

## **Busta Rhymes F/ Mase, Puffy, Rampage**

### **"R.A.I.D"**

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[ Ganxsta R?dd ]  
Man  
All I know when we get out  
We finna roll  
Check this one out

Brothers, do we got bass?  
[ all ] (Yes, we got bass)  
Too many busters out there on the streets  
We gonna have to take em out

(Go on with it, Ridd)

[ VERSE 1: Ganxsta R?dd ]  
But before we go on, my name's Ridd, not Ren  
It's me again, comin out the lock-in  
O.M.B., my brother, bring on the bass  
There's dollars to be made and posses to waste  
Pass by the hood to pick up the gat  
Stop by the studio for the new track  
Q Ball rollin, 8 Ball in the pocket  
Just bail on stage and pull the mic out the socket  
Boo-Yaa dogs (woof!) locked on the canine  
It's '89, it's time to get mine  
This madness, you never had this  
Home of the O.G.'s (we threw out all the faggots)  
I'm pluggin my microphone with full-equipped lyrics  
MC's smell the smoke of my mic and they fear it  
I'm known to be the hanger for the MC's I hang  
I throw a riddle, it come back like a boomerang

[ CHORUS ]  
We're not here to play  
We're just here to spray  
This is a  
[ all ]  
R.A.I.D.  
Everybody on the dancefloor  
R.A.I.D.  
(Woof!)

You gotta know this one

[ VERSE 2: Ganxsta R?dd ]

If knowledge is power, then I'm muscle-bound  
Loc'ed out as a hound, I'm not down in a dog pound  
Breakin out, MC's start fakin out  
Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E., time to start takin out  
MC's come and MC's go  
For all the MC's that go is too slow for my .44  
I peel em at the frontdo' ( \*shot\* )  
(Boo-yaa!) Then I drag em to the backdo'  
Then I say, "You want some more, then say no more"  
(Why is that?) Because I'm just too hardcore  
So you know Ridd packs a .44  
Bring on the rap jam and let's roll

[ CHORUS 2X ]

[ VERSE 3: Ganxsta R?dd ]

(Put Riddler on the roof) cause I shoot the vics  
My mission was to shoot straight to the chicks  
I filed a contract, not to confess  
Found out that the buster had a bullet-proof vest  
(So what did you do?) I had nothin to say  
Pulled out my Uzi and I started to spray  
Went to the morgue to identify his body  
(Yeah, that's him, ??? posse at the party)  
I'm not prankster, word to Godfather, I'm a gangsta  
And this is the time I'd like to give thanks to  
All my brothers for doin it (their way)  
And now it's my way, we're not here to play  
Boo-Yaa - please, who can match?  
Like a purse on Imperial (you will get snatched)  
And like a Camel in the county (you will get smoked)  
And when the Riddler took the loco toll (that was loc'ed)  
Check out O.M.B., my bassman, forget the turntable  
(Island) the name of my record label  
That's the reason my jams sound so hard  
Cause it's boomin from a bailin car  
Down the boulevard and we don't stop  
Cause all you posses get mopped, get dropped  
We rock the party, steal all the ladies  
Since it's '89 we're in the Eighties

[ CHORUS 2X ]

Hit me deuce times  
(Woof, woof!)

(Attention, all D.R.  
This is a R.A.I.D.)

He-he-he-ha-ha

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