

**Jon B.****"N.T"**

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[Q-Tip]

for real though who really got sick though  
on the edge got the ledge hangin' out of the window  
bird chest niggas witcha winderous fearaf  
fuck around you'll be against me the size of a meal  
sack  
cutie little bucks better hit the jake  
but that doesn't mean nothin to the heart within  
you cramped up you and your team I'm amped up  
and you asses can't dip my B  
my shine what the fuck is on your mind?  
Little weaklink rappers better hit the grind  
Other brothers ain't motivated they can't do it  
Not only the opposite train it I ran through it  
My music comes on and we march at the dance  
Inside of your mind or inside of my pants?  
Use a cruel intention that we have is bad  
You sick? Drink a NyQuil when I'm bed on your ass  
Oh well then here comes the gellatiin  
Tips on some sugars but you yap on your sellin' friends  
Now your party is completely blown  
Real name is Kamal I'll make him peep his own  
It's rap time for you that means nap time  
Preachin from my joint what the fuck I'ma clap mine  
Singin songs in 6 pens with sit tensed  
Surpised your ass is the end like the sixth sense  
heavy hitters knockin shit out the park  
you didn't even really play tell me why did you start  
spittin sharp blades lakes with bleach  
you wanna play around kid I'm not a walk at the beach  
a stroll in the park or your fuckin playground  
put on your headphones and tell me how granades  
sound  
put on your walkmase and go underneath the town  
Q-Tip abstract how I gets down

Chorus: [Busta Rhymes]

All my bitches, dance if you know that you dam sure  
Let your pussy drip on the dance floor if you wanna  
[Q-Tip]  
get down

[Busta Rhymes]  
fuck that niggas will bust gats  
better lit a make for their rush that cuz they wanna  
[Q-Tip]  
get down  
[Busta Rhymes]  
blick shit piano sick shit  
[Q-Tip]  
get down  
[Busta Rhymes]  
chill you can get off my dick and  
[Q-Tip]  
get down  
[Busta Rhymes]  
while I'm on the hook get on your good foot  
and blow up the spot for all of you niggas cuz that's  
how we  
[Q-Tip]  
get down

[Q-Tip]  
comin with the brand new quickly we pant to  
the young black man with intentions to band you  
see that people need a age in things  
so many paid their ways so many phean to stay  
I really rhyme cuz I feel I should say things  
By the fortualte act rap just so they cop rings  
Or maybe because when they was young  
They was fronted on a life alone that have their own fun  
Now their all grown up to be assholes  
I'm giving you the rope will you tie talassels?  
You swing dingaling for peas trees  
While I sip my Dacarees in the south west breeze  
Writings so exciting the pen it keeps  
Drippin out jings that's converted to hems and them  
People be hummin in formality next to kin  
My family is starvin? You know they want me to win  
We forfeit nigga please get off it  
Second checkin my name to my office  
Mutombo in the lane yo I toss it  
Abstract comin through witness abortion

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