

Busta Rhymes, Wild Hot

Q-Tip:I got the Busta bust
Yo, we make the shit wild hot
Busta:We got Kamaal
Complete, we make the shit wild hot
Q-Tip:I got the Busta bust
Yo, we make the shit wild hot
Both:All y'all rude boys lick a shot (gun shot)

Q-Tip:I be the all-I-seein'
The MCin'
Human bein'
Soon to be in your museum
When I'm in your coliseum
I'm MCin'
Punishin' wack niggas for disagreein'
Did you see him?
No, 'cause he move like the wind, in flight
Counter-attack like a Jedi Knight
If you're goin' to think about combatin'
General Latin
Of this MC shit you did, killa
You just a private in the lower class
I be the upper at your lawn
Don Juan, when the mic's on
Chief Abstract, Ace Quasimoto
Fuckin' with me, you'll be finished like photo
I'm sure to bust your shit like bolo
Black Nation needs a team, fuck solo
I can see ya in your eyes the webness
When your ass starts to cry it's redness
You can witness the style that I kick from the linguistics
But please come, so save it
Dealin' with the try, but you never can
My nigga Busta Rhymes about to get his man
Ay yo, we do it like this and then we do it like that
It's the Abstract with the new format
We do it like this and then we do it like that
It's the Busta bust with the new format

Busta:FIGARO, Figaro, Figaro
Bust yo shit, scar yo windpipes and make me break yo elbow
Put my foot in your ass slow
Feel the force like a race horse or like a heard of buffalo
Teel me why you be actin' soft
Freak the Spanish flow
Like Julio ?Lepingpacndahoe?
Freeze like chilly Willy the Eskimo
Vigilante like Steven Segal
Now bust the desperado
You fuckin' with the all time pros
While the zoom lens ammorate niggas from transistor radios
Mission Impossible without expose
Once I diagnose those who be creepin' blow 'em off they tippy toes
Sorry, fake nigga that's how it goes
Sport the suede-front bullet proof vests in case
you complicate my dough
Handle situations pronto
While appearances got you all hearin' this when I be doin' cameos
Shit be Wild Hot like Tabasco
Fuck the fool-ass nigga trespass and caught him in my last zone
Stick a nigga bad like the last hole
Runnin' up on muthafuckas late night jumpin' out the astro
No, No,No,No,No
If you violate I start to dictate just like Fidel Castro

Make you dreadlock yo' afro
And when I'm done I ride of with theme music by my man D'Angelo
We make the shit Wild Hot

Chorus (x3)