

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

### **"T.R.I.B.E"**

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( \*conversation while Sicilian music plays in the background\* )  
[ The Godfather Rock TE ]  
I want you to take this funk to America  
[ Ganxta R?dd ]  
But Godfather, James Brown said it gots to be funky!  
[ The Godfather Rock TE ]  
Well, take O.M.B. with you

[ VERSE 1: Ganxta R?dd ]  
I'm a B.G., too young to be an O.G.  
But all the O.G.'s who know me respect me  
MC's be slippin, I should be sittin  
And now I be hittin cause they just keep trippin  
(Trippin) (trippin) (trippin)  
We catch you trippin, trippin in the hood  
You think your rap could hit me from the bottle  
I think you have nothin to say but to follow  
Follow the leader, I drink a liter  
Of Miller, still be standin with the rap fever  
Turn up the level, bust on the devil  
This is your spot, pass me a shovel  
Turn up the stereo, this is your burial  
8 feet under, turn off the radio  
In your tombstone you lay down alone  
Like me, but I spray them on the microphone  
Rappers, I ????, they try to bomb on us  
Radios fear us, we're too predominant  
It's for the culture, it's for the culture  
It's for the culture, it's for the culture  
It's for the culture, your lyrics, I told ya  
I brings it to ya, a Boo-Yaa sculpture  
Cause I know what a MC don't know  
My lyrics locked down in the rap ????

[ all ]  
T.R.I.B.E.  
T.R.I.B.E.  
T.R.I.B.E.  
Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.

[ The Godfather Rock TE ]

Ain't we funky now?

Ain't we funky now?

[ VERSE 2: Ganxta R?dd ]

They threw away the key that unlocks my cell

But they failed, unloaded two shells, my record still sell

I ??? MC as if I was a swordsman

I got out, I was huntin for the warden

That's the way it is, that's the way I be

And if you didn't know, prison guards feel me

I'm Riddler [initial], my pen was behind bars

And when I get out you're gonna boom me in your car

Pump up the woofer, turn up the tweeter

O.M.B., bring on the bass beater

[ all ]

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.

Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.

[ The Godfather Rock TE ]

Ain't we funky now?

Ain't we funky now?

[ VERSE 3: Ganxta R?dd ]

Flip a u-turn, check out what I learned

The punk judge sentenced me a short term

In the pen again, rappin from the lock-in

And it's the lock-in messin up my head again

That's why servin time got me smokin punks

(To all you posses) 187 with the riot pump

I'm packin it, click-clackin it

If it's too long, then I sow the front off it

Don't like to show off, we might just let off

Check out the T.R.I.B.E., watch my boys go off

What a big mess, unfinished business

Riddler did it, who played the witness?

My old crimey sittin at the witness stand

He still the homie? Be a snitcher, smoke him, man

No mistakes allowed in the Boo-Yaa crowd

This is the streets, so referee, go on with the foul

You know what I'm sayin?

And with these lyrics I be sprayin

Turned state evidence, changed his identity

He got away, 187 to his family

[ all ]

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.  
B-Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.

[ Ganxta R?dd ]  
Let's go home

[ The Godfather Rock TE ]  
Ain't we funky now?  
(Hell yeah!)  
(Hell yeah!)  
Ain't we funky now?  
(Hell yeah!)  
(Hell yeah!)

Told you my boys was funky (funky) (funky)

[ all ]  
Hell yeah!  
Hell yeah!

Hell yeah!  
Hell yeah!

Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell yeah!  
Hell yeah!  
Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell yeah!  
Hell yeah!  
Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell yeah!  
Hell yeah!  
Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell to the muthafuckas  
Hell to them other bustas

( \*laughter\* )  
Hell yeah!  
Bustas!  
Yeah!  
Boo-Yaa in the house

