

## **Total F/ Missy Elliott, Timbaland**

### **"Busterismology"**

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[Boots]

I'm risin like the vapors from the dank  
Fuck the mirror in my pocket, had to break it for a  
shank  
What you thank? Walk the plank, is my motherfuckin  
attitude  
Right hand on the wheel, elbow out the window, leanin  
to the latitude, actin rude can get you blown up, to'n up  
But these teeny-boppers ain't gon' live to be a grown up  
My motherfucker done got hisself into a spot  
I got this nine, but it jam on every fifth shot  
If we gon' do this, we could this, but I'm trippin off  
the factor that these bastards put me through this  
Nuttin ass tricks, gangin up on my homie  
Now I gots to do some shit, to leave yo' kids lonely  
The level of my life should be higher  
Told E-Roc to jump in, and get up out the line of fire  
Made a three point turn, as the three joints burned  
off they lips, actin hard wit they face held firm  
Calmly stated my acquaintance was no punk  
You got a gat, I got a gat - now is you requestin funk?  
They said no, E-Roc yelled, "Trick!!"  
When we start the revolution all they probably do is  
snitch

Chorus: Boots

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When WE start the revolution, all they, probably do is  
SNITCH!  
..  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When WE start this revolution, all they, probably do is  
SNITCH!

[Boots]

I used to work at Mickey D's  
And to my old buster-ass manager, licky DEEZ  
Had me workin on hands and knees, scrubbin grease  
And in the summer with the oven on, it's hundred-ten  
degrees  
I would despise flippin fries, I guess his bitch-ass  
thought he was the shit, with his little red and gold tie  
I asked him why I couldn't get mo' hours  
He said it must be cause I lacked the mental powers  
If I was smart then I would be in his position  
I left his nose in a busted up condition  
Only came back for my last check to pay me off  
He told me then, that he wasn't gonna lay me off  
Said I should quit and it would be to my enjoyment  
I fell for it and couldn't get my unemployment  
To ALL the managers, on ALL the shifts  
When we start this revolution, all y'all probably do is  
snitch!

Chorus

..

[Boots]

Now hella my folks got respect for you, killa  
Wit a raised black fist, and a pocket full of scrilla  
Cap peelers want your autograph, say you know the  
path  
But I do the math, my game bursts, like a bubble in the  
bath  
Punk asses like you is just here for confusion  
Be abusin rhetoric, and it's slightly amusin  
You be cruisin all the networks, Ebony and Jet works  
'long witcha efforts, now what's yo' net worth?  
If you ain't talkin bout endin exploitation  
Then you just another Sambo in syndication  
Always sayin words that's gon' bring about elation  
Never doin shit, that's gon' bring us vindication  
And while we gettin strangled by the slave-wage  
grippers  
You wanna do the same, and say we should put you in  
business?  
So you'll be next to the rulin class, lyin in a ditch  
Cause when we start this revolution, all you probably do  
is snitch!  
(snitch.. snitch.. snitch.. snitch..)

Chorus

[ragga chat]

Busterismology, we don't want it no sir  
Come and take a look, come and take a look a little  
closer  
Busterismology, it dangerous like cancer  
Busterismology, it only fi bustas (2X)

[Pam the Funkstress]  
Ye-ye-yeah-ye-ye-ye-yeah  
This is the Pam the Funkstress  
comin at you, on the microphone like thisss  
About to break it down and let you know  
what busterismology is all about  
A buster is a motherfucker who will sell you out  
for a glass of water when it's raining  
Busterism is what busters do  
And last but not least, busterismology  
is the study of all these motherfuckers to learn  
If you do not know, now you know  
what busterismology is all about  
Nine-eight (nine-eight) The Coup (The Coup)  
Boots (Boots) and me Pam the Funkstress  
(Pam the Funkstress)

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