

Q

"NT"

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Q-Tip]

for real though who really got sick though

on the edge got the ledge hangin' out of the window

bird chest niggas witcha winderous fearaf

fuck around you'll be against me the size of a meal
sack

cutie little bucks better hit the jake

but that doesn't mean nothin to the heart within

you cramped up you and your team I'm amped up

and you asses can't dip my B

my shine what the fuck is on your mind?

Little weaklink rappers better hit the grind

Other brothers ain't motivated they can't do it

Not only the opposite train it I ran through it

My music comes on and we march at the dance

Inside of your mind or inside of my pants?

Use a cruel intention that we have is bad

You sick? Drink a NyQuil when I'm bed on your ass

Oh well then here comes the gellatiin

Tips on some sugars but you yap on your sellin' friends

Now your party is completely blown

Real name is Kamal I'll make him peep his own

It's rap time for you that means nap time

Preachin from my joint what the fuck I'ma clap mine

Singin songs in 6 pens with sit tensed

Surpised your ass is the end like the sixth sense

heavy hitters knockin shit out the park

you didn't even really play tell me why did you start

spittin sharp blades lakes with bleach

you wanna play around kid I'm not a walk at the beach

a stroll in the park or your fuckin playground

put on your headphones and tell me how granades
sound

put on your walkmase and go underneath the town

Q-Tip abstract how I gets down

Chorus: [Busta Rhymes]

All my bitches, dance if you know that you dam sure

Let your pussy drip on the dance floor if you wanna

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Busta Rhymes]

fuck that niggas will bust gats

better lit a make for their rush that cuz they wanna

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Busta Rhymes]

blick shit piano sick shit

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Busta Rhymes]

chill you can get off my dick and

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Busta Rhymes]

while I'm on the hook get on your good foot

and blow up the spot for all of you niggas cuz that's
how we

[Q-Tip]

get down

[Q-Tip]

comin with the brand new quickly we pant to

the young black man with intentions to band you

see that people need a age in things

so many paid their ways so many phean to stay

I really rhyme cuz I feel I should say things

By the fortualte act rap just so they cop rings

Or maybe because when they was young

They was fronted on a life alone that have their own fun

Now their all grown up to be assholes

I'm giving you the rope will you tie talassels?

You swing dingaling for peas trees

While I sip my Dacarees in the south west breeze

Writings so exciting the pen it keeps

Drippin out jings that's converted to hems and them

People be hummin in formality next to kin

My family is starvin? You know they want me to win

We forfeit nigga please get off it

Second checkin my name to my office

Mutombo in the lane yo I toss it

Abstract comin through witness abortion

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