

## **Busta Rhymes F/ Spliff Star**

### **"Clifton"**

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[Kool Keith]

Yeah, straight from the ranch

Motion Man {\*echoes\*}

J. Reno, Kool Keith {\*echoes\*}

Kool Keith

I used to rock a booty butt banger with a hanger  
Snap back with back slaps, bypass them corny raps  
Perhaps some action, maxin in the Turb' relaxin  
Unique investigator, sportin More alligators  
From here to Virginia, clubs when I step up in ya  
Tell the maid from my toes, to my shoulder blade  
Extreme act up on front stage, make em back up  
You get that workout, that head piece gettin slapped up  
Now turn yo' lip up, you drop that mic you turn yo' lip  
down  
I spin on stage like, blowin mics, make you sit down  
From here to North Carolina, 95 to South Carolina  
Atlanta Georgia Florida flowin down, like I'm water  
Mexican Indian, fly girls, the Puerto Ricans  
Pum-pum-pump the eight-oh-eight-oh-eight-oh-eight-oh  
peakin  
Now start spectacular, expert, them legs will work  
Bronx Bomber watch em strip, Eddy tip that fine mama  
Hydraulics expand, while drums bang like Gap Band  
I clap hand, take his mic, give him five to my man  
Switch his work to talent shows, I do concerts  
Light up shirts like 4th of July atomic fireworks  
Extraction attack, white backpacks on wack macks  
Yeahhhhhhhh...

Chorus: Motion Man + Kool Keith (repeat 2X)

[M] Clifton! Santiago

[K] Keith, Telavasquez (PSYCH!)

[Clifton Santiago]

My name is Cadillac Clifton Santiago

At the bodega, I need a fat sandwich major

You know my switches, Impala drop, scrapin sparks

I mack these bitches, white Asian Puerto Rican

Black Russian Haitian, with jungle fever, I ain't hatin  
A cup more Coppertone, I'm cappin on your kinky ear  
Bitches they stare, cause I'm WILD cock diesel  
Boy hopin that I recognize they girls in this song  
Bodda-boom-bodda-bing bodda-bing-da-bing-bong, yo  
check it  
I call up Televas-quez, he's gettin ass  
And when he finish, call up Santiago and bring the cash  
I'm out to desecrate, move wild Western state  
I got your sister lickin ass, suckin hairy balls  
My occupation downfall and bringin niggaz bad luck  
My name is Clifton Santiago salesman at the mall  
I'm full ?, a hundred niggaz deep up in the movies  
Like Greg I'm groovy, yo Bobby sit and watch the movie  
and kick that hoe out with that one tooth, lookin goofy  
She's on my tab, better make popcorn to pay her half  
They know I'm wild, I don't mess around with  
chickenheads  
Barney and Fred, Wilma Betty Bam-Bam Pebbles  
(On different channels, lyrics)

#### Chorus

[Ev Dog]  
Slidin through the back of the do'  
You didn't see me in the midst, with my pistol, Ev Dog  
Flyin heads is my job, I will clobber you  
Walkin backwards, shoes and jacket turned around  
Gloves on, opposite hands  
Can you recognize me?  
I wear Blu Blocker shades so you can't see what I see  
Holdin a mirror up, so I don't run into nobody  
but I don't care, cause I know karate (HI-YAH!)  
Vulcan Pinch and that Yoga too  
Don't you know I'm Stretch Armstrong in the flesh  
with a mocha tan, and a criminal mind?  
Like Chairhead Chippendale, yeah  
Comedy? Yes, no? Maybe not  
But if I got a lip don't zip  
Baggy jeans on, walkin through a crowded room  
Avoid all contact with me, click boom!  
People scatter stop that chatter they resort to screamin  
Am I dreamin, drunk or just zooted out?  
I need help call 9-1-1 pronto  
My modus operandi is complete  
One down, many to go, others to show  
the argonaut is ain't no fuckin circus sideshow  
Ringling and Barnum and Bailey we are not  
Wild Kingdom Mutual of Northern Cal  
Hahahaha..

## Chorus 2X

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