

## Heavy D "A Buncha Niggas"

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Who's on the microphone? A buncha niggas  
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Who's on the microphone? A buncha niggas  
I got my crew so other niggas better leave us alone

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The Group Home's down yo, flippin' with West and me  
Charge a gap quick kid, best believe it G  
Oh, I like to flip the script and have a track record  
Wreckin' it swift, I'm tellin' ya to heck with tell to get  
with the

Crazy hairy thinkin', drinkin', cripple, drunken monkey  
Style back alley freaky ass to gas technique  
So peak, it's about to get deep, we just kick  
Your Third Eye right open don't let your eyeball sleep

The next step is the check, let's tell theses niggas  
wassup  
'Cause we get freaky G, no you can't get with me  
Save yourself the trouble step back black and don't  
even bother  
Word to Shop and Swift they get called in like I'm your  
father

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Ayo, it's time for me to flow and get down with this  
I'm pullin' out my mic, spittin' off some rounds to this  
I gotta known rep, so son you better slide out  
'Cause when I'm flippin', I'll be rippin' your pride out

So called gangsters play roles like in the movies  
Oughta save that, they're way bad, you could never do  
me

I'm real as they come, I'll beat ya numb with my vocal  
tones  
Words hit like aluminum bats to your dome

No charges against me 'cause I'm jumpin' the law man  
A-men, punks should cancel their plans  
As the invincible principle gang, is gettin' bigger  
Sayin' peace to the Heavster rollin' with a buncha  
niggas

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I bring drama like ya spit on my momma  
Cannibalistic like that nigga Jeffrey Dahmer  
I'ma, head peeler, girl stealer  
Coffin sealer, ex-drug dealer, huh

When I hit you with the blow of death I leave nothin' left  
I cook you up so quick they call me Biggie Smalls the  
Chef  
My burner's in my left, I'm not the type to fight  
I'm blowin' up quick like a stick of dynamite

So call nine-one-one, Biggie's got a gun  
The gat to your back, I'm smokin' everyone  
Quick to pack, quick to squeeze on the trigger  
Who's in the house? Huh, a buncha niggas

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Like yo, beg your pardon, whoa  
When I put one to the head nuff funk shit startin'  
Fine, so I headline for the public  
Get mine for my rap subjects

Packed with potential, wisdom versatile elements  
To quench your sense, I get down so feel the mental  
Rhyme pro I'm Rob-O, the super spectacular  
Brown skinned junior from Africa

Blowin up so it's, possible to freak  
See the highlight, in fly writing, don't give a fuck  
I split when it's through then it's get with the Guinness  
brew  
And give a shout out to my Uptown crew and still I'm

wreckin'

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Yo, here I go, here I go, here comes the man again  
gain  
Ruff with a pad and pen, so run go tell your friends  
It's the big belly babalu boogaloo big, boy  
And I got plenty honies, there's no need for no sex toy

Free me, slavery, let me go oh, no, no, no  
No longer will you treat my beautiful sisters like they're  
filthy hoes  
Never ran from static men to crew get dramatic  
And I get crazy respect from crazy crews with  
automatics

Now push could come to shove because they love the  
way I flip a skip  
And that's what keeps me kinda popular with all the  
honeydaps  
So look at me now, and tell me who is bigger?  
When I'm on the block I'm with my flock  
And I'm rollin with a buncha niggas

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Well, hello, hi, hello, hello, how ya doin'?  
Hi, hello, hi hey, how ya doin'? Voltronic  
Busta Rhymes comin' with the mad ultrasonic  
Esophagus to rock it, wreckin' niggas need to stop it

You get your style busted that's just what they get for  
comin'  
You want some? Yes, I know you want some of the  
talent  
But you can juice up and emotionally get wicked  
To stick it in your inner groove, watch a nigga kick it

Oh, hah, yo B, Busta Rhymes  
Be my nigga, never muggin', only lovin' and huggin'  
My niggas, as we get bigger we come diesel  
As masculine figures, L.O.N.S. we gettin' thicker  
With a buncha niggas, yes

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