

Jake One f/ Bishop Lamont, Busta Rhymes

"Kissin' the Curb"

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[Intro - Busta Rhymes - talking] (*echo*) Hey yo
Aftermath is my family nigga! Yeah Fuck you want to
know what size shoe I wear for? When I could put a
fuckin mule's shoe in your chest cavity nigga! Yeah,
Bishop Lamont, Busta Rhymes, bitch! [Verse 1 - Bishop
Lamont] Fuck that, bear arms, it's my constitutional
right Wild, wild west, this is how we fight See death
around the corner, every day, every night Act a fool, I
pack a tool, unscrew your bug light What it do, be cool,
or be cool in the morgue tonight I'm hot new, but not
new to the game, alright? La's move, I ain't got shit to
prove Unlike you fag ass rappers that's baggers on
youtube Subliminal disses, yeah I caught you And you,
and you, and you, but where's your album debut? You
see a bitch when you peer in the mirror, I'm not you I'm
grown, I've been dropped out of fuckin high school And
my backpack nigga is where I tuck that tool I'll be waitin
in your kitchen to hop out like Zool [Chorus - Busta
Rhymes] - w/ ad libs I don't jet, I'll promise that If you
niggaz really know what's good You don't really want
no problems (OHH!) Check When the leather strapped
with the horse And we ridin through "Desperado" style
knick Sick, the way a motherfucker spit 'til I'm hoarse
And you know that's how I do it all the while prick (OH!)
And you don't want no problems bitch (just get to kissin
the curb) See you don't want me poppin snitch (just get
to kissin the curb) I don't care if you a trick (just get to
kissin the curb) This motherfucker think he slick (just
get to kissin the curb) I'm sayin [Verse 2 - Bishop
Lamont] Tough guy, every motherfuckin rhymer When I
catch 'em in the street they delicate as fine china Bitch
ass "na" got sand in they vagina Get shook they like
"wha" like The Spoof was behind 'em I'm no Spector but
the tech bro Go through all's flow, come get ya Wet ya,
you pearl tongue Clitoris, I'm serious, equivalent to
none Aftermath, yeah you know I got to say it Only
'cause I know you jealous bitch niggaz hate it Probably
caught your girl on myspace When she fuckin you, she
seein my face That boy shinin, so you know about that
REDRUM But fuck with me, better duck when them
sounds come [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Bishop Lamont] F-f-

fresh I get, f-f-fresh I spit Hot girls, got even stone
dykes on my dick It's not a figment, of my imagination
Just a benefit, of Dre affiliation Pimp genetics, natural
charm, good conversation But fuck the broads bro,
back to my battle station Who want it? You goin to get it
I FedEx it to your house, same day send it Entrepreneur
homeboy, I'm with the business Blue collar, bloody your
collar If they said you dead, I ain't got to spend a dollar
(nope) It's free of charge when you know the Don Dada
I know O.O.G.'s probably rob your father's father If you
ain't prepared to die, motherfucker don't bother
[Chorus]

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