

A.B. Quintanilla F/ Kumbia Kings

"Bellee Buss"

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INTRO [Kardinal Offishall]

Don't make me laugh
You must be crazy
Turn this up

[Kardinal Offishall]

Yo, kill that, kill that before I Capitol Hill that
Do that track and I'm bound to counterattack you
Where they at? Bring it back, beat it, move it over here
Move it, do it like we know it could be done
Could you (mettle us), mettle fame cream by my team
seem
Make a wrong move and I'mma make your blood prove
that
They can get down to rock (what?), rock the role
So take it from the move faker (what?)
Check the skull for lyrical incision into your brainwave
The same name that I made in this game, put shame to
your name
Attempted to rock in the same rank, as I fly six footer
Beef looter, rhyme shooter, style maker
Girl taker, bread maker, for shaker, dead waker
Cream faker, Earthquaker, headacher
Make you want to visit the lab again, check the drawing
board
With the rhythm as a shield and the mic as a sword

CHORUS

** Laughter **
"Oh yeah" **echoed**
"You make me.." **laughter**
"Oh yeah" **echoed**
"Get on it"
"You make me.." **laughter**
"Oh yeah" **echoed**
"You make me.." **laughter**
"Oh yeah" **echoed**
"Get on it" **echoed**

[Kardinal Offishall]

Theoretical arts of my mind burns onto loose leaf

Third dimensional verse put walkman on curves
Microscopic techniques plain as day for you to see
Mental cataclysm, smoked out brown physicalism
Is it I? The kardinal pulling your string
Nigga do, niggas say, check who you be, nigga
Could you figure the trigger finger could be the key to
lock thee
Own your own soul, taken for faking the funkorama
Be I see drama on the daily
Not anything I can't handle, bitch
So should you, or your crew could get f----- up by one
dub
And all my niggas want love
Witness the star toucher, I bust a
Scream for my team that's guaranteed to make your
eyes scream
You scream, we all scream, when faced with
Armageddon
When my empire strikes back, return of the Jedi
Don't make me laugh

1/2 CHORUS

[Kardinal Offishall]

I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno
Not a Puerto Rican, but I love the Chiquitas
Meeting behind the speakers, each and every week
This old freak named Nikita wants the Kardinal to be
the face sit
You'll get dis-graced kid
Cut, bug up you and your baby because I blew
Up the spot, Carl P gave me a clue
Now we rocking 1-0-8 down to 88 point negative 2, ewe
Big up the Offishall gal crew, it's Mr. Richie if you never
knew
Now you know, so ho, don't disrupt the flow
'Cause I'll make your little sister turn pro
Don't make me laugh

CHORUS

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