

Busta Rhymes

"Ill Vibe"

Visit "[Ill Vibe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, yo, yo
Yo, yo, yo
Yo, yo, yo

My rhymes create life like the birds an' the bees
Make Funk Master Flex say, "Yo, I'm feelin' these"
Flows make you shit in your drawers, change your
dungarees
Smokin' trees, gettin' cotton mouth, wild munchees

Bounce down the block, eatin' food at Luigi's
Ass constipated, too much extra cheese
Well anyway, while I was coolin' down at Luigi's
I met some Siamese twins from overseas, Lebanese

Lesbians, with friends from New Orleans
They had a fifth friend, she was straight black
Portuguese
Pretty palm olive soaped skin, Aloe Veralese
She looked like the type of chick you only see in
fantasies

The type of chick you would kill for to get between the
knees
Yo, I made time to chill with Miss Portuguese
Would you believe, the bitch tried to steal my fuckin'
house keys
Right before my G's

Had to show this crazy broad, I mastered my degrees
an' my Ph.D's
Got your face on camera, motherfucker, say, "Cheese"
You better get with your friends quick, before I start to
squeeze
Gettin' caught up in that freaky golddigger Jamborees

I caught that ill vibe, Tip, word Bust? Yo, yo, word
That ill vibe, Tip, say word Bust? Yo, yo, word
'Cause when I'm in the place you know my shit be
absurd

I caught that ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word

That ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word
So when I hold the mic you know my shit be absurd
I caught that ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word

I got weight on my shoulders in the form of this beat
Ain't nothin' sweet on the street, for good, these I
compete
Come off complete an' you need to get back in your
stance
We enhance an' we're playin' the whole world
circumstance

So do good in your hood even though you puff life
Positive to comply, don't screw up facin' that crowd
Progress, don't fall back, we can't have that
I'll hold your hand, black, we can't wind up with scratch

I put my best foot forward, when I play in life
'Cause this world as I live it, chill's like a double edged
knife
In the jam we regulate 'cause we organize
Logically thinkin' when along's enterprise

Alotta brothers from the ghetto got the gift of gab
Peace to the West Coast an' the East, we's fam
Need I make mention, that the crew we've got
Make things get hot, like the FoFo shot

No we don't promote no guns, but don't turn that cheek
In the world that we live, calmness is viewed as weak
So, we got to stay awake for all these lizards an'
snakes
Some of them come as friends, some of them come as
Jakes

We decipher all the force an' build rounds with our
friends
Why's that? So we can live right until time ends
Yo, why's that? Amalgamate, so we can get these ends
Yo, true that? Busta an' Tip, you know we make minds
bend

I caught that ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word
That ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word
Yo, when I hold my mic you know my shit be absurd
I caught that ill vibe, Tip, yo, word Bust? Yo, yo, word
That ill vibe, Tip, say word? Yo, yo, word
'Cause when I'm in the place you know my shit be
absurd

I caught that ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word

That ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word
Yo, when we in the jam you know the shit be absurd
I caught that wild shit, Tip, word Bust? Yo, yo, word
That ill vibe, Tip, say word? Yo, yo, word
Cause when I'm in the place you know my shit be
absurd

Visit [Busta Rhymes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.