

**Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes****"Living in a Zoo"**

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Skills to kill  
And fill a hole, we roll deep  
Wit a frown that's down  
Low in the meddle of jeep beats  
So I'm makin a point  
Not stickin butts or blunts  
But the Terminator X  
And the rhythm he cuts  
Figure this bigger brother  
Gonna trigger the track  
No I ain't country  
And my name ain't Zack  
Step the fuck back  
Take a look at the racks  
My world is a ghetto full of tapes and wax  
CD's they only double the tax  
And makin money money  
New York city to lax  
Tell the suckers suckers  
Never ever relax  
I'm kickin in cold facts so true  
It feels like I'm livin in a zoo

Sayin I'm down like psycho  
Wheres my rifle? Right though  
I ain't Michael, yo  
I ain't sittin on the dock of the bay  
Wastin time in a crime wit a nine  
Rather find another brutal rhyme  
It's us verses, I put it all in verses  
If the sound reverses  
I pump it up wit curses  
Fuck sittin in the back of the bus  
But don't front what we lack  
We got it loaded in a back pack  
See they can do it to a man  
But wit men suckers semi  
Think that shit before they come again  
No science to the wild senile  
Slackin cause he packin like a  
Runaway child yeah

Would I ever try to sever, hell no  
Never would work if the  
Rhyme wasn't clever  
Wild in an isle  
Stackin high from the floor tile  
Back in the rack, where the rap never seen a  
What I gonna wanna do...  
Feels like I'm livin in a zoo

I don't know where I'm at  
Heres a track  
I try to duck duck  
Those 3 bullets in the back  
Top 40  
Ignore me  
Sooooo  
I him em in the hood  
Until it feel good

But I'm all right though  
I wanna fight crazy dirty

It's not a matter of skills  
But a battle of wills  
Pow the stick up go the quicker the picker up  
Trigga eenie meanie

Wit the gatt that so fat  
Brrap bap bap cop dilla in a 16 wheeler  
They call me over the phone  
Che-che-checkin me out  
Takin my time  
To find a brother droppin dime  
Once again it's on  
In the paint, and I ain't givin up  
No props to the game  
And it stops in the name of the hip hop  
Reign and the pain got me goin  
Goddamn wont they even pull a  
Bullet on a pop jam

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