

Busta Rhymes

"Fuck That"

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* appears in the -1:30 before "Get Off My Block"

[Spliff Star (Busta Rhymes)]

("What?") "Check it, what, ha. ("Noooooo!") Ha! Ha-ha, ha! ("Hey!") Yeah."

("I don't care! What?! What?! Uhhh...")

It's the musical felon, the black John Lennon
who keep the gat between the brief and the denim
The way the world is headed, I can see how it's endin'
but I'm gonna get this paper from now to armageddon
My mental's too strict, my squad is too thick,
I fucked up and slipped but I quickly caught a grip
Since my man put me on, ("Eh-heh.") I took another
route

I'm wreckin' shows you know from here to over South
Them mothafuckas know exactly talkin' about
Spliff Star, see me on MTV

Fuck that! I'm comin' to gain on Soul Train
Now I'm gettin' paid like that nigga Damon Wayans
Fuck that! No more stress on the brain!
Fuck that! No more sellin' cocaine!

I'm out there, I'm out there on the radio
Catch me in the video doin' my thing
Still smokin' crucial bang
Just came off my P-O ("Yo!")

I'm in my basement writin' 'nough flow
That's right, my fuckin' brain's open
Got you jealous niggas on the sides slopin'
Smell the weed I'm totin'

It's stink like skunks, I'm beatin' down you punks
Now shut the fuck up! ("K up! 'K up! 'K up...")

[Busta Rhymes]

"Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo, what the-what the fuck is goin' on in
my shit?! Ayyo,

Spliff Star! How the fuck you up in my shit, got your
fuckin' songs on my LP,

nigga? Nigga, we know your shit comin' out in '98,
mothafucka! Have patience!

Mawfucka tryin' to bogart space on my LP..."

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