

## Youngbloodz F/ Dana Lewis

### "Bongo Breaks"

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\* (M) indicates only Madd Rapper

\* (B) indicates only Busta Rhymes

Intro: Madd Rapper/Busta Rhymes

(M)Oh shit

What da fuck yo

(B)Yeah yeah

(M)Anotha colabo

Busta Rhymes

(B)Flipmode Crazy Cat Catalogue muthafuckers, ayight

(M)For the street niggaz

Word up Brooklyn

(B)Uh huh

(M)Rhyme specialist

Word up, watcha back

(B)Word bond

Verse 1: Madd Rapper/Busta Rhymes

(B) Yo yo, fuck it my niggaz, You know we gon ill

Fagot niggaz need to be quiet, and let da God build

(M) Ay yo, word, peace of the God, you know shit is real

Still wonderin' how it feel, to hold a half-a-mil

Dey fucked wit a weak lawyer, and signed a wacked deal

(B) Type of shit that'll have you walk wit da illest ice grill

Masquerade and sherade of robberies, niggaz stand still

(M) We take nickles, pennies, dimes, quarters, and dollar bills

Better run for the hills, and bounce wit da cat skillz

My whole team feel, wit cats its no frills

(B) Da type to wet niggaz, whenever dey mack spill

Rehearse robbin' niggaz, like dey rehearsin' a fire drill

Randomly run up on niggaz, at dey free will

(M) We strip down niggaz, and spend doe for cheap thrills

(B) A couple of broke strippers, hustlin' birth control pills

We send dem broke bitches, to boothes on Roosevelt Field

Hook: Madd Rapper/Busta Rhymes(Together)  
Live nigga standin' right there, yeah  
My live bitches standin' right there  
And if ya ridin' in ya truck and ya don't giva a fuck  
Turn it up to ten until ya'll niggaz can't hear, yeah  
Live nigga standin' right there, yeah  
My live bitches standin' right there  
And if you ever in da front and ya smokin' a blunt  
And you don't give a fuck blow ya smoke up in da air

Verse 2: Madd Rapper  
In case you forgot, Ima six floor nigga  
A corner store, dollar and a dream, a big four nigga  
I spit raw nigga, Don't know nuttin'  
All I Know is I want ya doe, and hoes be frontin'  
Word, a forty-five certified rap phenomenon,  
After da gold and platinum  
Hated on me first, I'm mad at dem  
So I Gotcha when dey sleep, and I squeeze my gat on  
dem  
Flaten' Dem, Live at da Garden I'm packin' dem  
D-Dot beats, I'm trackin' Dem, Attackin' dem  
Namin' Names on records, gettin' back at dem  
Closet ass homo niggaz actin' masculine  
Pack a gun, Just in case too many of you Run up in my  
face  
Wit all dat bass, act like yall can't get scraped  
Straight erase, and take yo place  
Mutha fuckaz

Hook:

Verse 3: Busta Rhymes  
Check it out, this goes out to all my niggaz, I'm givin'  
you a shout  
Try and figure this out, word up  
I'm talkin' to all my live muthafuckaz who stay  
fuckin' chicken head crews, and bonafied dick suckaz  
Niggaz rollin' wild wips wit a great stash for  
Da boomin' system, burnin' like a portable sound clash  
Fuck meaty bone bitches, who stocked wit a round ass  
Livin' on a cell phone and gettin' hed in an E-Class  
Please pass the L, why you cradlin' shit  
Type of niggaz to swindle you for yours ????? shit  
A dis ain't a game nigga  
We damage yo frame niggaz  
Yo I could give a fuck everyday robbin' da same nigga  
Bark on da same nigga, make you know how to act  
And blast a low budget on even a high calibur cat  
Word to my mother Sometimes I think Its kinda funny  
How I stay stackin' whether its mines or another niggaz

money

Hook:

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