

Busta Rhymes

"Get Off Of My Block"

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(feat. Lord Have Mercy)

[Busta Rhymes:]

Just get off my block
Lord Have Mercy, Busta Rhymes. Flipmode Trilogy

A yo, we ain't familiar at all nigga
Don't like, go grab your gat and lets brawl at hall nigga
Straight fallin
When we use to chill up on park benches
My 20 block radius think we need some barb wire
fences
Stop bitch niggas like you from easily trespassing
Nickel nine shine on your eye then you see fire blastin
Get off my premises
A yo Lord is you a friend of his
Mouth him back to John and show this nigga just who
the winner is
The presence of a small town
I diminish and blemishes
And my player amps out like a game on my little sega
genesis, ha
This inappropriate
Fuck is we talkin for when we ain't even associates
Ass lyrical beatings
Straight trick or treating
What ya eatin
I ain't got no words for you
Fuck speakinm ain't part of my crew
Face look to brand new, who?
Niggas ain't even aloud to send my pass through
Can't chill on corner can't go up in my bull digger
Chill before I call Dinco to grab the qanco sinco
We don't give a fuck right now
We be hi caliber shit
Ya'll corny niggas must bow
We do unforgivable shit
We blow the spot any how, move
Ready for battle cause I'm refusin to lose
I'ma beat ya ass in front of nobody with nuthin to prove

Live nigga shit right there
Beware, stand clear
Many y'all niggaz is welcome here

[Chorus:]

Fuck is these niggas son
Get off my block
Yo I don't know none of these niggas du
Get off my block
Them niggas wanna sell there weed here
Get off my block
Yo how these unfamiliar corn balls
Get off my block
Itc12

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