Busta Rhymes "Goldmine"

Visit "Goldmine" on MotoLyrics.com

Old dro bottles and blow, blowin' from both zones Layin' in them Tahoes we own the projo's Three for tenement we in the lobby with the big dan dun a nan

Don't move 'cause I'm a representative

Live for the street, ask, you die in the war 'Member that blast that three atcha, hide in the wall We gangsta, republicans with them big things, big rings

Get your head shot off, daddy you don't believe chains

Loose cameras, big hammers, Station Wagon an' blue Phantoms

Smokin' the block up, y'all witness the zoo gamblers We ain't takin' no shorts, it's just the early 80's That made me, now I sit paid and then maybe

Nothing but my Lords and raps, these bags of dope Under the mattress and I clack like a slave key Wash your squad up, I roll double refuse to rock Closed up my door up and murked you on the job

Gettin' money like back in the days Niggaz get like shower posse in a spectacular drug games

Slayin' niggaz, steady sprayin' niggaz, till the task forces roll up

In unmarked vehicles who will be layin' niggaz

Stretched out, focus, see you come back triple When we O.T. cut it with bakin' soda, acquire now Strategize, gettin' paper like the [Incomprehensible] Jamaicans

And them George Chain niggaz and watch me set up a goldmine

We got guns tucked in our waistlines, wit raps Hangin' from our back pockets miraculous money nigga

Can't stop at Sherlock Holmes can go's Medallions so big wit strings you could turn 'em into banjos

Phenomenal property, drug money, scram wrap 'em A hundred EX - golden like a hundred graham crackers Sidewindin' niggaz tryna infiltrate blindside A nigga hit you wit the eight, we in the club

Dumbin' out, drunk in fronta the airbrush Backdrop ones out, five dollars for bitches wit the guns out

Juggle for a couple days close shop thinkin'
To you the bubble until the strip is hotter than a
microwave

Don't stop, travel all my spare time
And keep niggaz wit us to push shit like George
Jefferson Airline
No fro niggaz better go chill, 'fore this gun
Goes up your nose like coke sniffin' up your nose, dude

Gettin' money like back in the days Niggaz get like shower posse in a spectacular drug games Slayin' niggaz, steady sprayin' niggaz, till the task forces roll up

In unmarked vehicles who will be layin' niggaz

Stretched out, focus, see you come back triple When we O.T. cut it with bakin' soda, acquire now Strategize, gettin' paper like the [Incomprehensible] Jamaicans

And them George Chain niggaz and watch me set up a goldmine

Ay yo, snoop me kid, coop me in the red room booth And eatin' Fruit Loops it's all for the loot boo Designated hammer that'll lay ya up scrambling Blant ninjas get 'em more popped up And start blowin' niggaz magnums up

Caught me in the mix wit some rich soldiers
That reaction is a key action, black sent forty doja's up
We hunt 'em like big plans, my big mans and them
Slick as the shit breaks from outtas you, rip dip, then
quakes them

See I was always good at science, in the class I was dopin'

Ask 'em for the chemistry temperature now I'm cookin' the coke up

Used to sit and watch them older niggaz for hours

And did acknowledge to how cold water quickly harden the powder

Took your turn into somethin' big to accredit But ya needs connect shit up from South America Money calculations, told B.I.G. I sit up on it still Holdin' old hundred dollar bills, wit small faces

Gettin' money like back in the days
Niggaz get like shower posse in a spectacular drug
games
Slayin' niggaz, steady sprayin' niggaz, till the task
forces roll up
In unmarked vehicles who will be layin' niggaz

Stretched out, focus, see you come back triple When we O.T. cut it with bakin' soda, acquire now Strategize, gettin' paper like the [Incomprehensible] Jamaicans And them George Chain niggaz and watch me set up a goldmine

Visit <u>Busta Rhymes</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.