

## Q-Tip

### "Can-I-Bust?"

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"If you put a bunch of rappers with their notebooks  
against  
Ynot and Common Sense, they will be lynched"

The Late Show! (And you don't stop!)  
Common Sense! (And you don't stop!)  
U-Ack! (And you don't stop!)  
Them there! (And you don't stop!)

[Common]

I'm not tall, but can I bust?  
Like the double dutch, going down the street  
I rap to myself when there ain't no one to rap to  
And to me, yo, my shit be sounding sweet  
It's like doo wop, doo wop, oop  
I chew with my group, eating chicken and we're couped  
in a hoop  
Deee! Somebody's breath is smelling boo-  
Tee! Tone, is that you? (I don't think so)  
I'm one time, two times, three times a lady  
Bay-beh, bay-beh, bay-bee  
Ha! I be making happy, ladi de, ladi da  
When I was a boy I said "Oh" but now I'm a man saying  
"Ah"  
Cha cha cha, who knows where the mouth goes  
Yeah nigga, I'm fly, so keep your fucking mouth closed  
Ralph goes "Rasheed" and I be saying "Boo!"  
Bitches welcome back Common with the "Oooh oooh  
ooh"  
And this is how I wreck it, doo doo doo doo doo doo  
doo  
This is how I wreck it, do doo doo do doo  
Now one two check it, I'm as Def as a Leppard  
It could be, it should be, it is? Holy cow!  
I'm grand slamming slamming like the ?common Billy  
section?  
Not the Godfather, but I lounge like a stepper  
Breatha, breaks it, 8, we wait  
(Ch ch chaa) I got scratch like a DJ  
I used to want to be like, I used to want to be like  
Mike, but the man in the mirror don't know if he's black

or white  
And that makes me mad  
(Backwards scratching) Who's bad?

[Ynot]

Now can I bust in this era, I'm a plus like addition  
And listen, I'm dishing out ish like a chef  
The love is the Late Show, showing you the ladies  
You late on the show? Oh we the greatest show? You  
right  
To might right, raise, to my left, boom bap  
In the back, Blazay Blah, so get the fuck out my face  
Oh what a disgrace, you can't disgrace  
Boys I'll erase you boys to mincemeat  
Human means T, O's, N's, why's this is just a tease  
before my album  
No bum acts out, I'm out to parlay you Fritos  
Corn chips off the block, so bust it down, just bust the  
sound  
Exciting as a big zap  
I frighten those biting when Lord jabber tighten when  
tighten taken to loose  
Ynot's no loser but I lost your real mind  
I find you, finder's keeper's so you mind too  
Your mind can't match mine when I do mine  
Call mine, my mouth is a fucking gold mine  
Bought y'all like monster malls, I get ate like the balls  
I got to rhyme, too, I climb you like a stepson  
No weapon, but I got a rep, son, for taking fakes to the  
towel  
Snakes in my file  
Foul ish, I'll sit down all stand-up comic rappers  
Who diss now but don't understand fashion  
Fasten your seatbelts til heat melts to ice  
T.O.N.Y.'s backwards, nevertheless  
I attack nerds, fuck what you heard, hambone  
Hey, gone when I finish, women and niggas say  
"Damn, Tone"  
That's busted

Bust it out, chant chant  
Common Sense you know is running things  
Late Show you know is running things  
You ain't seeing us though we running things  
Yeah, you know they running things

[Ynot]

Usually I'm the second voice, this time I'm the first  
choice  
In the rhyme, I'm no prancer, so what?  
Momma mock me, here's your time to jock, G, no

jacking  
Don't pack no axe like a savage  
I ran the track stars back to their crate, create craters  
In they ass, I'm holding one for fun  
One tht plays golf, can't raise play tennis  
Women plays croquet, and Blazay plays the cut  
Still make the women say "Hey"  
Yodle lay hey hee hoo, in my way dead  
Yo I lay she hoo, in my bed  
Ask Common, I did your momma, nah I took it easy  
Gave it hard hell, on a scale from 1 to 10  
I'm rich, I own a Jet, Ebony, and Essence  
And Essence say I'm strong cause with the pen I've  
been a Bad Boy  
A sad boy, I call your girl 13 cause she's good  
Should I say more? I see more, I see more  
>From sea shore to sea shore, I sell my yacht and play  
Yatzee  
Ynot's the posse, dressing tight, yo I'm friendly  
Who's the master, the weak-minded say I rock too  
strong  
The short-winded say I rhyme to long  
So niggas told me, "Please let me go to the peasants"  
No, let me stop, chow, baby

[Common]

Baby, baby, baby, POP!  
Kids call me coffee because I \*jugga jugga jugga\*  
drop!  
And you don't stop, don't put on the red light  
While I rock player, I coach more (niggas) than John  
Thompson  
I'm in your town, George, I got it made like Florance  
I'm getting bigger than the lips on Martin Lawrence  
Kiss \*Mmuah, mmuah\* It's like, it's like this  
A Sermon like Erick, did a B.A.P. just like Tists  
Well, I'm not Jehovah, but can I get a witness?  
I shoot the gift rapping, then wish you a Merry  
Christmas  
With he quickness is how I rip this, can you dig it?  
Well if not, then dig this, this is the way the way that I  
flow  
The pimp of hip-hop, I make you say "Ho!"  
I know you hear me knocking, like I said, like I said  
And this is the story about a man named Jed  
Got some lead for those hefiers, and those heifers yo I  
rip it out  
My weapon, double decker, come from 1, I'm from 87  
And I do work undercover like a cop  
Stop in the name of Com before I break your arm  
Plus I'm down with the U-Ack ??? and Bushman

Peace to the Beatnuts, peace to the Pharcyde  
Yeah, you know what time it is  
Yeah, that's how it is

(The silliness continues til the end)

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