

Busta Rhymes

"Don't Get Carried Away"

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Doctor, yeah
I think we got some shit for 'em
Yeah, I'ma rub these sticks together
Check it and start a bonfire

And if you don't see it y'all niggaz can't fuck with our
Flipmode movement, bounce in your truck to us
Y'all get stupid, don't try to fuck with us
Because you will get carried away, yeah, you'll be
carried away

Now I'm subtle, once I pick up my metal
Put my foot on the pedal, ridin' through every ghetto
Analyze the shit I'm seein' when I sip Amaretto
A lot of bitches on the strip, struttin' in they stilettos

Then they wave and say hello when my Lambo' is
yellow
Everything they got a jingle when they walk like Jello
See the niggaz on the corner and I never forget it
And I never regret it because I see how you get it

Now because of you niggaz, I'm a hustler nigga
'Gnac guzzler nigga, rip your jugular, nigga
In the night I become the type to love when it's dark
'Cause when I pull up and park, is when I'm makin' my
mark

See the fact's that I'm tryin' to strive and capitalize in
Start to max-a-mimize and b-build a ent-ter-prise
And wh-while I'm stockin' this bread, keep ah-stockin'
the lead
And leave a permanent dot on the top of your head,
c'mon

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I'm the enigma, there is none harder, smarter

Martyr, Godfather, my interest, your departure
Pardon Dre this beat is a monster, catchy
Like sleepin' under open windows that's drafty

Then wakin' up my throat scratchy that's how I spit it
nasty
They short, a few inches North of a dwarf
My flow's MurciÃ©lago, ghostin' them narcos
Toast in the ways of the original Pablos

Still a pyramid architect, mix liquors like a chemist
Killer lyricist, poetical tyrant
Sneaker store terrorist, Mt. Everest, I climbed it
Heat is drawn, no creepin' on me whenever I'm bent

My mind spray, my nine spray
And freak styles like 3000 Andre
To keep pilin', keep pushin' them drops
Nas, runnin' with hot Busta Bust, we don't stop

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Now I'm hot, and we runnin' the block
Watch me run in your spot, fiends comin' in flocks
Add a little cut to the coke when I'm cookin' the pot,
c'mon
Drugs, bitch, I got what you want come and get what I
got

Now I almost forgot, I come to close up your shop
I love to fold up a knot, love totin' the glock
Helps me feel safer when niggaz try to scheme on my
plot
Try to steal paper from me, you gotta deal with a lot

See, I will leave you to rot, only defendin' my stock
Niggaz know they pussy and struggle to pretend that
they not
Lose your life in the drop while I harvest the crop
My hot shit, bust a cannon have you run in your socks

See we live on the edge, bang shit with a
sledgehammer
Split up your head, kill a snitch for the feds
Let's go, for the streets I'm always spittin' a gospel
Get Nas holdin' a barrel size of elephant nostril

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