

Chris Rock

"Coming Off"

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Yo, everytime I MC I'm coming off
Yes it's coming back to me

The B-U-S-T-A, HEY!! Yo when I MC I'm coming off
Yes it's coming back to me
(repeat 3X)

The B-U-S-T-A, HEY!!

Salute in sight/site, or get caught in the crossfire
Crush and trip the circuits, my niggaz is haywire
For sure corny nigga your time will soon expire
Retire cause your name ain't no longer on the flyer
You abuse your every blessing, go say another pray-er
Still on the first floor, I take you a level higher
Your Miss O'Hara a la sweater smear off your mascara
Can't take the heat, switch to eyeliner, yo call Sara
Rhymes penetrate the flesh and effect the bone
marrow
Your dry spell flows sound like they stranded in de
Sahara
Smoke bombs, salute all my niggaz who smoke charms
Let's take it to the garden or fields and smoke out the
fat farms
OD'ing on the beat like the needles up in my arm
Then I whip your ass if you do not listen just like your
moms
When I count to five, by the time I open my palm
I'ma fuck you up, like the United States got by Vietnam
I go...

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Rhyme flows cause damage on niggaz that's

unforgiven
Faggot must be getting dick in the ass yo, how ya livin?
You must been driven two up your ass when you was in
prison
Up in the streets frontin like you hardcore, that's done
forbidden
Everytime I bomb this be predictions from
Nostradamus
Busta Rhymes to fan bombs on your head and that's a
promise
The one thing that seems to be funny yet never stated
is that I been creatin shit niggaz think they originatin
My displays make you feel like you need some x-rays
My music make y'all celebrate like important holidays
We got to break fool tactics and carry on with tradition
Whippin in the Tahoe, and we wild in the Exhibition
Wild bend your mindstate, smash your transmission
With no permission, you crossed the line and catch a
whippin
Before I wash y'all niggaz down like liquid detergent
Watch the flame before I overcook shit, and start the
burnin
So, watch me turn it on y'all niggaz that try to learn it
Gotta work to earn it, can't come in without a permit
So hot, the wicked shit soundin so official
Little whistles sign with the blast of my SCUD missile
Pass the peas international paper stackin G's
Overseas please you drivin nothin, pass the keys
Get subdued, watch me shoot dope, y'all know my
attribute
HUH, make y'all niggaz jump with no parachute, like

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