

# Cuban Link, Men Of Business

(Lil' Fame) Aahhhh!...

(Billy Danze) Hahahaha....

(Lord Tariq) Yeah nigga...

(Noreaga) Yeah nigga Whatha fuck?...Thugged out and we ain't got love for y'all

(Lil' Fame) whatha fuck..whatha fuck..whatha fuck...

(Noreaga) Thugged out and I ain't got love for y'all...

(Billy Danze) Niggah!...Niggah!...

(Cuban Link) Cubaaaaa!

(Noreaga)

uh..Yo..Yo..Thugged out.. we ain't got love for y'all..

Thugged out and I ain't got no love for y'all.. (x4)..

Now these funny niggaz is actors, they in movies  
Straight characters, Lookin' like "Winnie the poohie"  
Who the only rap cat that really sell crack?, got gunz  
Shit that push ya forehead back, Yeah!  
You fuck my bitch and I'll fuck yours  
But yours gave me head, she ain't see my bed  
Thats why, I'll never do a song with you  
It's like y'all niggaz got a thong on you, whats wrong with you?  
And we ain't even gotta have beef  
We can drink malt liquour and smoke a lil' leaf  
N.o.r..I'm slick like nunile grease  
Cuba..german Luger with the silencer piece  
Queens nigga, copped the whole crib, no lease  
Ya see 'Pone in the Benz with the brand new rims  
A.m.g kit, half of y'all niggaz is off sick  
I suggest don't come to the game, just forfeit...

(Lord Tariq)

Niggaz know betta than this, a verteran at pedellin' bricks  
Caked up but still hungry, can't settle for shit  
Half past eleven in the ghetto is sick  
I saw a nigga from the bricks, sell a rev' in a nic'  
And where I'm from, It's infested with magicians and tricks  
And you ain't shit unless a nigga whippin' a six  
Gettin' 'em sick with many bitches lickin' the dick  
Runnin' with niggaz and spiiks who really living this shit  
And these young niggaz thinkin' they invented this shit  
Because they got a few dollars and his pendant is slick  
Shit I hit the club, ten g's spend it and split  
Nigga had five thou', can't rent him a chick  
I ain't rich but the way we livin is it, venomous lips  
Gettin' me chips and gettin' me drips, enter this shit  
Infinite hits, hangin' with Bloods and spittin' with crips  
Dump a clip in the click and ended this shit...

(Cuban Link)

Yeah.. Y'all motherfuckers gotta stop frontin'  
Before I count in, Block back and pop sumthin'  
Not for nuthin', y'all rock but not enough to lock with us son,i'm hot  
Bustin' like a shotgun pump, my squad don't front  
Y'all pop shit, we pop the trunk  
So what ya want punk? I stomp, gone from the bronx to Hong Kong  
Your lone gone now, coz y'all got souped up like wantang  
I drop bombs and murder beats, burn 'em to the third degree  
Y'all hearda me, the first to preform open mic surgery  
Verbally ill, words built to purpously kill  
Why y'all herbs still kickin' nursery rhymes, I'm worth a mil'  
So what the deal boy? I WritE the real and the say what I feel  
SO grab ya steel tec', its evil when I play fight, I play for real  
I'm from the 'vills where they torch coffins  
In front of ya grlls like George Forman

Ain't no talkin' to the law enforcements  
We all be flossin' through New York, walkin' in slow motion  
Four horsemen style, talk loud and getcha jaw broken...

(Kool G. Rap)

Yo we walk dead in these streets, stalk with lead in the heat  
Guerilla niggaz willin' to kill for the bread and the meat  
Niggaz starvin' with their ribs showin', ready to eat  
When shit get hot, fuck the cops, it be feds on the beat  
Not the one to give a speech baby, we let metal speak  
Way ahead of the beef, Wet him from his head to his feet  
In a pool of red, bloodshed, spreadin' from a leak  
Another fool dead, mug red, stretched up on the beach  
Four hundred thousand, get recruited, general saluted  
Infinite guns, spit for the ones, shit go down and i'ma flip for my duns  
Cop a load of bricks in the tonnes, and push a big whip in the slums  
The quicker they come, the swifter they plunge  
Leave 'em to rot on a dark block, hollow tip fifth in they lung  
Or catch an ear to ear rip and get hung  
From just a single slip of the tongue  
Bust'em, leave 'em twisted and done...

(Billy Danze)

Now let me take you motherfuckers on a wild ride  
Which is worldwide, on the wild side, homicide side  
Where a lot of serial killers have died  
I'm one of the few with a will to survive, you  
Know this metal fist nigga never choke up  
Spit venom in 'em and open 'em up  
The game Non stop.. (Lil' Fame)niggaaa!..  
Til' everybody shot.. (Lil' Fame)niggaaa!..  
Til' everybody drop.. (Lil' Fame)niggaaa!..  
I will catch your ass five years later  
Rite there at ya crib gettin' on the elavator  
Creep up on you like I'm kin to Darth Vader, then unload the fader  
Keepin' extra clips for that one couragous neighbour  
That got visions of being a fuckin' 'Power Ranger' (Lil' Fame)Blaaow!..  
Motherfucker see ya later...

(M.O.P.) Bukkabukkabukkabukka... Clack!...like whoa!...

(Lil' Fame)

I bring the beef hard for you, have y'all shittin' in y'all drawers  
I'ma show you motherfuckers the meanin' of star wars  
Pop sumthin' straight through ya, Grrraam bam bootah!  
I don't give a motherfuck who ya are, What the fuck y'all think?  
This is Cuban Link, M.O.P, G Rap, Lord Tariq, N.O.R.E  
End of story, get the fuck off me  
I have ya niggaz open like you drank twenty gallons of Starbucks coffee  
This is, from B.K to B.X, Queens, and I'm uptown  
Body shot, shotty shot, God he shot sixteen slugs!  
I could shut one hammer, blow your ass out like sixteen candles, too hard to handle  
Check this, play large and get one large inside of your large intestine  
Now ask yourself, what the fuck is this?  
M.O.P., M.O.B, Men of business, hahaaaaaa!....