

Busta Rhymes F/ Mase, Puffy, Rampage

"Don't Mess"

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(The moral of that story is
Don't mess around and get yo ass stomped)

[The Godfather Rock]
(Yeah, yeah, yeah - yeeaaaah)
Boo-Yaa funkin it up
(Don't mess with)
Boo-Yaa funkin it up
(Don't mess with)
Boo-Yaa funkin it up
(Don't mess with)
Boooooo-Yaa!

Yeah
(Yeah)
(Come on)
(Posses better step back)
(Tell em what it is)

[VERSE 1: Ganxta R?dd]
Don't mess with a riot, we're prisoners of emotion
How politicians figure they have the potion?
But I'm the witch doctor, I came to rock ya
(And if it don't work) Then I'm gonna sock ya
Don't need violence, but violence is here
Listen up close and put on a riot gear
Cause Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. is comin up hard
(What you think about the posse?) I think we see in a
graveyard
I'm the rap criminal, comin from my limo
Every lyric I say, I write it down on my memo
The MC in command, my A.K. ??they banned??
Me and you one on one, Ganxta R?dd still stand
I never dirty my back, I never ever get jacked
On stage (cause he carries a gat)
.44's large, I got a big bodyguard
The rap mafia Godfather Rock is in charge
You don't mess
With that Boo-Yaa funk

[The Godfather Rock]

(Yeah, yeah, yeah - yeeaaaaah)
Boo-Yaa funkin it up
(Don't mess with)
Boo-Yaa funkin it up
(Don't mess with)
Boo-Yaa funkin it up
(Don't mess with)
Booooooooo-Yaa!

I'm gonna tell you only once

(Yeah)
Yo loc
Pass me that second clip, homeboy
I can do this
(Tell em what we about)

[VERSE 1: Ganxta R?dd]
Don't mess with a dopedealer, makin transactions
Cause makin money is their satisfaction
Sellin drugs is the way they survive
Smokin drugs is the way they die
So who's the main killer, the pusher or the user?
You figure it out, I'm not here to accuse ya
Cause I'm a dope dealer, slingin records
Makin records, breakin records, settin records
So now you know what time it is
You don't mess with the stuff, you can't hang with this
I'm a pusher, a killer, never to be followed
(To all you posses) 187 with a beer bottle
So how you figure, the R?dd behind the trigger
Huh, you try to run, I hunt you like a ninja
Cause I'm so quick (how quick?) like lightning
To MC's the R?dd is so frightening
They keep askin me (R?dd, what you writin?)
A letter to the posse who comin in here fightin
So like dope dealer would say
You shortstop, my customer get sprayed with the A.K.
You don't mess
Homeboy

[The Godfather Rock]
(Yeah, yeah, yeah - yeeaaaaah)
Boo-Yaa funkin it up
(Don't mess with)
Boo-Yaa funkin it up
(Don't mess with)
Boo-Yaa funkin it up
(Don't mess with)
Booooooooo-Yaa!

I'm gonna only say it once

Come on

(Yeah)

You think they're ready for the last one?

(I don't know)

Bring on that clip, homeboy

(That one was too funky)

(Give it to em anyway)

(Come on)

[VERSE 3: Ganxta R?dd]

Don't mess with the boys in black when your ass get
tapped

By Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E., the mafia of rap

Life of last (lane) never been delayed

Commit a crime on stage and still get paid

Makin dollars to holler, your posse's to follow

The T.R.I.B.E. get bigger, your posse get smaller

Your lyrics is scratched, your record is dubbed

You ask what's the funk hypin up the club

Boo-Yaa funkin it up

Then you turn to your lady as you say it again

Boo-Yaa funkin it up

Yeah

Don't mess with a bullet when the trigger is pulled

You don't mess with the T.R.I.B.E. when we act a fool

The Godfahter Rock TE, once he starts snappin

O.M.B. on the bass, he starts slappin

R?dd start rappin, my T.R.I.B.E. start cappin

Your posse plays it up, I say, "Yo, what happened?"

Now they got me in a cell, but they fail

I still got E.K.A. and Don-L raisin hell

Put down my mic, I got L.A.'s best

Most wanted stays R?idd, takin over the west

Always been loc'ed since the day we was born

We peel a cap like a monkey peels a orange

Tear your ass up with my lyrics of death

Put down my mic in case you run out of breath

Roll your ass up and tell you to leave

Like the last record company who didn't believe

But that's okay, because the going gets tough

You don't mess with this stuff

So how you like us now?

How ya like us now?

Homeboy

They gonna funk to this

They have to

I'm gonna only tell you once

You don't mess with Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.

[*DJ EZ Mike cuts up*]

(Don't mess around and get yo ass stomped)

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