

## **Busta Rhymes "The Burial Song"**

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The burial song, the burial song  
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The burial song

Though some of us, have been poisoned  
Many of us, have been blessed  
And through, the worst shit  
That we all, as people go through

Every blessing, that we are, blessed to have  
Are blessings, that provide us  
With what makes us, capable of withstanding  
And makes us, more powerful, when we go through,  
the worst shit  
Everything and every motherfucker  
Gets dealt with accordingly, mark my words

See I remember, on the coming album  
You know when, there was only five years left  
It was once said, "That there was no time  
To take time for granted"  
Well we are now, face to face, with death any given  
time?  
There's only, one year left motherfuckers, 1999  
The dawn, of the new millenium

I understand though, sometimes it takes time  
And hands on extreme hardship experience  
To realize how much better it is  
To prepare for the worst, by all means  
It will always be better to be safe, than to be sorry

So as we finally approach, the year 2000  
Behold, what it might have in store for us people  
There have been many indications, of changes  
That will occur, that has already occurred  
That were not, and will not be setup, to our benefit, as  
people  
But in order for us, to continue to build, we must  
destroy

And unfortunately in the process  
Many of us, will be liable candidates  
Of being destroyed

But in the bigger scheme of things, we must defend  
What we all collectively, identify with, as the truth  
And with what is right, to all my live soldiers  
And all my live women

Those who may not survive, the turning point  
May you forever, rest peacefully  
As you are delivered, back to the essence  
So I dedicate this burial song, to all of you

To my survival of the most fit for real niggas  
And women no doubt  
Continue to get what's yours, from out this fucker  
Before your time run out

And my the force, of survival forever, rest with y'all  
My live motherfuckers, to all my survivalists  
See you in the next thousand year period  
Allah bless all y'all

Flipmode, continue to bounce  
Like a satellite in orbit  
Seein' all you motherfuckers at every angle  
The imperial, the universal, powerful flipmode squad  
Stay tuned, see y'all motherfuckers, January 1st 2000

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From Heaven, our gracious King  
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