

## The Crystal Method

### "Bout My Business"

Visit "[Bout My Business](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Spade]

Uh, MF

Plain to see, its the Spade from the P-H  
Can't change me, cause I'ma be a Figga for life  
Holdin it down  
Plain to see, can't change me  
Cause I'ma be a Figga for life  
From now until

[Spade - Verse 1]

I'm the rubberband man, Spade bounce back from the  
bottom  
Yo they feelin Philly sound now we got 'em  
I'm the modern day JFK before Oswald shot him  
You want many styles yo I got 'em  
You niggas want rocks on the wrist man I done done  
that  
Glocks on the hip man I done done that  
At the bar poppin Cris I done done that  
Dudes wanna pop shit, till they hear them guns clap  
Spade from the P-H, now who the fuck want that  
Slash the O, dude with the nasty flow  
And I ain't thinkin bout y'all I want my cash to grow  
First in but the last to go  
You bastards know  
The kid Spade-O, I'm hear for the dough-ration  
And if you say that I ain't hot, than y'all hatin  
I know alot of cats think of testin me now  
Want the fame? Say my name like your Destiny's Child  
And I'ma give you everything from the twenty-two long  
Eleven deep, but with guns we like twenty-two strong  
Lil Ruck said Spade if they want it, its on  
I wanna murder after each and every one of your  
songs

[Chorus - Spade]

Now y'all dudes say what you want  
I'm bout my business  
Want me to cock it and dump  
I'm bout my business  
Why y'all tryin to front

I'm bout my business  
I'm Source rhyme of the month  
I'm bout my business  
You dudes say what you want  
I'm bout my business  
Want me to cock it and dump  
I'm bout my business  
How y'all tryin to front  
I'm bout my business  
I'm Source rhyme of the month  
I'm bout my business

[Spade - Verse 2]

Man I'm Rakim dated fool  
And I'm L rockin bells  
And I'm Nas Illmatic  
You guys, still average  
We bust matics, for the lust of the cabbage  
Its beef? Take the heat to Atlanta like Greg Maddux  
and get splattered, all over the face  
of the platinum presidential, no gold in the place  
To my thugs down south to put the gold in they face  
To you hoes I'ma blow and put the dough in ya face  
Picture me rollin the safe, all down the ave and  
No more walkin, strengthenin my calves  
And my thugs stay hustlin with intentions to stash  
Large denominations of cash  
We ain't just playin the game, we dominatin your ass  
An intimidatin head of the class  
Word up, I'm bad at body work but it be the head when I  
blast  
You wanna battle or some lead in your ass  
I'm bout my business

[Chorus]

[Styles - Verse 3]

Every rapper wanna say they real, fuck em!  
Fuck around and get your lady killed  
Might get your baby killed  
I'm Mister Mortician  
Hoppin out the hooptie with hoodie on  
Four four four fifth'n  
And all you gonna see is mass hoes  
And get hit with these slugs from your throat to your  
ass holes  
And you'll be lucky to live  
And you'll be lucky if I don't spaz out and try to fuck  
with your kids  
Kill your family and friends, mother fucka  
So you can understand what sufferin is

I live my life on the street thats what hustlin is  
And you can't name a rapper that can fuck with me kid  
You should stop beefin with each other, be smart  
Everybody join sides and come and beef with me  
So I can rock niggas asleep, ten at a time  
Show my hood mother fuckas whats the meaning of  
deep

[Chorus]

[Spade:]

MF, Entertainment (I'm bout my business)  
Nicetown, we still in here (I'm bout my business)  
North Phil, paper chases (I'm bout my business)  
Ruff Nation, y'all know (I'm bout my business)  
Major Figgas (I'm bout my business)  
Interscope (I'm bout my business)  
Big Face Entertainment (I'm bout my business)  
My mans on the hands (I'm bout my business)  
West Phil, South Phil

[Styles (Spade):] (to fade)

Better get some mother fuckin busniess to be about  
And don't be in mines (y'all know the Figga run down)  
Bitch! (I ain't got to run it down, what y'all know)  
See me if you want I'm available ALL the time (I'm bout  
my business)  
L-O-X! Spade-O! Figgas for life! Gangstas for life!  
Ryders for life! Ruff Ryde nigga!  
Bitch, slightly aggrivated, frustrated

Visit [The Crystal Method](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.