

Busta Rhymes "Violators"

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[Swizz Beatz]

Let's get it started, get it started
Let's keep it started, keep it started
Yeah, yeah, Violater the album
Go, go, go!!

[L Boogie]

This is for my mob and my thug niggas
Ruff ryder bug niggas, Def Jam website violate the club
niggas
Screaming what, what niggas, yall a bunch of but
niggas
Always want figures but never play the cut niggas
Talk mad shit but never put up niggas
Is it cause I bust wit stuff that just shut up niggas
Flow like dro, I pull then clip it or mix it wit some moet
then sip it
Then turn around and flip it, shit on your whole album
wit a snippet
Run up on your lawyer for your contract then rip it
Shame on your label, for trying to let you eat at my seat
When they know I call my name at this table
I'm gon always be here, and yall always gonna fear
The bronx making them recoreds cause we always
prepared
Got sons you don't know about, ones you don't know
about
Buns by the tons, mad guns and we going out
What!!

[Swizz Beatz]

It ain't over, It ain't over, ain't over

[Sonja Blade]

I'm the one wit the chrome and the clothes
Drop flows from the dome , wit the ice got the price of a
home and a lobe
SONJA BLAD-E, just so you know baby (yeah)
Hold eighty roll through you and your old lady
How rich this dough made me, gold az matching the
navie
Shit you won't find at old navy, two hundred zero ad

Still live shit, spit to divide cliques on some wise guy
shit
Same chick from the ?, pretty eyes lips, thighs hips
everything five and six
Height five six, jeans five six, benz green five and six
keep me five or sixed
We know dice hit want cream fold, for two green five
six seelo and the ego (yeah)
So how you flipping grams yo (uh uh)
I'm touching keys like pianos to getting dough like Tony
Soprano

[Noreaga]

Yo my niggas is on the same level I'm on
You ask me why I'm Melvin Flynt I'm doing a porn
Ay yo yall niggas is faker then a three dollar bill
And I don't shoot to bust yo I shoot to kill
What's going on yo, the jumpoff and jump off flow
Yo I'm in five O, O, O, yo pass that hoe
After you get done wit it, yo let me hit it
Bitches know how I come, I bring the cock wit it
All of the thug piece you know I gotta rock wit it
I ear plane the hoe like I cockpitted
Yo I love my niggas, don't love no chicks
I like to light the blunts then order my licks
Foundation motherfucker like the bottom of bricks
I'm from Iraq nigga wit domican hits
Peurto Rican motherfuckers yo yall fake they fits
Violator motherfucker

[Mysonne]

Yo, yo
I told these niggas from the gitty up
Yall give me sixteen yo I'll tear this whole city up
And niggas don't believe then tell em put fifty up
All bets is down, all my thugs do dirt, all our tecs spit
rounds
My ? playas disrespected clowns
Bringing guns, weed and coke to connected towns
See I pop niggas like corn, and real killers do killings
wit the lights on
I knock em out, cause I don't like to fight long
Remember me lefty gun up in my right palm
It's Mysonne, see Mysonne is the one that knock on
your door
You open up, you see a whore wit the glock to your jaw
See Mysonne is the one that hit the blocks wit the raw
For his money, Mysonne air the block wit the four
Yall cowards don't want war, yall can't stand pain
Cop you some gators, drink champane
Cause when it comes to the street shit, I let the heat lift

Murder scene police lines nigga white sheet shit
Yall roll wit niggas, I'm the one they roll wit
Yall go get niggas, I'm the one they go get
Yall niggas don't want nothing to do wit me
Cause I spit guns and rhymes like their's two of me
Motherfucker

[Prodigy]

Niggas can't be serious, we wear guns like clothes
But only show em when it's time to blow em in bulk
We been through way worse then war, razor fights and
more

Left niggas wit leaks, holes and wide jaw
Be the quiet storm, appear how you wanna scale bar
Check out your weight, see if it's worth to war
We did the street life yall niggas just got involved
My appetite for guns is similar to carnivores
Dislike me you head on, fight me you dead wrong
Cause now a days you only get wet wit my dead on
Don't let this song push you, the fourth hit you
Have you keyed up gasping for breath on the floor
cripple

Infamous we take it to the extremes my words
Especially when a nigga mistake me for herb
Get buried over words, I'm loose wit the dessy bird
I can show ready or tell, yall niggas heard

[Busta Rhymes]

Now gitty up now, it's lighting horse back saddleing
Rob beaches like we rowing a boat and we paddling
Down a stream of water, wet any nigga challeging
Blow one all in your knee cap leave you staggering
Scrambling cause theirs a whole lot of shit we be
handling
My hands all in the money, Fuck it we dabble and
dabbling
Got you imageing how this could really all be happeing
My landscape of live niggas stretch from here to
Maryland
BLAW put one in a nigga who be rambling
And blow a hundred thou if yall niggas is really
gambling
Gritty niggas feel the snap pop leaving it crackling
You know the bouncer keep all of my live niggas wild
wit him
Traveling to see niggas from Howard through
Grambling
Ha round up my niggas to form a large gathering
Yo rattling niggas who walk badlimp
Beat you in the same place till the blues start blacking
C-E-O niggas stay genaral managing

FLIPMODE throwing those heavy bundles we carrying
Yo analyze my many live niggas cramming it
We throw a three pointer, while yall niggas throwing
javelins
Sweating your whole shit, feel your clothes dampeing
Dancing in a line of four wheel drives we lamping
The ? arms length up in the draw paneling
Or unraveling the truth on how niggas remain
champions
HA, HA, HA

[Busta Rhymes]
Flipmode, Violator, We always silence shit
Fuck is wrong wit yall
Cut that shit off now
Cut it off nigga
Cut it off nigga

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