

Busta Rhymes

"Things We Be Doin' For Money Part 2"

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Yo, it's 3:25 in the morning
My baby mom still yawning
Kiss my little daughter on the forehead
'Nuf said beeper goes off
Five hundred it's Busta Bust
In God we trust another one bites the dust

Hey Ramp fuck that!
I was 'bout to see this cat
Some niggas pulled up in a black Suburban jumped out
the back
Tried to put it on me, while we fighting over the gat
The way them niggas tried to play me son, them
niggas is wack
Aeiyo, Ramp, yo, you know it's only right to react
Call the whole squad, let's lay these niggas down, face
flat

Aeiyo, Bust, chill, calm down
I'll be there in twenty minutes
Uptown 1 51 at St Nick
I'm there quick
I tell my baby mom I got's to go
I walked out the do' then grabbed the two nines out the
flo'
Driving through South, yo, we takin' niggas to war

Still on the run, always running for cover when it's
necessary
I'm out numbered for now
But all that shit is temporary
Fuck with the wrong cliq, the way we get down
If your violatin', we'll leave you lost, you'll never be
found
Number whatever on missing persons
Any minute them niggas gon' feel
The full blast of my squads gats bursting

I through the Tri-Borough Bridge
In my fat land with my two nines and my mans
I'm a second from the spot
I cross the street from the parking lot

My trigger finger is hot
I'm seeing Bust in a phone booth
Niggas on the roofs
Spiff Star is in the range
The atmosphere change
Lord's in the forerunner with machine guns, big ones

Now we 'bout to have mad fun
Me and the whole squad meet up
Know shit about to heat up
Went the whole entire street up
Blast from the car seater
My enemies wouldn't even wanna be you
I see you, hunting me down
I knowing that my crew arrive
We gon' see who be the last alive

While we creep all over the place
Looking for space
In case, see him, rinse my whole clip up in his face
As my squad hold they post down
We patiently waiting for them to pass through
Carefully timing the way we put it on their whole crew

Aeiyo, Bust give me the queue
I'm here for you, close to you
Blood in and blood out
We goin' all out, bullets just ringin' out
Guns is just springin' out
Yo Bust, hit the dirt lay flat
You my nigga to the end I gotcha back
Turn around quick

Oh shit! You started blasting, grazed me on the hip
Lord Have Mercy dumped five on a nigga
Suck his whole shit, his whole crew busting
Shit ain't going according to plan
God damn, my shit jam
Nigga standing right behind me
I think I'm caught up on a creep

I think I need to pray to Lord, my soul to keep
Dis nigga about to fry my head
My crew burst into a rage
Spliff lifted this nigga, putting two inside his rib cage
Yo, Rampage

Aeiyo, I see them niggas coming, now I'm dumbing
We dead three niggas already, the next two we catch
We leaving bloody
So much drama over this fucking money

The way this situation end, it wasn't even funny
Trying to rob this nigga because I was fucking hungry
But if you try to test, let's blast a nigga in a hurry
Me and my squad bounce and left the fucking scene
ugly

(Things we be doin' for money)
Livin' in the street when you're hungry
The way you start to live it ain't funny, no, no
Living day to day but don't live for tomorrow
(Things we be doin' for money)
Livin' in the street when you're hungry
The way you start to live it ain't funny, no, no
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(Things we be doin' for money)

{What the fuck, fuck I'm, dreamin' about man?
This shit is crazy
I gotta call this nigga, where, where
I gotta call this fuckin' crib
Where the fuck this nigga at man?
Hope this nigga pick up the phone
Pick up the phone son}

{Yo, aiyo, Ramp
Whattup nigga? This is Bust
Son I just had the wild dream son
Niggas is all the most starving shit
Crazy sons, niggas, niggas, is also doin' shit like
Run into rail-robbin', niggas doin' some crazy killa shit
like
We ain't got no head son, I don't understand}

{Nigga must be lootin' the fuckin' mind, God
What nigga? I'm saying God, this shit
This shit ain't good
[Incomprehensible]
Nigga fuck you, nigga, fuck you
Yeah aight, yeah aight, nigga, please, yeah aight}

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