

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

### **"Six Bad Brothas"**

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This is roll call, homeboy

1

(Ooh, that's funky, mama)

2 bad brothas

(Ooh, that's funky, mama)

3 bad brothas

(Ooh, that's funky, mama)

4 bad brothas

(Ooh, that's funky, mama)

5 bad brothas

(Ooh, that's funky, mama)

6 bad brothas

Ready?

Hit it

[ VERSE 1: Ganxta R?dd ]

Pong, Don Simone on the microphone

You like the sound? Don't touch the bass, homes

Drop it, you can't stop it, you wish you would

'Kick it in the hood...' - you never could

Good, better than bad, the new fad

But your 6-4 can never touch my Cad

The granddad, now you call me superior

You know my name, but me, I never hear of ya

Rid - R-i-d, now say it backwards

D-i-r, Director In Control Respective

You think you're rollin, jock holdin walkin around

But the T.R.I.B.E. rides deep, so deep you might drown

Now, you picked a letter

You picked the r, it's time to fade the trendsetter

Never, I'm just too clever, cause I'm the Ganxsta

To kill ya, you're the vermin, I'll drank ya

Intoxicated, r rated with the content

This one's so funky, gotta use it in my concert

You get hurt if you try to revert to any other

>From the Six Bad Brothas

7 bad brothas

8 bad brothas

9 bad brothas

10

[ VERSE 2: Ganxta R?dd ]

10, chin, you give the pin to the hench men

A kite was shot straight to the hit man

6 is better than 1

But Six Bad Brothas with guns

Packin 808 kick drums

Bad muthafuckas, six wanted hustlers

Down for the count, we kill you with a muffler

Silence - they said real bad boys move in silence

But the hard loud ones are more violent

I keep strollin cause of the mic I'm holdin

16 deep, so you know we rollin

Doin it like gangsters, rollin like stars

Busters beat up girls and tuck behind the hard

Hardcore, identical to the last one

All you can do is make beer runs

You got it like this, we got it like that

Man, y'all ain't be got no gat...

Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. is the winnin team

(Why you say that?) Cause we get the loudest scream

So hold your bitch tight, cause we're all fighters, not

lovers

Yeah, Six Bad Brothas

7 bad brothas

8 bad brothas

9 bad brothas

10

(Ooh, that's funky, mama)

Godfather, you think they can get with T.R.I.B.E.?

[ Godfather ]

Na, na, na, na, na

Tell em, T.R.I.B.E.

[ all ]

Na, na, na, na, na

Godfather - a bad brotha

(King Roscoe) - a bad brotha

(K.O.D.) - a bad brotha

(E.K.A.) - a bad brotha

(O.M.B.) - a bad brotha

Ganxta R?dd - a bad brotha

And to the T.R.I.B.E. - some bad brothas

Yeah

Word to the brothas

[ VERSE 3: Ganxta R?dd ]

I don't need an application for this rhyme creation  
A boo-yaa to ya with the rhyme reputation  
Multiply like a fly, opponents realize  
6 bad brothas finna energize  
??? rhyme sayer is what you wanna be  
I said a rap, he was crap, sounded more like a  
summary  
O is on the go, known to be a bragger  
Goin straight to all you posses like a 12" dagger  
Suicidal, emotion will result in disgrace  
A rhyme sayer, a player simply settin the pace  
Temperature flare to a certain degree  
And like a cold we got symptoms inside you will see  
Now our dry cell analyzed, we can't be defined  
Coordinated, updated with the one-track mind  
Yo, the mind (what is the mind?)  
The mind is a tool that make busters go blind  
Manipulator, fader, perpetrator hater  
Innovator, debater, operator, calculator  
Rap schooler, and there ain't no cooler  
When it comes to MC's, Boo-Yaa the rap rulers

1 bad brotha  
2 bad brothas  
3 bad brothas  
4 bad brothas  
5 bad brothas  
6 bad brothas

That's all it takes, homeboy

(Ooh, that's funky, mama)

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