

Limbonic Art

"Crushin' & Bussin'"

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Verse 1

[E.S.T]

I'm on your mind in what you say and in your mind in
what you think
Your mic don't work cos I'm also the jinx
I'm your worst nightmare, your truest reality
With a touch of mystery, you know who it's gotta be
The sinister head minister, risin' over top of ya
My posse's shootin' up your system like the Mafia
And when the smoke clears we seem to disappear
Automatically fillin' your heart with fear
My personality inflictin' much pain
To the point where you're faintin' when you hear my
name
I'm not bad, nor out to kill
Just comin' down with a bad case of gettin' ill
And for real there is no reason
It ain't even the season
Right now it's chilly chill time
Lay back and relax to my rhyme
If you lack the knack then you're phony
This jam is for members only
The issue is how I'm gonna get you
You chose me, cousin, I didn't choose you
You try to bust with your kiddy-hop groove
Yo dude, straight up, that was a dummy move
If you were in a battle, should've rocked it right
But you had to go say some loony lines on the mic
I never argue or holler, never fussin' or cussin'
Cos the music stays dustin'...a-while I'm crushin' and
bussin'

Yeah, we got Hilltop in the house from right to left, you
know what
I'm sayin'? My man Cool C about to get on the mic and
bust a cold
stupid rhyme, sayin' it just to get paid. So, yo Cool...

Bust it...

Verse 2

[Cool C]

Cool C, I'm not here to play
I'm just here with somethin' to say
About the crew 3-D
Chuck Nice, Woody Wood and E.S.T
They're down with the Hilltop band
And I'm a hustler with the mic in my hand
Out to rock MC's
With the style to make you weak at the knees
Devastatin', rhyme creatin'
Tracherous, and I'm not fakin'
On the mic to do what's right
Certified by me, so don't bite
If you do, you'll hang by my rope
You can't cope, cos man, it's just dope
I never argue, I'm never fussin'
You know why? I'm crushin' and bussin'

(Yeah, that was dope, Cool) Man, you know it.

Yo, E.S.T...show 'em what happen if they mess with the Hilltop.

Go ahead, kick it...

Verse 3

[E.S.T]

If me and you battle, when you win you're number one
But if you lose, you're done
Rock bottom's where you'll stay for the remainder
As I get known as World's Hottest Entertainer
Bustin' out with the right style
My unique figure of speech makes you listen a while
To word pauses, harmonises, and party phrases
Beat breaks in just the right places
To make you feel real when you hear it playin'
Go around singin' all my hit sayings
MC's from miles around
Listen to the radio because I'm on the countdown
You're outdated and you've just begun
You're a jack of all trades and a master of none
I never argue or holler, never fussin' or cussin'

Cos the music stays dustin'...a-while I'm crushin' and
bussin'

Yeah, once more do we hear the dope stuff. 3-D is
officially in the
house to cold crush and bust all suckers. Yo, Cool C, we
outta here.

As-salaam alaikum, boy, on the acknickulous tip.

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