

Busta Rhymes

"Respect My Conglomerate"

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Most people would consider this illegal

Since we are the best
And you agree with me, right?
No need to debate

The way we run shit
See we're kinda like the government
So just respect my conglomerate

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It's Bus Rhymes and I'm back with the crack
And the thugs and the drugs, nigga black
The best to do it, we only deal with the facts, bitch
Blazin' and I'm so amazin' on the tracks, bitch

Bounce on 'em and I jump and I skip
And I hop and I flip over niggas like gymnastics
Watch the way that I'm comin', I'm givin' the streets
acid
Bastards, niggas know I'm the king of the classics

Drastic measures, I'm spreadin' like a rash, bitch
Class is in session, you 'bout to get yo' ass kicked
Emperor of every round table of the house
And when I speak niggas respect me as leader of the
councilman

God rap, God persona, God scilla
God body in the flesh, call me Godzilla
Now I know you see we be the most prominent
Dominant niggas, respect my conglomerate

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Young Money in charge
Yes, it's Little Wayne but the money's enlarge
Priorities, Young Money and God
Now they wanna know how I be gettin' money on Mars

'Cause I be gettin' paid like outta this world
Hip hop is a bitch and I'm proud of this girl
But when the sharks come, see how the fish curl

This is my game, you gon' need a referral

I know more about tree than squirrel
Me no talk much but the heat so verbal
Brand new Marc Jacob, pink coat thermal
Gun outside of the gear, external

I'm so fly, y'all still at the terminal
I'll put you in the dirt just because I see the worm in you
Dirty South, bitch, admire and acknowledge it
And respect my conglomerate

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Workers, bosses, Ferraris, Porches
Dope fiends, nauseous, crack spot losses
Race track, horses, big meetings at the round table
To discuss what the cost is

Money change you, devils, angels
We the ones who say what you can and what you can't
do
Respect, power, Kush, sour

Haze, airy, pills, powder

Gangstas, varmints, ice, garments
Don shit, real niggas who I get it on with
When I'm around my colleagues ain't comfortable
They all got a-sick with my verses for a month or two

Uh, wrong nigga to have a problem with
The blade first, then the bullet gon' follow it
Yeah, if you lucky I might hollow it
D-Block, just respect my conglomerate

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