

## **Trina F/ Tweet, Missy Elliott**

### **"Suicide Bounce"**

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[Busta Rhymes]

Ay fellas

I think you might wanna s-s-sneak your ratchet in here  
for this one

Ay ladies

Put your petroleum jelly on your face

Yo Nas, we got a big bet in the streets

that you knock they ass out in the first 30 seconds of  
the first round

GET 'EM!

[Verse One: Nas]

Sittin up drunk, shufflin thoughts

Got paper but I'm lost

Losin focus what a nigga still hustlin for

My seed is straight, the fam is settled

Idle time get the man in trouble

When wifey tourin, my life get boring

Start to remember all types of torment

The devil's callin, but I don't answer

Mom passed from cancer, leavin behind

two granddaughters, two grandsons, two 9's

next to me in the Phantom, who lyin?

Big screen documentaries of Idi Amin

Gotta, try to stay away from creeps

With they bullshit, tryin to put me back in the streets

War stories, funerals

where feds be layin from a dreadful slayin

Body viewing's at the wake

Nigga sit stiff in his Ferrari, no casket

with his eyelids still open, it's kinda spooky

Iceman watch on, the suit Gucci

I'm above the standard

But dude just Mar-salis than Branford

Thinkin you're too rich, they wanna gun ya

Kidnap ya cause of they hunger, but you fuckin with  
hunters

Camouflaged in black hoods that dump clips

Cause real niggaz die over dumb shit

Camouflaged in black hoods that dump clips

Cause real niggaz die over dumb shit

[Chorus 2X: Busta Rhymes]  
Fight, fists, dance, suckah  
Suicide, bounce, brother  
Ice, whips, cash, nigga  
Watch yo', big, ass, momma

[Verse Two: Nas]  
To your, power structure, Nas is dangerous  
Y'all the antithesis, the opposite  
Twitchin shit, all up in your body language  
Mean muggin your bitch, cause she leans over  
to look closer told you y'all sloppy gangsters sayin  
"Nas is this and Nas is that"  
Your eyes go front, your eyes go back  
Surprised I'm at the same place y'all be at  
It's obvious you don't know how I react  
Like, I don't know where the party's at  
You're foamin at the mouth, losin breath  
Like a cardiac arrest, but I ain't impressed  
Cause the fact is, y'all don't really want it  
Two to the head, fo' to the stomach  
Call more security cause I come off  
anywhere you at you scary cats  
If you dare squeeze back, guns shall rain  
a thousand times harder than when I first came  
Y'all not relentless, y'all dumb  
And y'all just forgot about the consequences  
Not a jail sentence, but see  
the nigga you feed'll kick it to dude that kick it to me  
We posess, the recipes for death, cause jealousy  
destroys  
Feed the dog first, watch out for salmonella poisoning  
I know a kid who'll throw shit in your food  
And say, "That's the way you kill a man, avoid the  
shooting"  
Hey...

[Chorus]

[Outro]  
You smile, in my face  
Secretly I know, you want my place  
You waitin on me to choke, don't want a nigga to  
breathe  
You wanna come cut my throat, you wanna get rid of  
me  
But before I let it happen them guns gon' start clappin  
And y'all gon' rest in peace, cause death is the recipe  
Before I let it happen them guns gon' start clappin  
And y'all gon' rest in peace, cause death is the recipe

[Busta] Suicide, bounce, brother  
[Busta] Suicide, bounce, brother  
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[Busta] Suicide, bounce, brother

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