

# Kardinal Offishall, Ol' Time Killin' (Remix)

(Busta Rhymes)

Bomb.

Wanna know why I listen?

Ya'know why I listen to bomb the way I drop up in a blood clot

Dems only ting can gwaan pon never nah gwaan gwaan

Kardinal (Yo!)

Dem man nah realize the way I do the technology way don't I identify

dey oola dem idiot sound bwoy already ya nah rude bwoy

They're a big mon ting a gwaan pon dem streets

ya ya way a controlla dey fada (Eh eh)

Me go tek where I bwaught tings

Who tellin' where dem idiot sound bwoy

Let dem fools move a gwaan way

(Kardinal Offishall)

Ol' Time Killin' I'm feelin', I'm spillin'

I'm pulling out heat on industry niggas earning a million

With bullshit like Gilligan's

Somebody go check Will and them

and ask Uncle Phil to rep me while my shots get rid of dem

Dis X y'all I'm feel it all up in yo mega-lens

Somebody go tell Missy I'm a hundred minute mission (Listen!)

Hunched over the side I'm a lyrical homicide

Ride di gyal feel a bone if I a pon tity pride (HEY!)

Slew dem, Boo dem al dem fassy nah crew dem

Yo Kardinal and Busta come to crush the liccle fool dem (Who Dem?!)

The Circle Click and The Flipmode Squad reppin' da' T-Dot and B.K. back to

y'all (HEY!)

(Busta Rhymes)

On a for nor say all ah fi stop the mumbo jumbo

Fore' mi run ah go call Carl Columbo

For Lith' causin' a bumble hole

No stop the fire see how she da' very symbol

To leave you with holes and dimples

Inside of your shittin' cripple a nigga (DAMN SON!)

Gimme da roll out

I'll dismantle ya whole mouth

For talking what you nah know now

Hacksaw Jim Duggan some of these niggas is frontin'

Nuff' of these niggas is nothin'

Always huffin' and puffin'

I'll sue come and give you a cuffin' (AH-OOH!)

Frontin' like you tough and soft as a blueberry muffin

(EASY RUDE BWOY!)(FOOAH!)

Because of circumstance I might have to go hurt ya' man

It's such a shame the way we fuck up the party and done the dance

Chorus: (Jully Black & BlackKat)

It's a Ol' Time, Ol' Time Killin'

We a deal with, run and get your money clip (BLOOK!)

For another day (BLOOK!)

In another way (WHAT!)

De man dem, nah take nah ray ray

We are murderer

"The..The MC..." -KRS-One

Killa...

"Murder She Wrote" -Chaka Demus & Pliers

"Murderer" -Barrington Levy

"When time it come to my sound which is de champion sound" -Major Mackerel

(Kardinal Offishall)

Bun ya calm give tanks and praise

Put on ya' vest, protect ya' chest

From dem hollow points stray  
We runnin' in da' streets  
And we wildin' on the mics (SAY WHAT!)  
The dress code is beats and white Nike's  
Nuff niggas shinin' but I'm beggin' you to look again  
The teams are so sold like Jordan playing for Washington  
Style is like Allen I. on the all-star team (it's yoo much for you!)  
Make you wanna wake out ya' dream and wipe the dribble off your sweatshirt  
Corny niggas get hurt flirtin' with death  
Every time the mic sees my breath  
This ain't a killin', it's a favor that we doin'  
I'm taking em' out of misery fore' da' crowd start booing em'

(Busta Rhymes)  
Screwing and pursuin'  
Splitting em' in 2 and em'  
Niggas I have to remember fore' I have to get all of my crew and em'  
Wild street niggas from way back ah while I keep it hot  
Flexing with Bill Golayoot from B.K. to da' T-Dot

Chorus: (Jully Black & BlackKat)  
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For another day (BLOOK!)  
In another way (WHAT!)  
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We are murderer  
&quot;The..The MC...&quot; -KRS-One  
Killa...  
&quot;Murder She Wrote&quot; -Chaka Demus & Pliers  
&quot;Murderer&quot; -Barrington Levy  
&quot;When time it come to my sound which is de champion sound&quot; -Major Mackerel

(Kardinal Offishall)  
Ah ha!  
Crown the king him Kardinal start to sing  
And make these weak cats pop the diamonds out they pinky ring  
And sell it off when I go off  
When the drummer start drummin' smokin' rocks up in the corner talkin' bout'  
(Yo Bust Coming!)

(Busta Rhymes)  
It'll be last one of you amateurs that will mash up any challengers  
Fuck you both stop coming out pick up any passengers  
Yo pere dutty make a tink a gwaan  
Bus-A-Bus and Kardinal yeah will fill up a arsenal, like carnival yo  
While we chillin' and fulfillin' niggas with listenin' pleasure  
Where's my drink yo let's salute the Ol' Time Killin'  
You actin bitchy man, my trigga finger itchy man  
We dont engage in any social activity wit' Chin-Chi man  
2 body bag and a cute casket  
Could put you and a whole a ya' fruit friend in 1 fruit basket (Chyo!)  
And when the dance done you know we complete  
You better bounce before we cock and put a shot in a ya blood cleat

Chorus: (Jully Black & BlackKat)  
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(Kardinal Offishall)

Yeah..a nah we run wit it

T-Dot!..B.K....Kardinal and Busta

Semi...yes!

Firestarter part one

And M-ode, uh Raspberry, Circ..is Flipmode heh

Ya' na'mean..Can't F' wit us..Can't F' Wit'out us yeah

Eh-Heh! See you late!