

## **Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes**

### **"Night of the Living Baseheads"**

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Here it is  
BAMMM  
And you say, Goddamn  
This is the dope jam  
But lets define the term called dope  
And you think it mean funky now, no  
Here is a true tale  
Of the ones that deal  
Are the ones that fail  
Yeah  
You can move if you wanna move  
What it prove  
It's here like the groove  
The problem is this - we gotta' fix it  
Check out the justice - and how they run it  
Sellin', smellin'  
Sniffin', riffin'  
And brothers try to get swift an'  
Sell to their own, rob a home  
While some shrivel to bone  
Like comatose walkin' around  
Please don't confuse this with the sound  
I'm talking about...BASS

I put this together to...  
Rock the bells of those that  
Boost the dose  
Of lack a lack  
And those that sell to Black  
Shame on a brother when he dealin'  
The same block where my 98 be wheelin'  
And everybody know  
Another kilo  
From a corner from a brother to keep another -  
Below  
Stop illin' and killin'  
Stop grillin'  
Yo, black, yo (we are willin')  
4, 5 o'clock in the mornin'  
Wait a minute y'all  
The fiends are fiendin'

Day to day they say no other way  
This stuff...  
Is really bad  
I'm talkin' 'bout...BASS

Yo, listen  
I see it on their faces  
(First come first serve basis)  
Standin' in line  
Checkin' the time  
Homeboys playin' the curb  
The same ones that used to do herb  
Now they're gone  
Passin' it on  
Poison attack - the Black word bond  
Daddy-O  
Once said to me  
He knew a brother who stayed all day in his jeep  
And at night he went to sleep  
And in the mornin' all he had was  
The sneakers on his feet  
The culprit used to jam and rock the mike, yo  
He stripped the jeep to fill his pipe  
And wander around to find a place  
Where they rocked to a different kind of...BASS

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