

Busta Rhymes

"There's Not A Problem My Squad Can't Fix"

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(feat. Jamal)

[Jamal]

C'mon, yeah.. villain
C'mon, aight?
I got this side right here
Take this side right there
C'mon do this
Busta Bus
C'mon, aight?
C'mon (here we go) stayin street

[Jamal]

Paws, to the wall, with the dirty dog, raw rap-ture
If you ain't with it bite crotch til it break your jaw
(Your jaw) For tryin to knock us
Tryin to kill or stop us, jack our propers
Busta Bus, they fakin, the cake is for the takin
While they runnin they face, I'm lettin the plan bake
Formulate, now look at the plot, we got
more and more shit that's hot, show to rock the spot
Clock or knot, nigga the whole pot
Ready or not, we comin, snatchin every comer
witcha hoe in the Benz-O, dumbin like a motherfucker

[Busta Rhymes]

You can be my lady, you coul even be my lollipop
sucker
The road dawg baby comin like the mad trucker
Lot of jealous niggaz lookin funnier than Chris Tucker
God bless, oh yes, I stay fresh
Full of finesse, my congress show progress
Stylish, hit you with the shit to digest
In this rhyme shit we be some of the world's finest
Your Highness, leavin corny niggaz spineless
Attack it with the classic rhyme flow timeless (ha ha)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

Not a problem my squad can't fix
Cause we can do, it in the mix
So when you niggaz talk trash, you can get a bust ass

Cause you know we don't fuck around
When you niggaz talk shit, lay ya six feet under the
ground,
ground ground, ground ground
When you niggaz talk shit, lay ya six feet under the
ground,
ground ground, ground ground

[Jamal]

This is how we ride, throw your hands from side to side
It's party time, and don't forget get yours, cause I'ma
get mine
(Who dat?) The villain til I'm peelin a million

Ridin dirty, and bustin like thirty-thirty, til a nigga end
Knowin that the shit is fucked I'm still here to win,
cheddar
If you ain't about it then I think you better
hang the little plot you got, don't sweat it main
My nigga, my life's uncut like Kane, real Raw
Y'all don't know shit about Jamal or what I'm in it for:
cash, cars, fly whores and tours
Fillin my pipe, with no messes and no limits
Them other one scrimpin, has the tent froze frigid
Fall as a gimmick, dick lickin chasin chickens
I mash for the cash with the click and
rip a show then I'm dippin in the whip and high trippin

[Busta Rhymes]

While y'all niggaz hoppin and skippin I stick the clip in,
yo
Accelerate on the gas, move fast
Blast, find a nigga FOOT in your ass
Colorful niggaz, just peep the whole contrast
Flipmode is the Squad, a news flash
Bust your shit up, what the fuck, nigga get up
Violate, niggaz get they whole SHIT lit up!
Break fool, niggaz know the rules, rob jewels
Champagne bath, throw the Mo-et in the pool
Nigga caught a motherfuckin strain on the brain
ridin on the train, I'ma whip a Benz in the rain
Oversized click on the rise so realize we be
dem niggaz that dead up all you funny little small fries
The franchise, Flipmode damagin all of you Fall Guys
Yo I'm tired of niggaz they full of True Lies
No time.. we got the right surprise
Need a new beginnin, need to get a baptise
You need to get a baptise
Word is bond, aiiyo

[Chorus]

Ground, a-ground, a-gr-gr-ground-ground
Just party to the shit like this c'mon
Just bounce to the motherfuckin beat c'mon
You niggaz don't know my brand new song c'mon
Ayyo, hear me out y'all, UHH
Yo, and just feel my shit
C'mon bounce what the fuck?

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