

## **Busta Rhymes**

# **"A Trip Out Of Town"**

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*[skit]*

*[Busta Rhymes]*

yo, it all began like, bust it  
My nigga City bout to bounce on a trip  
We met some niggas with alot of things they want em  
to flip  
I told my nigga get the dough and keep the blau on  
your hip  
Travel safe, you know that I'ma hold it down on the  
strip  
Good lookin, word to mother son I give you my wit  
But when I get back, I'ma bounce straight to your crib  
On the strength, son slid until you to the Greyhound  
Wit a burner in the knapsack, headed straight outta  
town  
Now, three days pass I'm still on the strip  
Doin hand to hand with twelve collapsible, stashable  
clips  
With little magnets on the side of the clips we planted  
like a project  
When police come we stick the clips in any metal object  
Throwin a nigga on the walls and try to search me  
down  
I laugh knowin that my stash'll never be found  
Well anyway, on the third day, son came straight to the  
strip  
Wit a new floss and shiny shoes on the whip  
My nigga hit me with the latest, greatest  
He told me get inside the whip so I can know just what  
the up to date is  
He said he fuckin wit some Guyanese niggas how ill  
them niggas is  
What kind of dough they get, and how they handle they  
biz  
How they connect with Jamaican niggas who speak  
American  
And how they chains swung a medallion iced out  
pelicans  
And how they stay wit four pounders  
And speak American to try to blend in  
Like they aint obvious out of towners

Okay, I've never heard of workers gettin five G's pay  
For trips that last for only 2-3 day  
How these Guyanese niggas be eatin pasta but they  
love zucchini  
Rockin valor tennis suits by Sergio Tecchini  
Them type of cats that call you because you can't call  
'em  
Rockin baseball fitters with wild animal skins on 'em  
How they rock silks and tailor made pants  
And get a matching bally shoe for the silk to step in the  
dance  
Washrags hangin from every one of our back pockets  
>From every fine wine to champagne them niggas'll  
straight cop it  
And set up shops in them neighborhoods that was  
residential  
Rock laced whips while the workers'll floss the latest  
rentals  
How they fuck with arrogant bitches who act pussy  
And love to hustle wit niggas and stash coke up in they  
pussy  
After all of that I wanted ones  
The way my nigga was talkin so next trip I went to  
bounce with son  
So now we out of town with Guyanese cats  
Up in they gates bubbling packages and layin wit gats  
Shit was slow until the main fiend was offed  
Just like a thief in the night  
And spread the word that we was back with the white

*[Intermission]*

"Ayo why don't you tell that crackhead to close the  
fuckin door  
and shut the fuck up"  
"Yeah man and clean the motherfucking spot up, smell  
like..."  
"Break the fuckin breakdown in the working city... yo go  
get the plates  
and the gym star"  
"Yo light that up, lemme hit that, gimme a light, yeah  
man cut that"

"Fuck this shit"

*[Busta Rhymes]*

Yeah, see how we blowin pa  
The lookout niggas holdin fort like they was  
watchtowers  
Buggin on how we went through, a half a brick every  
couple of hours  
So on and so on, shit is good and we eatin

First nigga to short a package will catch the most brutal  
beatin  
The whole town, see we now own it  
Carryin on and blemishing all in the hearts of the best  
moments  
We stackin cheddar now and shit is all clear  
And we was growin as workin niggas wit aspiring ideas  
We love to floss and the feeling of pushing chrome shit  
But in the grand scheme these niggas'll love to have  
they own shit  
Now these niggas was really ready to swell up  
We decided to separate from them niggas and make  
our shit develop  
Off in to the wilderness of the wicked Husid  
We set up shops and watched the games begin  
So now we ballin like a motherfucker, money was sick  
Gas on the cheddar and these bitches ridin the dick  
Fuckin everything from the local McDonald's bitches  
with the biggest ass  
To attorney bitches that'll beat a charge fast  
We used to takin niggas' custies and leave they set up  
on tilt  
And watch 'em angrily scheme on the shit that we built  
Aint it funny how shit transpire in fact  
Not too long after our ride we took the winner's stash,  
house was at  
Some niggas tried to run a jook with things in they palm  
Not a problem so immediately reach for the john  
Right away the gun BUST! straight lifted a nigga  
How we moved his organs with kickback, shifted a  
nigga  
Wild shots fire, everybody scatter like rats  
Leavin nothing but gunpowder and a trail of smoke in  
these gats  
Now we got this faggot nigga blood on our hands  
But fuck it, determined to fulfill the best of these plans  
Shit was hot but we was nowhere near ready to fall  
My son said he shot, but he wasn't bleeding at all  
Word, I started buggin when my nigga said he feel  
cold  
Then I looked up on the right side of his shirt and found  
a little hole  
So as we continue to radically blaze the fifth  
Flame the iron, not giving a fuck, y'all niggas wanna  
rip?  
Well we deaded three out of the four niggas who tried  
to jook  
One nigga slid and think he got off the hook  
Now let me find out one out of them three niggas we  
bodied  
Was one of them Guyanese niggas who buy drinks up

for the party  
He was the nigga to flood the table with champagnes  
Stupid motherfucker tried to front, we had to leak his  
brain  
Suddenly my nigga fell to the floor  
And said his legs feel like them shits aint got no feelins  
no more  
More the actin up the more the shit I felt in my gut  
The shit was all over as soon as the director said CUT!

That's a wrap, good actin motherfuckers, good actin  
That's the shit I'm talkin about  
Y'all ready to watch the playback?  
Fuck around, that shit'll be a box office smash  
motherfuckers  
*[applause]*  
*[THE END]*

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