

Trina F/ Ludacris

"Busta Rhymes Freestyle"

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[Record Scratch]

[Busta Rhymes]

"Yeah, yeah- Drunkenstyle '99- Busta Rhymes- I smoke blunts though, but I get drunk with the Drunkenstyle '99 shit- Flipmode Squad, check it out."

Ayyo, extreme force of course- Time to floss straight to The Source- Nigga, ya lost- Who be the boss?

Busta Rhymes, nigga, ya soft- Makin' ya cough, turnin' ya ass off- Bounce to my loft, let me show off more shit niggas can't fuck wit'- The raw hit Split your dome quick- Bitches lust my ice bracelet Quick, baby, recite it- Ya like it

Fucked you in the right place with my night stick I be the S-500, V-8, drop suspension, customized twenty inch rim, chip inside the fuel injection

Pay attention to this lesson before I mention Experience the Flipmode lyrical apprehension I'm in the zone, hang up the cell phone Rock stupid ice- Bitch started romancin' my stones More style I've ever shown, holdin' my own Don't let me catch you alone 'fore I hit you wit' the full blown!

Bust Rhymes like that, kick you in your back Mothafucka, it's goin' down like that Drunkenstyle '99 shit

(Whistle blowing)

Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo
Ayyo, Drunkenstyle '99

Ayyo, one million and one times
We floss, fuck wit' these bitches wit' money on my mind
Rock coyote furs, displayin' Frank Mueller watches

Get in the waistline, the nozzle way down in my
crotches
Open the jewelery boxes- Select ice wit' such a shine
Look at the sky, see little movin' color blotches
Supreme niggas, controllin' the scene niggas
Your crew funny-lookin' like Mr- Bean, nigga!
Bitch slap a bitch nigga, fall on the ground
and you apply- We identified what your little bitch
sound
Ehhh! Ehhh! Niggas is cryin' like a faggot's ass beaten
We catch pics and wild wit' they money for the
weekend
Raise the stakes, my nigga, fuck the contemplatin'
Who be regulatin' shit, we controllin' the situation
Take your paper and bounce, niggas ain't sayin' nothin'
Then I stop, stare in ya face and dare ya to say
somethin'
Busta Rhymes, Flipmode Squad,
straight smokin' blunts consistantly
Drunkenstyle '99 shit, Flipmode Squad,
authentic street corner hip-hop, nigga
But the problem is Extinction Level Event shit
Bouncin' like satellites in orbit
Stay seein' all you funny-ass niggas at every-ass angle
Mothafucka, tryin' to move like you creepin' up on
somethin'

Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo
Ayyo, Drunkenstyle '99
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo
Ayyo, Drunkenstyle '99

[Mad Skillz on a telephone]
"Yo, this Mad Skillz, you-know-what-I'm-sayin'? When I
ain't endin' out
end M.C.'s careers real quick, I'm checkin' out my man
Drunken Master,
you-know-what-I'm-sayin'? You know how we get down
And if you don't know we don't speak,
so watch you favorite beacon freak when my shit hits
the streets
I'm unslept on like pissy sheets
I got lines and rhymes that raise minds like Einstein out
his sleep
Fuck a heat- Nigga, I'm MC squared
Rhyme style rare and I'll choke yo' ass like E in Hair
Not to be compared to you or that nigga over there

I'ma evacuate more rapid then a prison bomb scare-
Aiiight?
Ya betta open up ya eyes and peep the real before I
jump out this joint."

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