

Her Sanity F/ Lox

"Ol' Time Killin'"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Bomb.

Wanna know why I listen?

Ya'know why I listen to bomb the way I drop up in a
blood clot

Dems only ting can gwaan pon never nah gwaan gwaan
Kardinal (Yo!)

Dem man nah realize the way I do the technology way
don't I identify

dey oola dem idiot sound bwoy already ya nah rude
bwoy

They're a big mon ting a gwaan pon dem streets
ya ya way a controlla dey fada (Eh eh)

Me go tek where I bwaught tings

Who tellin' where dem idiot sound bwoy

Let dem fools move a gwaan way

[Kardinal Offishall]

Ol' Time Killin' I'm feelin', I'm spillin'

I'm pulling out heat on industry niggas earning a
million

With bullshit like Gilligan's

Somebody go check Will and them

and ask Uncle Phil to rep me while my shots get rid of
dem

Dis X y'all I'm feel it all up in yo mega-lens

Somebody go tell Missy I'm a hundred minute mission
(Listen!)

Hunched over the side I'm a lyrical homicide

Ride di gyal feel a bone if I a pon tity pride (HEY!)

Slew dem, Boo dem al dem fassy nah crew dem

Yo Kardinal and Busta come to crush the liccle fool
dem (Who Dem?!)

The Circle Click and The Flipmode Squad reppin' da' T-
Dot and B.K. back to
y'all (HEY!)

[Busta Rhymes]

On a for nor say all ah fi stop the mumbo jumbo

Fore' mi run ah go call Carl Columbo

For Lith' causin' a bumble hole

No stop the fire see how she da' very symbol
To leave you with holes and dimples
Inside of your shittin' cripple a nigga (DAMN SON!)
Gimme da roll out
I'll dismantle ya whole mouth
For talking what you nah know now
Hacksaw Jim Duggan some of these niggas is frontin'
Nuff' of these niggas is nothin'
Always huffin' and puffin'
I'll sue come and give you a cuffin' (AH-OOH!)
Frontin' like you tough and soft as a blueberry muffin
(EASY RUDE BWOY!)(FOOAH!)
Because of circumstance I might have to go hurt ya'
man
It's such a shame the way we fuck up the party and
done the dance

Chorus: [Jully Black & BlackKat]
It's a Ol' Time, Ol' Time Killin'
We a deal with, run and get your money clip (BLOOK!)
For another day (BLOOK!)
In another way (WHAT!)
De man dem, nah take nah ray ray
We are murderer
"The..The MC..." -KRS-One
Killa...
"Murder She Wrote" -Chaka Demus & Pliers
"Murderer" -Barrington Levy
"When time it come to my sound which is de champion
sound" -Major Mackerel

[Kardinal Offishall]
Bun ya calm give tanks and praise
Put on ya' vest, protect ya' chest
From dem hollow points stray
We runnin' in da' streets
And we wildin' on the mics (SAY WHAT!)
The dress code is beats and white Nike's
Nuff niggas shinin' but I'm beggin' you to look again
The teams are so sold like Jordan playing for
Washington
Style is like Allen I. on the all-star team (it's yoo much
for you!)
Make you wanna wake out ya' dream and wipe the
dribble off your sweatshirt
Corny niggas get hurt flirtin' with death
Every time the mic sees my breath
This ain't a killin', it's a favor that we doin'
I'm taking em' out of misery fore' da' crowd start
booing em'

[Busta Rhymes]
Screwing and pursuin'
Splitting em' in 2 and em'
Niggas I have to remember fore' I have to get all of my
crew and em'
Wild street niggas from way back ah while I keep it hot
Flexing with Bill Golayoot from B.K. to da' T-Dot

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[Kardinal Offishall]
Ah ha!
Crown the king him Kardinal start to sing
And make these weak cats pop the diamonds out they
pinky ring
And sell it off when I go off
When the drummer start drummin' smokin' rocks up in
the corner talkin' bout'
(Yo Bust Coming!)

[Busta Rhymes]
It'll be last one of you amateurs that will mash up any
challengers
Fuck you both stop coming out pick up any passengers
Yo pere dutty make a tink a gwaan
Bus-A-Bus and Kardinal yeah will fill up a arsenal, like
carnival yo
While we chillin' and fulfillin' niggas with listenin'
pleasure
Where's my drink yo let's salute the Ol' Time Killin'
You actin bitchy man, my trigga finger itchy man
We dont engage in any social activity wit' Chin-Chi man
2 body bag and a cute casket
Could put you and a whole a ya' fruit friend in 1 fruit
basket (Chyo!)
And when the dance done you know we complete
You better bounce before we cock and put a shot in a
ya blood cleat

Chorus: [Jully Black & BlackKat]
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[Kardinal Offishall]
Yeah..a nah we run wit it
T-Dot!..B.K....Kardinal and Busta
Semi...yes!
Firestarter part one
And M-ode, uh Raspberry, Circ..is Flipmode heh
Ya' na'mean..Can't F' wit us..Can't F' Wit'out us yeah
Eh-Heh! See you late!

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