street forever  
Me and my niggas be workin' so hard, we gettin' so much money together  
Animal skin I be in  
Most you niggas patent leather, we call it whatever  
Most of the time, it's a pleasure to give you lyrics like a treasure  
So much jewelry from an era  
Give you more than you could measure  
Most of you bozo-ass niggas that be movin' around  
They call you birds of a feather, whether  
Or not you think you hot, so you cannot fuck with me, never  
See most you niggas out here think that you cool  
I'll give you shit from my ancestor

And it don't matter how much you imagine  
Try me if you think you better, better (Better)