

Method Man Feat. Busta Rhymes "What's Happenin'"

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Aiyo, Tical? What up, Fam?
You know Busta-Bust had to come see you
God, it's good to see you, God
Good too see you too

Let's take the streets for a little ride
Okay, we ridin' high
Yeah, you better light your L, smoke your L
And just kiss the sky

And if you ever disrespect the
Bust or Meth, find their mentor
Yeah, I-I-I think the streets been lookin'
For this one for a long time
Yeah, aiyo, come on

I came to bring the pain, more hard to the brain
Tical, I'm bustin' that ass again
I burn like acid rain, that acid slang
These niggaz try'nna see how I come ash again

Main and evident, I'm huntin', yes, Meth for president
Be in hell with Dazel and George, just for the hell of it
And I ain't yellow kid, flows hot as kettle get
Now, if you ain't fuckin' with that, you must be celibate

Spaz! Just a little, got a sack lookin' fizzle
Little Hash in the middle, where it at? In the middle,
yup
Mommy, if you got a fat ass, make it jiggle, yup
Put it in my next video shot by Little X

And M E F gon' work til there ain't any left
I'm tryin' get what I'm worth and not a penny less
Think fast, come on, bank cash, come on
Everybody do it with your stank ass, just come on

Make you rob somebody, grab somebody
Stomp somebody, slap somebody
Make you wanna step to the bar and sip Bacardi
Wild out spaz in the club, we in the party

Brooklyn, come on, Shaolin, come on
Queensbridge down to Long Island, come on
Bronx nigga, come on, Manhattan, come on
To each and every hood, what's happenin' come on

Yeah, let 'em talk, nigga, come on Bust
Aiyo Meth, let me get at these niggaz, yeah

Now, watch me back your shit up, I hope your people
pull up
And pick up and pack your shit up, homey, it's time to
move
While I'm singin', ma, do you let relieve you of all of
your
Figure seating sketching? Never believe in your
niggaz, come on

Go head and babble, you can watch me patiently
waiting
Aimin', attackin', instead, I'ma let one of my bitches
slap you
I ain't watch you when your niggaz'll try
To feel a wrath of the un-rudely waking of a sleeping
giant

Very defiant, once, I give you the pressure
And then, I apply it and then your breathing
Is stopped and totally quiet
Captain of this ship so call me the pilot
I leave you and your crew to collide with me

Die, stomp on a nigga, just like a herd of a thousand
cattle
That'll travel over your face and frazzle your shit
Shot you, worst than a brick and then be torturin' you
And then get the reverend and get to steppin', nigga

This shit'll make you rob somebody, grab somebody
Stomp somebody, slap somebody
Make you wanna step to the bar and sip Bacardi
Wild out spaz in the club, we in the party

Brooklyn, come on, Shaolin, come on
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That's the truth, my nigga
Nigga, listen, listen, let me talk, let me talk

Can't you see what I got for you, now?

Shake your big fat ass in front of me, now
To all my high bidders, to all my live niggaz
We here to blackout, follow the story now

Just feel my heat and you know I'm gonna
Just keep the street but nigga, did you
Know when you 'bout to lose it, my nigga?
And you know we gon' get real stupid, my nigga?

See the police coming, fireman coming
Street niggaz ready to riot and start dummin'
I love to see it, whenever you and your man frontin'
Me and Meth'll step to you, quick, and smash somethin'

Now who is he? Dope M.C. killin' these cowards
Wack niggaz get pimp slapped, give me some powder
Click-clack, one in your back, now, think about it
Get back, runnin' your gap, I can't allow it

Well, every nigga set it off, you know we seeing it
through God
The streets be needing niggaz like me and you, God
Aiyo, I think we're up, seen it from here, we got a mile
and yo
Logical, we should've did this shit a long time ago

I got that shit that make rappers shit in they shoes
Nasty M.C., I spit flows and spit in they food
Man, don't tempt me, I'm nothin' like a curious child
I'm simply a boy in the hood with furious childs

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To each and every hood, what's happenin' come on

Every day, every rotation, come with it
Let me talk, come on, aiyo God, yeah, Lord?
Flipmode Wu-Tang, nigga, ain't that some shit?
That's some shit, actually truthfully, Busta Bust

Meth Tical, yeah, yeah, hey, let me know
When you wanna do that again, God
Shit, we can do that right now
Shout out to New Jersey, yeah

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