

## Limbonic Art

### "Crushin'-n-Bussin'"

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Verse 1

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[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 a 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, sinister head minister,  
No, I got to rock, Chuck Nice on the box  
I'm the sinister head minister, risin' over top of ya  
My posse's shootin' up your system like the Mafia  
And when the smoke clears you seem to disappear  
Automatically fillin' your heart with fear  
My personality inflicted 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, relax to my rhyme  
If you lack the knack then you're phony  
This jam is for the Hustlers only  
The issue (Damn!) is how I'm gonna get you  
You chose me, sucker, 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'  
The music stays dustin'...while I'm crushin' and bussin'

Verse 2

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[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 your knees  
Devastatin', rhyme creatin'  
Traacherous, and I'm not fakin'  
On the mic to do what's right  
Certified by C, so don't bite  
If you do, you'll hang by my rope  
You can't cope (Why?) cos man, it's just dope  
I never argue, I'm never fussin'  
You know why? I'm crushin' and bussin'

Verse 3

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[E.S.T]

Now, if me and you battle, when you win you're number  
one  
(But what?) 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  
Check out the radio because I'm on the countdown  
You're outdated, 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'  
The music stays dustin'...when I'm crushin' and bussin'

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