

## **Da Bush Babees "Pon De Attack"**

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Bae B Face Kaos/Lee Majors)  
Sometimes I get so wild  
I blow up (POW)  
Here I come now  
Check out the new style  
Oh my god child  
Here comes the word dripper  
Word to black tripper  
Lyrical whipper slicker nigger  
Case closed like a zipper  
Ill flip ya with the style on the mic  
From the arm at PM dawn  
Next plan is hype  
So I excite to hold tight  
The underground sounds  
Jus got off Jacobs ladder  
(So wont you let me come down)  
Let me come down Ill kill someone  
With the gats son at least some men are in  
Some say Im awesome  
Jus like John I got the whole Single  
-ton on your back  
An its like that  
So I drive girls crazy  
Ask Mrs. Daisy  
Jump up an praise me  
Nobody can phase me  
I amaze me cuz yo my  
Tracks got the boomers  
Kickin the shit that  
Make ya back flip outcha bloomers  
Ill murder him  
Ill murder them  
Put me on the track  
For black Ill kill them  
(Y-Tee/Big Light)  
Rudeboy I sting and a badboy I shock  
Inside the clip man qwe load up the glock  
On shot tocks so we hafta bust shot  
Start from the bottom make we rise to the top  
(Bae-B-Face Kaos/Lee Majors)  
I ROCK

Hip hop the best G  
I snipe just like wesley  
Crunch like nestle  
Tell me whos the best G  
Bush Babe bad man  
Ill flip the rap  
Got the hand on the gat  
Plus Im on the attack  
(Chorus 8X)  
Pon de attack, it goes pon de attack  
(Mr. Man)  
Ya just cant stop  
The rhymantically dreadified  
Lyrically ill  
Booger pickin  
Butt scrathin  
Heds a flyin, the illest  
Or should I say  
The most illified  
Type of hyperactive  
Lyricalmatal  
Boombastically bonified  
Hyper technical  
Unforgattable  
Crazy sweatable  
Individual  
Quick to put up a battle  
Rowdy, rapper goes bazooty  
Baggin up the goodies  
The rough rasta bootey  
Mr. man is attackin  
Thats when I get conniving  
So hold your freaking horses  
The boss is arriving.  
I gave a wussup like Martin  
Chill kid Im startin  
I beg your pardon  
Got it locked like a warden  
Applaudin cuz I got the illified flow  
Ya know the flow  
Yo Mr. Man steal the show  
Hecka-hecka-heck yeah  
Just cuz Im the lyrical master blaster  
Capitol-rapitol M/R/M/A/N  
So I rhyme faster than ya moms  
Could make a batch of big brown booger snacks  
When I Doodle-da-doot-doot-doot ATTACK.  
(Chorus 8X)  
(Y-Tee/Big Light)  
Pon de attacka break a DJ offa his spot  
But if a DJ wan fe disc jock fe come up on top

Pon de attack break a DJ offa his spot  
But if a DJ wan fe disc jock fe come up on  
No me says break a leg a leg an dis boy cant jump  
Because fe line shoulda drop an rise to the top  
An lissen a rudebwoy know yall cant stop  
Buck a bust those shot a try they move dey ass  
An but dem wrote dem  
Cuz when dey can not  
So nigga fling two thing  
So bucks those shot  
Some brand new tune  
An put dey pon top  
Because me rough, me tough  
Me light, me black  
Me charm, me thin  
Me sting, me shot  
Me quick, no false  
Me rap, me track  
Me leave em on top a dey roof an make dey cant come  
back  
An if a DJ ever test a might to chop dem foot  
Mic take one, two  
An bombed on dey squad  
An buck a real shot  
When me tryfe on dey track  
Buss some buss some  
An me goes to have fun  
An lissen to bush babbes cuz we run things hard too.  
(Chorus 8X)

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