

Busta Rhymes

"Otis"

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The dog is back baby,
Buss (go hard or go home)
Buss (dog, wattung?)
Buss these niggas in they f-cking head!

I'm right here dog, fo'real
You know how we do
It is not a f-cking game!

Any you niggas got a doctor in the house

[Dmx]
I'm taking the mic, f-ck who's next
Two niggas reppin' the r, x and x
My niggas aint on no rap shit, my nigga clap shit that
quick?
Yeah, we on that shit

[Busta rhymes]
'Bout to roundhouse kick you muthaf-cking niggas face
off
My voice so big you can turn the f-cking bass off
Wanted for lots of murders lately, cops around the
place off
I'm bussin' dmx up in this bitch, you better take off

[Dmx]
Went away for a while, jail, prison
Gettin' down for real, f-ck it, livin'!
Don't worry 'bout what condition I'm in
Cats can't survive half the places I've been

[Busta rhymes]
And while a lot of muthaf-ckers sit and watch the
throne killa
We in the booth blackin' dog, welcome home nigga
We spazzin' in this bitch, while we keeping the crowd
hyped
Remind em like what this shits supposed to sound like
Dawg, I pulled up in front of the jail to picked you up
Convoy of whips with 'bout 30 bitches in the trunk

Come on,

[Dmx]

They sayin' locked down is easy
But a nigga like me is greasy
Population or pc?, check my 5 nigga?, see when I'm on
Feedin' niggas with that thang then I'm gone

[Busta rhymes]

Most you niggas talk too much, puttin' police on 'em
Bunch of blabber mouth ass niggas: jackie gleason
I dig my foot in ya face, putting my cleats on
You niggas off, steady watchin' me putting the streets
on

[Dmx]

You need to think cause I got on and changed,
something changed?
Bitch, I am the streets, what's my name?
I've been trying to stay sucka free but look where the
suckers be
Had the? under me, can't a muthaf-cka breath

[Busta rhymes]

I know you baggage claim rapper niggas, just carry my
luggage
And I take great pleasure whenever it's time to punish
Incinerate a rhyme, let me throw they ass in the rubbish
I don't give f-ck what they think, you niggas know that I
run this
You niggas can see just what it is and how I'm on it
How I f-ck ya money up and be the foulest nigga

[Dmx]

Fall back cause all that noise you making
Only let me know you boys is faking
Let me know that everything you got is mine for the
taking
Before I leave you dead and stinking
Look here, I don't play games, I don't say names
Jump through with the guns out, (bllaap) spraying
lames
I don't take aim, hit the whole crowd
(Ch't-ch't boom, ch't-ch't boom)
I shoot loud

[Busta rhymes]

Ya'll niggas know my m.o, I kill ya little boy
Heatseeker missile, whistle seek and destroy
You aint ready for the stand off
And while a dog shooting, I'm chopping a nigga hand

off
Funny little nigga, see the way I treat 'em
Talk shit when I f-ck niggas, than I beat 'em
And if you run around, I whoop ya ass, cuckoo
Don't-talk-back when ya fathers talking to you
These corny niggas is waving surrender flag banners
Taking no prisoners, p-ssy, I'm teaching ya ass
manners
F-ck y'all up up bad, bitch, more bangers
And air 'em out to dry like we left 'em on clothes
hangers
I'm sickly as hell, eat ya body up: cancer
Who the nicest in the spot, ya'll already knowing the
answer
Then I listen to niggas talk and they fill me up with
laughter
These niggas say they thug but be looking more like a
dancer
There's something that you niggas need to know, it's
so important
That I aint the one to f-ck with homie, I'm tired of
talkin'!

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