

Busta Rhymes

"Driver's Seat"

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(Killer B, yeah, rest in peace, I'm sayin son
Ain't no room in this game for everybody, you know?
But uh, we gon' do our thing baby, we gon' do our
thing)

[Iman T.H.U.G.]

Yo, Iman T.H.U.G. something stunnin, rappers get done
in

I migrate, Queens Jamaica, Brooklyn gets sunning
All feelings though, we all grow wit this ?buckle?
I recognized life is a deal, cards and a shuffle
Everything revolves around me, I couldn't see that
25 to Life and hip-hop, you got the feedback
Who need that, hundred gram stashed up in the
cheese stack

We fo' black, want more trip, we get that old back
And keep this world high, yearly raw supply
These fuckin tracks have a nigga feelin wide inside
Any bottle-tip high smokin lah in the rye
It's on you, if you wanna take heed the hidden treasure
Recognize it's Iman T.H.U.G. wit Noreaga
Recognize that 2-5 shine'll last forever
Embedded in your mind like the seams in butter
leathers
Butter leathers, check it yo yo yo

Chorus 2x

I keep it real wit a nigga keep it real wit me
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin steal from me
2-5 be that bomb-diggy bomb you see
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat

[Noreaga]

I keep it real wit a bitch that keep it real wit me
Cut the hand off a chicken tryin steal from me
CNN be that bomb-diggy bomb you see
Now it's Nore now in the fuckin driver's seat
Yo I shot rapid, burn weed inside a back quick
Iraq embassy need a straitjacket
Yo let's rachateer this, while most niggas'll fear this
Turn my shit down everytime they hear it

P-H-D me, rapidly right in back of me
Tackle me, them niggas make loot but only half of me
My faculty, blow holes in your Moschinos a

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