

## **Busta Rhymes "We Got Cha Opin"**

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(rah-digga)

I be the worst like nick  
To all them mc thugs  
Like them 4 little kids  
And the teacher gettin plugged  
I don't give a fuck style  
Tell me come jiggy  
I rock kix and swishees  
Coppin moet wit 2 counterfeit 50's  
What?  
Dirty girl rhyme spit mucous  
Speech uncoothe  
And raise the roof like lukas  
12 years done rocked through all phases  
Watch your peeps scream the bitch was the blazest

(spliff starr)

Niggas run they mouth about my click  
Not smart  
I bust your bloodclot  
Then drop you upon the sidewalk  
(chi-chi-chi-blow!!!)  
Hit ya ass wit a vicious blow  
You know my style  
Spliff the foul  
Through your stereo  
Spliff starr ignorant immigrant  
I'm gettin it  
Money, fast car, fine broads, what  
I'm hittin it (that's right)  
Raw shit i'm spittin it  
At you and yours  
Make you feel the pain nigga  
Like the dick to your balls  
Thug blood fluid  
Pumpin in the face of my music  
Drop the street shit  
Watch the whole world rock to it  
Nigga squad!!!

(baby sham)

Squad had em opin

Had his bitch scopin  
Sittin by the bar  
Sippin heinken's totein  
Pinky rings glowin  
Triple beams to the club  
My man is half thug  
Giving me pound and holdin grudge  
Feelin my shit  
So i can put a lock on your clik  
Your style is past tense  
Hold on, hold on  
You just started rappin  
Ever since you heard the shit  
We fuckin wit it's platinum  
Slow your growth  
Stop the show  
Go at you both  
Hit you with more bars than soap  
Sham is the name  
Feelin invain  
Fiendin for dope  
(buckshot)  
Yeah, you know we got cha opin!!!

Hook:

Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid  
Yo, stop frontin, you know we got cha opin kid  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin kid  
Stop frontin, you know we got cha opin kid

(ramoage)

Niggas made me mad  
And now i wanna clap shit (uh)  
I reign supreme in this muthafuckin rap shit  
I lost my mind  
I can't get it back  
The way that i'm spittin, yo  
I spit ya fuckin wig back  
Don't front, my squad got you opin  
Hit you with a buck fifty  
Here's a token  
Ramp is smokin  
I'm no joke and  
I leave your face broken  
This is survival of the fittest  
Get wit us  
All you critics and bullshitters

My nine goes bang  
I'm talkin street slang  
I'm reppin flipmode  
Plus i'm doing my thang  
On the side  
We won't let it ride  
Nigga don't hide

(lord have mercy)  
Landlord innovator  
Switch lanes no indicator  
The general, cash generator  
Master and saviour  
Nigga stay massive in nature  
When tooth shatter ya die bone  
In the savage cyclone of cops, sirens, and cases  
Who read the bible for basics?  
When i'm crooked eye with rivals  
Horizontal in god's places  
Suspicious of all  
Now who dat???  
Quick on the draw  
Lick a paw  
For loved ones blood runs cold in the winter wars  
Check the criminal thoughts  
Villains warp with the invisible force  
Know the ledge  
Stay focused like photo lens  
And spread wings like cobra heads  
Till i'm old and dead

(busta)  
Hot shit, toxic  
You know we blocks shit  
Traffic in the streets system  
All in your jeep knocks shit  
Julio for no reason back the fifth  
And he cocks it  
Rock shit, we make niggas mad  
And wanna pop shit  
Massive and attractive  
Niggas is captive  
Chemotherapy needed  
Lyrics radioactive  
When i hit hard  
It get my dick hard  
In my backyard  
Analyze the stars  
On how to defeat all odds  
In a new zone  
I'm on a new phone

Make most of the wackest rapper niggas  
Wanna find a new home  
Like rasco jeans  
My style flip two-tone  
Pass my blue chrome  
Here's one of the best of busta rhymes own  
My debut made you  
Wonder who  
Shit blazes so much  
You wish you could play out  
So you could blaze, too  
Before i shout you  
Or give reason to doubt you  
I study shit and re-analyze everything about you  
My rhymes on the preserve  
Niggas know we deserve  
Everything up in your stash and in the reserve  
Fuck that!!!  
Hook up all my lyrics on the echos and the re-verbs  
Never fuck with these herbs  
My squad remains superb

(buckshot)  
(heh) walkin thru the streets  
Undercovers follow us, stress  
Muthafuckas on the regular to bust  
Trust us  
We don't get enough  
Nigga wha-what?  
Dirty baggy jeans  
Black napsack with something for ya gut  
Wooly-type skully  
Fully strapped, black bulletproof, and match  
Quick,  
Whip up a batch  
Of bullets to blow up the map  
Shit  
Collapse, perhaps doing this in the raps  
In the long time, ya trapped  
Buck make em react  
God verse attack  
Let em know the moon is still black  
And it's a fact...

Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid  
Yo stop frontin, ya know we got cha opin  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin, yo  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid  
Don't front, you know we got cha opin, kid

Yo stop frontin, you know we got cha opin

Huh, word life

Mad niggas opin

Yeah, word life

Flipmode, muthafuckin buckshot

Mad niggas scopin

Buck to ya brain!!!!

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