

## Hypertraxx

### "Busta Rhymes Freestyle"

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[Record Scratch]

[Busta Rhymes]

"Yeah, yeah- Drunkenstyle '99- Busta Rhymes- I smoke blunts though, but I get drunk with the Drunkenstyle '99 shit- Flipmode Squad, check it out."

Ayyo, extreme force of course- Time to floss straight to The Source- Nigga, ya lost- Who be the boss?

Busta Rhymes, nigga, ya soft- Makin' ya cough, turnin' ya ass off- Bounce to my loft, let me show off more shit niggas can't fuck wit'- The raw hit Split your dome quick- Bitches lust my ice bracelet Quick, baby, recite it- Ya like it

\*Fucked\* you in the right place with my night stick I be the S-500, V-8, drop suspension, customized twenty inch rim, chip inside the fuel injection

Pay attention to this lesson before I mention Experience the Flipmode lyrical apprehension I'm in the zone, hang up the cell phone Rock stupid ice- Bitch started romancin' my stones More style I've ever shown, holdin' my own Don't let me catch you alone 'fore I hit you wit' the full blown!

Bust Rhymes like that, kick you in your back Mothafucka, it's goin' down like that Drunkenstyle '99 shit

(Whistle blowing)

Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo  
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo  
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo  
Ayyo, Drunkenstyle '99

Ayyo, one million and one times  
We floss, fuck wit' these bitches wit' money on my mind  
Rock coyote furs, displayin' Frank Mueller watches

Get in the waistline, the nozzle way down in my  
crotches  
Open the jewelery boxes- Select ice wit' such a shine  
Look at the sky, see little movin' color blotches  
Supreme niggas, controllin' the scene niggas  
Your crew funny-lookin' like Mr- Bean, nigga!  
Bitch slap a bitch nigga, fall on the ground  
and you apply- We identified what your little bitch  
sound  
Ehhh! Ehhh! Niggas is cryin' like a faggot's ass beaten  
We catch pics and wild wit' they money for the  
weekend  
Raise the stakes, my nigga, fuck the contemplatin'  
Who be regulatin' shit, we controllin' the situation  
Take your paper and bounce, niggas ain't sayin' nothin'  
Then I stop, stare in ya face and dare ya to say  
somethin'  
Busta Rhymes, Flipmode Squad,  
straight smokin' blunts consistantly  
Drunkenstyle '99 shit, Flipmode Squad,  
authentic street corner hip-hop, nigga  
But the problem is Extinction Level Event shit  
Bouncin' like satellites in orbit  
Stay seein' all you funny-ass niggas at every-ass angle  
Mothafucka, tryin' to move like you creepin' up on  
somethin'

Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo  
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo  
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo  
Ayyo, Drunkenstyle '99  
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo  
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo  
Ayyo- Ayyo, ayyo, ayyo- Ayyo  
Ayyo, Drunkenstyle '99

[Mad Skillz on a telephone]  
"Yo, this Mad Skillz, you-know-what-I'm-sayin'? When I  
ain't endin' out  
end M.C.'s careers real quick, I'm checkin' out my man  
Drunken Master,  
you-know-what-I'm-sayin'? You know how we get down  
And if you don't know we don't speak,  
so watch you favorite beacon freak when my shit hits  
the streets  
I'm unslept on like pissy sheets  
I got lines and rhymes that raise minds like Einstein out  
his sleep  
Fuck a heat- Nigga, I'm MC squared  
Rhyme style rare and I'll choke yo' ass like E in Hair  
Not to be compared to you or that nigga over there

I'ma evacuate more rapid then a prison bomb scare-  
Aiiight?  
Ya betta open up ya eyes and peep the real before I  
jump out this joint."

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