

Busta Rhymes F/ Mase, Puffy, Rampage

"Pickin' Up Metal"

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Hey all you headbangers!
Are you ready to party?!

Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. is pickin up metal!

(Bang)

Bang your head to this
Bang your head
Bang-bang your head to this

[VERSE 1: Ganxsta R?dd]
And get hit by the metal fist
Another metaphor straight from my murder list
I can do this, get up and school this
Those who pick up metal but don't know how to use it
I the Ganxsta have a full Glock
Since the last time they all got shot
So now you know that metal is requested
That's the way the streets select it
So 24/7 we're pickin up metal
That's how we settle our problems in the ghetto
???? why does a brother
Pick up metal to kill another
Why is that? I don't know
But I think I have the answer
Turn up the bass and let them all be dancers

Bang your head
Bang-bang your head to this!

[VERSE 2: Ganxsta R?dd]
Part 2 of a death wish
MC's get served on the metal dish
And that wish has already came true
Cause the Ganxsta already played the role of a fool
And I straight go looney
When a buster with metal step to me
O grabs the bass and thumps
Busters duck the funk, what's the last? Riot Pump
The new stage was a 12-gauge ??? to the cage

Made you say: it ain't like the old days
When we just go head up
The new days everyboody's givin metal up
And you wonder: is it metal or thunder?
It's the sounds of down under
And it's not undercover, it's straight up underground
The sound of our guitar, heavy
The bass gets no heavier
Louder, and it's like gun powder
One strike with metal it's a death every hour
That's why I don't by time, I know what time it is
Bang your head to this

Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. is pickin up metal!
We're pickin up metal

[VERSE 3: Ganxsta R?dd]
Bang your head to this!
Take the handcuffs off my wrist
So I can bust my shit
Pass me my locs cause I'm finna get yoked
Anyone who stands in the way will get smoked
Cause all we need is your eyes to focus
On Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. who's the locest
Is this what you want, to see what ghetto
Can pick up the heaviest metal?
We give you mo', comin from the backdo'
Another warrior ready for war
Heavier than metal, but metal ain't heavy
Cause the hit squad works out with plenty
Full-metal jacket, just moved up a bracket
Re-load the .45 so we can stack it
All of a sudden you're stuck like a truck
You can't get it up and you're slow like fuck
What a shame, try to play the metal game
Revenge is for giants, it's a soldier thing
Straight up, from the hardest ghetto
Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. is pickin up metal!

We're pickin up metal

Bang your head
Bang-bang your head to this!

[VERSE 4: Ganxsta R?dd]
Metallica? Think so? Bubble gum
They couldn't understand the 808 kick drum
Melodic, not idiotic
Our music makes sense, right? (Yeeaaaahh) Got it
Check it out, acid, I never had none
But if I took some y'all know the outcome

Clack-clack-clack, everybody stand back
Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.'s in the house and we're ready with
the metal track
King Roscoe the full-metal jacket
I have fire lyrics cause I have it packin
So let's bail and pack the trunk
With the heavy metal guitar and the bass who funks
For all you heavy metallers
Funky beat peddlers, listen to the editors
Like fire in the kettle
I bring the heat if it's metal with a scorn to settle
This is your opportunity to go for yours
Draw for your metal and hit the floor
Cause it's time for war in the ghetto
Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. is pickin up metal

Bang your head to this
Bang your head
Bang-bang your head to this

This jam is like [*played backwards*]
You gotta bang your head to this!
Ha-ha-ha-ha...

Time is tickin, the world's gone bad
You ain't with it, you better step back
Feel the wrath of the Ganxsta R?dd

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