

Busta Rhymes

"Roman's Revenge"

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[Busta Rhymes: A Tribe Called Quest - "Scenario"
Sample]

As I combine all the juice from the mind
Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind
RRRAH RRRRAH like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon
dragon...

[Nicki Minaj]

I am not Jasmine, I am Aladdin
So far ahead, these bums is laggin'
See me in that new thing, bums is gaggin'
I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
I'm startin' to feel like a dungeon dragon
Look at my show footage, how these girls be spazzin'
So f-ck I look like gettin' back to a has-been?
Yeah, I said it, has-been
Hang it up, flatscreen
(Haha) Plasma
Hey Nicki, hey Nicki, asthma
I got the pumps, it ain't got medicine
I got bars, sentence'n
I'm a bad bitch, I'm a cunt
And I'll kick that hoe, punt
Forced trauma, blunt
You play the back, bitch, I'm in the front
You need a job, this ain't cuttin' it
Nicki Minaj is who you ain't f-ckin' with
You li'l brag a lot, I beat you with a pad-a-lock
I am a movie, camera block
You outta work, I know it's tough
But enough is enough

[Hook]

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon

Raah, raah, like a dungeon dragon
Like a dungeon dragon, like a dungeon dragon

[Busts Rhymes]

Nicki, how you gon' take my hot line and make it a hot
song?

Like I aint s'posed to step on ths shit like King Kong
See as a child I was born with an old soul
See I would breath heavy, flame would shoot out of my
nose hole (haaa, haaa)

So much shit, diapers love to play with matches
And drink all the fluid outta lighters
From when I was a child I knew that most of y'al was
Was diggin my news and watching biggest bugger
Loose in the head, like f-ck what the law says
Might be the mental with the permanent wrinkle in my
forehead

Boys head beef if you wanted to peak lane
Murder n-ggas with the fire then bounce through a heat
game

Tie you up like bikes to a rail
And with your little cheap chain
And uncomfortable hang you from the side of a
building

Till see you been lame?

Yo why'd you cut it off for?

Don't you see what I'm doing to this sh-t
Supposed to know how I'm directing these flicks
And everywhere was you getting on the remix
Cause this is something I've fathered and mastered
And plastered till they started calling me sick bastard
I'm drastic when it comes to reminding you

Who's responsible for the classic

And I burn a whole in the street like a was acid
Everytime I jump on the beat this sh-t get tragic

While you getting your ass kicked

Like a kick and a punch laps like two chops

Kinda like pong ping

But? freedom until he thinking he Tupac

We both?, rope 'em and them drag em a few blocks
(horrible)

Uh uh uhh, the muscle of the street move

Part of me, ugh

Suffering the beat

Ugh, take an elbow and scuffle in the heat

Like a n-gga that was grinding and was hustling for
weeks

So I rush the rush than I black

Then I came through when I gave the streets crack

Controlling the function, throughout despair

Everybody put your muthaf-cking hands in the air

That's how I do 'em
I do the kind of sh-t you can't imagine
You are one of the nicest and I aint bragging
I make em all surrender til they see white flags
And they recognise I'm the original dungeon dragon
Rah rah, like a dungeon dragon
Change your f-cking drawers cause your pants are
sagging
Try to step to this, I will twist you in a turban
And have u smelling rank, like some old stale urine

[Hook]

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