

Busta Rhymes

"Chill"

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[Hook]

I tried to tell a nigga chill
Call him David, put the mess in the mada Copperfield
For real, niggas know the drill
Mommy on that molly while she poppin up a pill
For real, tell that bitch to chill
For real, tell that bitch to chill
For real, nigga better chill
And if they don't, just line em up
It's perfect timin for the kill

[Verse 1]

I don't care about the money that your man make
I hit a homerun, now I'm runnin through my fan base
Up the green from a garden to a landscape
Sounds be the only lingo cops will never translate
They pull up, I pull out that thing and pop it
I ain't fuckin with no dicks, I'm on hella ring bob it
I'm no Davie but them ladies say the boys way be
Crockett
I'm the plug in the street and you a motherfuckin
socket
Had to chill for a while but I'm welcomed back
Was low key, how I'm underneath the welcome mat
Now the bitches see me in the Forbes
So if I give you my number, like a finny you should call
You should tell your man to chill cause you're fuckin
with a dog
And he be firecracker flaming and you fuckin with a
ball
I got them crills on the street, got Jahlil on the beat
Only Phantoms, ain't no Caddys when we roll out in
them fleets

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Wrist on chill
Neck on chill
Hoes all up in my grill
I cop a feel then I tell that bitch to chill

Hop behind the wheel and get back to chasin that mill
Ok, big black zonin, on shit pumpin
Beef is like a car, to start it I push a button
And it's over when it's over with
I don't know if you noticed it
But I just got my weight up bitch, I'm getting checks
and bonuses
Pull up in the covers with, yea I see you lookin
As you should, come and get this wood, yea that
getting dough
G shot wrist, Reebok kicks
My niggas fuck the place u, King Kong shit
She back and forth on my balls, ping-pong bitch
She playin house with my ding dong, I'm playin ding
dong ditch
Her bar is too ill, way too trill
If that's yo girl actin up, tell that bitch to chill
For real

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

Yea, ya'll know
When I come through and I lock it
So much bread I should attach a laundry basket to my
pocket
You ain't really knowin, ready for the lesson?
See me whippin a Boeing, 7-47
See the wrist be glowin til I'm shinin like a misfit
Spark with nigga cascade, dish washing liquid
Bread up in the palasades, mansion into stash house
Wilin in the club while bitches dancing with they ass out
Mossberg military in case niggas act out
On em like a click over traded niggas blacked out
Why oh why oh why nigga?
You don't wanna try it
See my niggas squeezing til they finger muzzle getting
tired nigga
Finish with the coke I watch it rattle through the waffa
Like a kid cooked the coke up in a fuckin pressure
cooker
The I quickly count the profit, cop another castle key

Cook until they want a nigga on their cooking channel
You know my style, you see the way I sip up
At 10 thousand a bottle, shit you know my niggas grip
up
Iâ€™m on that raise the throttle shit, you know I got the
hulk
Go ahead and fuckin gobble bitch, itâ€™s simple like the
pushup
Rocket launcher swag bitch, see how Iâ€™m propelling
yaâ€™ll
Taking over everything, Iâ€™m tired of telling yaâ€™ll
Why you always talk, could give a fuck what niggas
chat bout
Keep applying the pressure until you niggas tap out
Now pass out

[Hook]

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