

Bizzy Bone**"The Top"**

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Rewind that shit.

To the top, to to the top, we goin'

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Baby let me tell ya just exactly where we goin'

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Hey Mrs. in my business, wannabe publicist huh

Callin my people, tryin ta get info from her

I don't even know ya, can't even speak to ya heart

You are just a demon, can't even peep anyone

Miss computer hacker, you got no husband to love

Talkin about men and, shit you just need you a hug

You 57, tryin to hang with the young

You're the pagan woman, you just a girl in my world

Quit callin family, I'm?

You botherin my brother, yea brother Aeileon

Aeileon capone so sick of hearin your voice

That he puts you on mute and continues to grind with

boys

Miss computer hacker, and mrs slacker in school ah

You, me and your teacher, I'm slappin you with my ruler

You can never fool us, and never do us so dumb

That we believe in you, you know where we come from,

come from

I hear you callin, we don't owe you no damn money

And all that whole crew I fired was done, cause they

was phony

As we rise again, you can't?

It ain't no waltzin in, no matter complainin' or cryin'

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Let me tell ya, supersize my fries
My sandwich is?,
Gotta problem with my brother, don't you fuck with Q
Loco
Smoke ya out of yo panties, and out of yo hose
And choke ya out of yo nooks and yo crannies and
even the foes
Give em the swift blow, bizzy bone is my name
Allah, my master, I'm your slave, please keep me safe
in this game
So as they run and try to sabotage our goal and our
aim.
Tryna defame and frame, but the real family remains
They call me insane?,
Assalamulaikum keep them muslims on call
You can never fool us, and never do us so dumb
That we believe in you, you know where we come from,
come from

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I can't even belch, now give me health and not welch
You don't understand my words cause you need help
Hey miss computer hacker, here goin slow for you
So my friends on the internet know that I'm still true
Bitch I am so cool
Why won't you test me and such
And if I was your friend I'd make you love me so much
But since I don't want nothin to do with you
You turn to a plot
And if you're makin money
It's funny you're tryin ta stop what I got
PUNK BITCH! BITCH! BITCH! BITCH!
PUNK BITCH! BITCH! BITCH! BITCH!

